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SAVE FOUR BIG PROFITS.

When you buy whiskey from a dealer, you pay five profits, though four of them can be avoided. The distiller distills the whiskey under U. S. Government supervision, and when it leaves him it is absolutely pure. The Government sees to that. All distillers, except ourselves, sell in barrels to brokers, who sell, also in barrels, though in smaller lots, to rectifiers. The rectifier takes the pure whiskey out of the barrels, blends it, waters it, adulterates it, "doctors" it as much as he likes, for the Government has no control over whiskey after it once leaves the distiller, and then bottles it and sells to wholesale dealers, who in turn sell to retail dealers, from whom you buy. You thus pay the enormous and unnecessary profits of the broker, the rectifier, the wholesaler and the retailer. You pay at least double our price and at the same time get "doctored" whiskey.

We sell direct to consumers and are the only distillers who do. Therefore, when you buy Hayner Whiskey, you get it direct from our own distillery, with all its original strength, richness and flavor, with a United States Registered Distiller's guarantee of purity and age, and save the four big profits of the broker, rectifier, wholesaler and retailer. That's why Hayner Whiskey is so good and cheap. That's why it's best for medicinal purposes and preferred for other uses. That's why we have over a quarter of a million satisfied customers. That's why you should try it. Your money back if you're not satisfied.

HAYNER HISK

4 FULL QUARTS \$3.20

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\$3.1

FOR FRIENDS OF WILSHIRES

WE now have nearly one hundred thousand subscribers, and want two hundred thousand more and appeal to every reader of this magazine to help us secure the new subscribers in the shortest time possible.

To accomplish this object we will continue to sell our yearly subscription postal cards to agents, each card good for a full year's subscription to Wilshire's Magazine, at a price that will allow the agent a splendid profit. Here is an opportunity not only to make money selling the cards but also to help along the good work. We are going to give a large number of valuable prizes to the agents buying the largest number of subscription cards between December 10th, 1902, and May 1st, 1903.

PIANO

To the person buying the largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a Harvard Upright Cabinet Grand Piano, 7½ Octaves, Three Pedals, Ivory Keys, Graduated Pedals, including soft stop practice pedal. Beautiful Colonial design, mahogany, walnut or oak with hard-wood back. Full swing music desk, rolling fall-board with continuous hinge. Height, 4 ft. 6 in. Length, 5 ft. 2 in. Width, 2 ft. 3 in., made by the famous John Church Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, known the world over for the superior excellency of their instruments. Catalogue with full description may be had by writing the John Church Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Price..... **\$350**

PIANO-PLAYER

To the person buying the second largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a Pianotist Piano-Player. Plays any piano and any one can play it. It does not alter the appearance of your piano, and the piano can be used in the ordinary way or played by the Pianotist, a wonderful instrument that will afford great pleasure to the winner. For full particulars giving full description, write to the Adek Manufacturing Co., 123 Fifth Ave., New York. Price **\$175**

GRAPHOPHONE

To the person buying the third largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a Columbia Grand Graphophone. Spring motor, producing several pieces with one winding. Uses a Grand Cylinder. Complete with horn and attachments for making its own records. Free phonograph entertainments can be given, talking to the audience between selections rendered by the instrument, and this will be found a good way to sell subscription cards. The instrument is described on page 18 of the catalogue issued by the Columbia Phonograph Co., 33 Chambers St., New York. Price **\$50**

GRAPHOPHONE

To the person buying the fourth largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a Columbia Grand Graphophone, same as third prize. Price **\$50**

BILLIARD TABLE

Two-third standard size. Massive of solid oak, golden finish and strictly high class, of excellent playing quality. It is quite popular as a dining table. It has a removable top and is fitted with imported French billiard cloth, solid rubber billiard cushions. Dimensions of the table: Top 3 x 5½ feet, slate bed 32 x 64 inches inside the rails; extra dining top, 4 x 8 feet. Shipping weight, boxed securely, about 400 pounds. Fitted with 4 ivory billiard balls, cues, chalk and tips, or 15 pool balls, cue balls, triangle, etc. Price..... **\$50**

LIBRARY TABLE

To the person buying the sixth largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a decidedly attractive and typical Dutch Library Table. This table is supplied with a beautiful and removable top, made of selected oak, weathered finish; is fitted with fine rubber cushions, French billiard cloth, and with extra dining top is ideal

for the home, a summer cottage or club resort. Dimensions of table 3 x 5½ feet, slate bed 32 x 64 inches inside the rails. Approximate shipping weight, securely boxed, 350 pounds. Billiard outfit: 4 gentling ivory, 2-inch billiard balls, standard color; billiard counters; 4 selected maple cues; one chalk and extra tips; or fitted as a Pool outfit, 15 solid composition fancy striped pool balls, numbered, 1 white cue ball, 4 select maple cues, 1 triangle, chalk and extra tips, patent invisible pockets. Price..... **\$45**

POOL TABLE

To the person buying the eighth largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give the most perfect portable Billiard and Pool Table made. Beautiful and rich in design, highly polished mahogany finish or quartered oak. Combination billiard and pool table. Scientifically constructed the same as most expensive tables. Solid rubber cushions. Easily moved to and from the top of the dining-room table. Covered with imported French billiard cloth. 3 feet by 5½ feet. Complete pool and billiard outfit, with 4 cues, triangle, chalk and tips, 4 ivory balls, counters, etc. Complete description of all these tables will be found in catalogue, which can be obtained by applying to the makers, The Combination Billiard Mfg. Co., 926 New Claypool Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Price..... **\$30**

CHAIR

To the person buying the seventh largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a University Reclining Chair, beautifully upholstered, and fitted with a book rest, adjustable back and arms, that can be converted into firm wide shelves for writing, holding books, etc. Descriptive catalogue can be had by writing to the manufacturer, Geo. Sargent & Co., 280 Fourth Ave., New York City. Price..... **\$43**

WATCHES

To the persons buying the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give an open face stem winding, stem set, gold-filled Watch. A first-class accurate time-keeper, that with ordinary wear will last a lifetime. Will be suitably inscribed. \$25 each. Price..... **\$125**

BICYCLES

To the persons buying the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a first-class Bicycle, either lady's or gentleman's wheel, standard make. \$25 each. Price..... **\$125**

CAMERAS

To the persons buying the nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give one of the celebrated "Al-Vista" Cameras, for time and snap shot exposures, fitted with extra rapid rectilinear lens, brilliant view-finder, rotating and showing exactly what will appear on the negative. With it you can make 2½ inch by 4½ inch or 3 inch by 9 inch pictures. Has indicator showing when film is brought into place for each exposure. Heavy nickel fittings, covered with finest black morocco leather and beautifully finished. Made by the Multitone & Film Co., Burlington, Vt. Illustrated and descriptive catalogue may be had by applying to the manufacturers. \$20 each. Total..... **\$100**

\$2,000 MORE GIVEN AWAY IN CONSOLATION PRIZES

To everyone entering this contest, and buying twenty yearly subscription cards or over, and failing to win one of the prizes above, we will give a substantial present. No one entering this contest will be disappointed. All will be satisfied, both from the profit on the sale of the cards and the prizes awarded, besides the great joy of helping forward the happy day we are all working for.

PRICE OF CARDS 25 CENTS EACH, IN LOTS OF 8 OR OVER

NOTE—Cont-stants may send in clubs of subscribers of eight or more at twenty-five cents each and will be credited for prizes same as if postal cards were bought.

Wilshire's Magazine, 125 E. 23d ST., New York City

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Better order as many postal cards as you can at once as I may be obliged to withdraw this offer any time.

I am doing my part—will you do yours? Lend a hand to-day for the 200,000 new readers!

REMEMBER, 8 CARDS FOR A \$2 BILL

A \$1.00 Magazine for 25c. a Year

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

Wilshire's Magazine . . . - 125 E. 23d St., New York

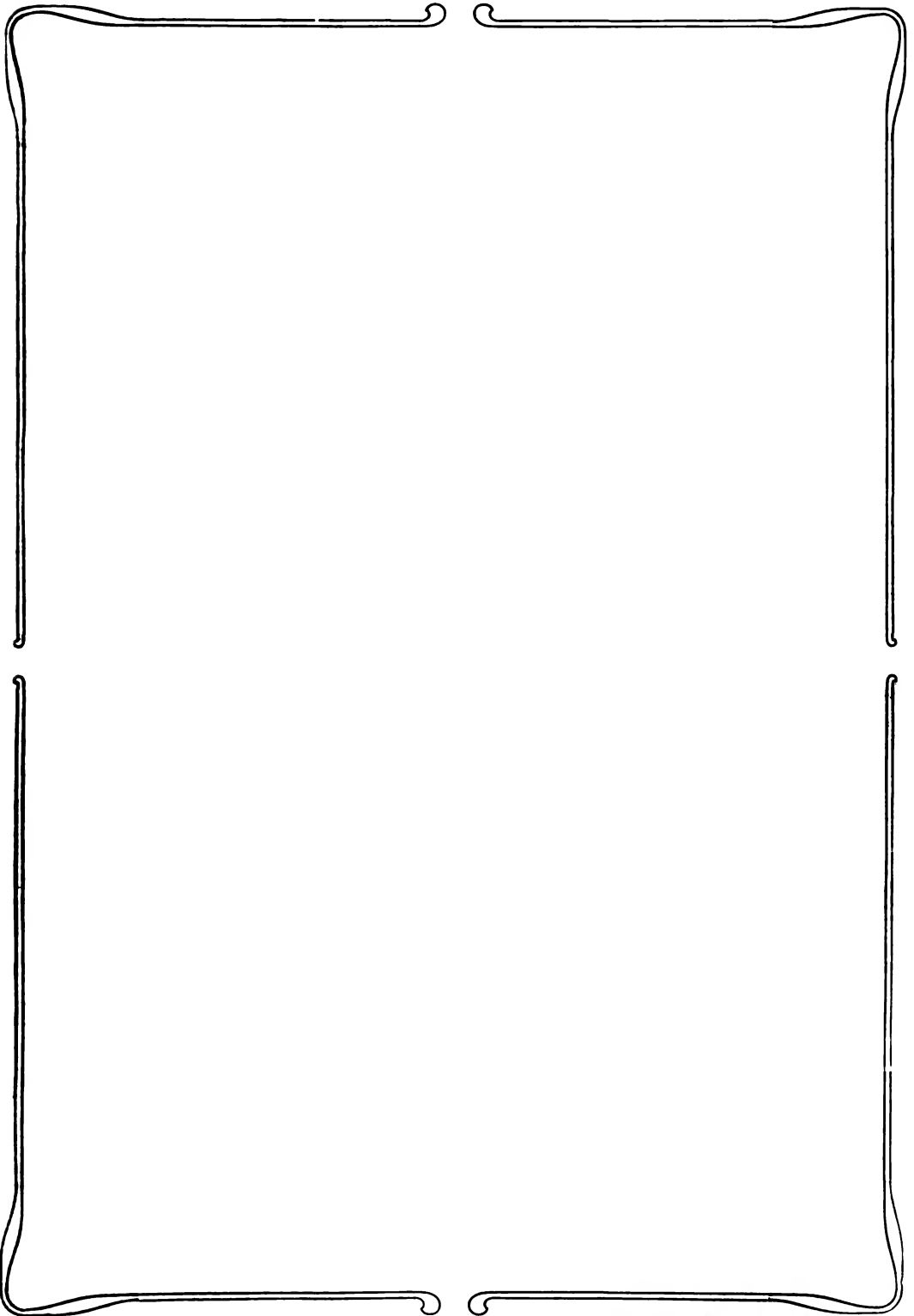
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To Wilshire's Magazine

125 East 23d Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please find enclosed a dollar bill for which send
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 three months. Yours sincerely,

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Ed: Carpenter

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 54

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1903

50 Cents Per Year

AMBIGUOUS SILAS DUTCHER

THE NATIONAL ECONOMIC LEAGUE

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THOMAS R. HORTON, Secretary.

13 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—We beg to inform you that the National Economic League will render its services in an impartial educational movement to OPPOSE SOCIALISM and class hatred; to instruct the people that if we are to continue to lead in the world's industries and keep American Labor and Capital remuneratively employed, it must be through the organization of Industry into large units, directed by the best talent. Also to investigate, study and discuss the fundamental issues which divide Capital and Labor, so as to be helpful in establishing rightful relations between employers and workmen.

HX!
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In addition thereto, to promote Inter-State Comity in Taxation, likewise a full discussion of "How FAR" under present political conditions it is safe for cities in this country to municipalize? These are not only practical, burning questions, but interesting from a sociological and scientific point of view.

We are now organizing a PRESS COMMITTEE to be composed of a few editors and writers who are prominent in the newspaper field and well-known throughout the country. No actual duties are required of the members of this Committee. Your name is desired as an endorsement of the Educational work which the League proposes to carry out. A Board of Associates or Contributing Editors, representing Labor, Manufacturing, Commerce, Church, College, Agriculture, Law, Transportation and Insurance Organizations, Newspapers, Magazines, Periodicals, Authors, etc., etc., will prepare articles on these and kindred topics to be published and issued by the League.

It will afford our Executive Committee great pleasure if you will allow your name to be used as a member of this Press Committee.

An early reply will be appreciated by,

Yours respectfully,

S. B. DUTCHER, Chairman,

President Hamilton Trust Co., Brooklyn, N.Y.

New York, Nov. 28, 1902
HON. SILAS B. DUTCHER,
President Hamilton Trust Co.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Dutcher,—

I have your interesting letter of Nov. 20th requesting editors to form part of your Executive Committee of the National Economic League, said League being organized specifically "to oppose Socialism" and to instruct the people that the organization of industry into large units, directed by the best talent, is a good thing for this nation. It appears to me that in one breath you ask me to oppose Socialism, and in the next, when you propose a programme, you ask me to advocate Socialism. I am at a loss to understand what you really do wish. The Socialists are certainly the foremost advocates of the organization of industry into large and larger units, in fact into the largest possible unit, viz., that of the whole nation; and none but crazy people would think of proposing any system by which the best talent did not direct such organizations. The Socialists thoroughly believe in having the best talent and the greatest organization, so that it is difficult to understand what you mean by opposing Socialism when

you ask me to advocate exactly what the Socialists themselves are proposing. If it were Mr. Bryan asking me to advocate the breaking up of the large industrial units into small ones and the handing over of the direction of our industries to inferior men I might possibly understand his position, for he is confessedly opposed to Socialism, and in favor of a return to the inadequate industrial organization of 50 years ago. I, as a Socialist, welcome all the tendencies toward organization which are seen upon every hand, and the tendency to put better and better directors in charge; and the fact that their names may happen to be Dutcher or Morgan does not prevent me from recognizing their genius in that capacity. The whole theory of the Socialist is in consonance with yours—that it is the natural evolution of affairs to unify industrial conditions in larger and larger masses; and before I could oppose such a tendency I would have to be taught that it is worth while trying to oppose the law of gravitation because I do not like things to be so heavy.

I also agree with you that class hatred ought to be abolished, although I am not exactly sure that your definition is the same as mine. The only way to

abolish class hatred is to prevent one class being in a position where the other class will naturally hate it owing to the fact that it is being wronged by that class. You can hardly expect a dog to love its fleas or a man his tape-worm. At the same time, we recognize well enough that the simplest way to get rid of parasites is not by hating them but by applying scientific methods to that end. The condition we are in today is very similar to that of a professional prize-fighter. He knows very well that he never gains anything by getting mad with the other fellow. It is simply a contest of skill, and the less the emotions have to do with this the better. Therefore, when I as a Socialist say that the simplest way for the Socialists to get what they want is to keep their temper and not hate anybody, I am

simply applying a well-known scientific truth to an ordinary question in political tactics.

I would suggest that your National Economic League arrange a series of debates between the members of your League and the Socialists, in order that an opportunity may be given the public to judge of the merits claimed by the Socialists for their theories; and in order to assist in this good work I will agree to pay half the expense of any meetings which may be inaugurated upon this basis, provided your League will meet the other half of the expense.

With kind regards, and assuring you that there is no class hatred covered up in this letter, I am,

Very faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

WHY WE LIVE

I HEREWITH reproduce the salutatory of this journal published in the initial number in December, 1900. It still stands good.

SALUTATORY

This journal has been given life in order to voice for this community certain thoughts and ideas of a radical nature that are either suppressed altogether in the daily press or are published in such a desultory manner that those in sympathy with such thought suffer from the lack of continuity.

The editor of this paper thinks that a crisis in the political and industrial history of the United States is rapidly approaching and that it is of the utmost importance for the people to be informed of this fact. Society is an organism, and is governed by the same evolutionary laws determining the development of other organisms. It will be our mission to expound these laws.

Certain people who consider themselves scientific are ready enough to admit an inevitable and evolutionary change in society, but say that the

changes of Nature are so slow that it will take thousands of years before we can expect any considerable change in the form of our human society.

We consider such views as essentially superficial. There is a critical point in all natural movements. Hydrogen and oxygen, if mixed in exact proportions of two to one and brought into contact with an electric spark, will explode and form water. When water is heated to 212 degrees it boils and becomes steam. After the hen sets on her eggs three weeks the shell breaks and they are suddenly hatched into chickens. Apparently in each of these cases there was no outward change until the critical point was reached and then there was a sudden transformation.

We believe that society is approaching its critical point and that a transformation must ensue — that the present competitive system, embracing the private ownership of capital, is simply like the shell of an egg and is protecting the formation of a new and better society within itself. When this new society is ready to be born it will burst its shell and step forth, Minerva like, fully formed and completed.

With such ideas it can necessarily be seen that this journal can hardly be classed under the head of "reform" journals. A "reform" paper is one that hopes to make better present society, and usually thinks we simply have to put honest men into office to secure this betterment. This journal has very little sympathy with such views. It is true we wish honest men in public life, but we also want them in private life and are rather inclined to think that honesty in private life is probably of more importance to-day to the general public than in public life. We look upon the existing form of

society as one would look at an old coat about to be discarded. It is not worth much patching, yet as the time for changing to a new coat is not absolutely determined, it is felt that both decency and comfort demand the old one to be kept in as good order as possible until that new coat is actually finished and ready to be worn. It would be folly to spend all one's energies in fixing up the old at the expense of delaying the completion of a newer and infinitely better one.

We think the Trust is the significant sign of the approaching completion of this new social coat. We have no fault to find with the Trust for sending us this message. To attempt to destroy the Trust is as absurd as to batter up one's office telephone because unwelcome news comes over it. All innovations, no matter how good they may be, are usually instinctively rejected, when first proposed, by the innate conservatism of mankind. The opposition which greeted the introduction of railways in England from the educated country gentlemen, the cream of the English people, was almost as great as that exhibited to-day by the Chinese Boxers to the introduction of railways in China. The Trust conveys an unwelcome message to many of us simply because we are of the conservative "Boxer" temperament and are opposed to all innovations upon general principles. The Trust is the most perfect labor-saving device ever perfected by the mind of man, and to a certain extent it is opposed from jealousy simply because it is such a perfect machine, yet such a costly one, that very few can afford the initial outlay to own one.

We can imagine a newspaper man opposing linotypes, not because they are bad in themselves, but because he

is too poor to buy one—and without one he cannot meet his competitors. He will say that there will no longer be a free press when it first requires a man of money rather than of brains to establish a paper. The small business man has long been crying out against corporations on the same ground, viz., that plenty of capital is more of a requisite for success than brains in the business world. The Trust not only still further accentuates this view but has brought him to see that not only is it difficult for the man without money to establish himself but it is now absolutely impossible.

Business to-day has assumed the monarchical form. Any man may be president of the United States, at any rate birth is not a barrier, but a man has as much chance of being the president of the Standard Oil Trust as he has of being called to the throne of England. But it is not so much that the chance of advancement is closed by the appearance of the Trust. Not only does the Trust prevent advancement but it insists upon the outsiders retiring altogether from the field. The Trust has made the knowledge of the dynamic condition of industry too painfully apparent for it to be denied. If a man could hold his own he might consent to lose his ambition, but when he finds his very livelihood threatened by the Trust, he is forced into active opposition. At present it is principally the small business men and jobbers who are in opposition to the Trust. They wish the Trust destroyed and hope for a return to the old days of free competition. However, these are mostly men of business training, and the simple business arguments in favor of the formation and perpetuation of the Trust are so convincing to them that

they are ceasing to protest against the inevitable.

The workingman will be the next to feel the results of the economies effected in demand for labor by the Trust. At present, owing to the industrial boom in progress, the Trusts are rushed to their utmost to fill orders and hence there is no opportunity to diminish the use of labor notwithstanding the economies effected by concentration. It has simply resulted in a larger product with the same number of employees. This condition of affairs however will only last as long as times are good. As soon as the boom is over the Trusts will be compelled to discharge unnecessary workers and then will be the time when workingmen will begin to clamour against the Trust. They will act the part of the dog biting a stone that hit him instead of going after the man who threw it. To-day the workingmen as a class are rather favorably disposed than otherwise to the Trust. It has apparently given them more employment and it certainly has given them steadier employment. Let this condition once change, and change it must, and there will no longer be a McKinley carried triumphantly to the presidential chair.

The Republicans played their trump card when they asked to be returned to power because they had made times good and upon the promise that they would continue such good times in the future. They have frankly accepted the onus now of any bad times that the future may bring, and that the future will bring such times is as sure as fate. Then will the Republicans be called to their accounting.

Will the people be so foolish as to return the Democrats to power simply upon a programme of negation? We think not. We think that the political

party of the future must have an intelligent *constructive* programme if it is to be successful.

We will discuss society and politics from the scientific determinist standpoint. We believe that many errors in the conception of men and things would be eliminated, if it were understood that every event is simply an effect of a cause more or less hidden and that it is useless to attempt preventing an effect without removing the cause. In the politics of to-day the most glaring mistake of this nature is exemplified by the politicians who would do away with the Trust without removing the cause of the Trust. Of course it is generally understood by intelligent people that the politicians really mean but little of what they say regarding their intention to destroy Trusts but nevertheless it is well enough to bear in mind that, inasmuch as the politicians never pretend to initiate, so when a policy is enunciated by them it must be one that they conceive the people to have already evolved of themselves. As the politicians follow instead of lead, it is but natural to find them always somewhat belated in their views of what the people want. This is seen very clearly in Mr. Bryan's political career. There is no doubt but that at one time in the country's history a very considerable part of the people did desire free silver coinage, but it was a number of years before they found such an eloquent spokesman as Mr. Bryan. Then about the time they did discover him they had already begun to lose faith in the very proposition he was advocating.

Mr. Bryan was a long time finding out that he was no longer a true political weather-vane, and in fact his lack of the political instinct cost him many votes at the last election. If he had not insisted upon the reiteration of the silver

plank he might possibly have been elected. His instinct should have told him that it was a dead issue and that it would be fatal to attempt a resurrection. There is such a thing as being too far ahead of the people and demanding political changes that are impossible of being effected under the existing conditions. This mistake, however, is nearly as apt to be made by a reformer as a revolutionist. For instance, the spoils system is such an integral part of our political life that it is practically impossible to remedy it without other far-reaching changes, yet we have "good government clubs" by the score that attempt to introduce reform without preparing a base for it to rest upon.

It is not to be understood from the foregoing that this journal is pessimistic in its mood. On the contrary we are most optimistic. We believe this country will lead the way in all the great achievements of the human race. While we readily admit that to-day in most of the amenities of life we are apparently far behind European nations, yet we contend that if a grand average is taken the balance will not be much if at all against us. And why should we not be in the lead? The basis of all economic and political movements in a nation will be found to rest upon the particular form and development of the industry in that country. The higher the development of industry the higher the state of civilization, is a general rule and broken by few variations. That American industry is to-day far ahead of that of Europe admits of no controversy. In none of the great staple articles of commerce can the same quota of labor produce nearly the quantity of product as in the United States. Not only are we favored by our unrivalled natural resources, but the

restless energy of our people is unmatched, labor is massed in larger forces and our machinery far exceeds any other in effectiveness. While life presents no greater contrasts between rich and poor than in America, yet on the whole the standard of comfort is higher here than in Europe for all classes. However, the condition of the people generally to-day bears no comparative relation, neither here nor in Europe, to what it should be considering the effectiveness of labor power. It will be our effort to direct attention of the public to measures that will render to

the people that produce wealth a fairer share of what they produce than they at present enjoy. As this journal is not published to make money, and as most truly good political measures are apt to be at variance either with the capitalists owning the existing papers or with the capitalists using the advertising columns of such papers, we believe that we are in better position to advocate such measures than any paper that is issued simply for the profit thereof. However, the future will demonstrate our contention better than any present argument.

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM

THE Problem of Divorce is a perennial one, although as divorces grow more frequent the interest in divorce as an institution and in divorced people as peculiar people becomes decidedly less. However, Mr. Hearst seems to think otherwise, and has been running a symposium in his papers for a number of months; and, unless it be the business manager, only the Lord knows how much longer the public will be thus symposied upon.

It's all well enough for people to have "views" upon divorce, and it is my own observation that most people do have "views"; but the whole amount of the matter is that when the particular individual has a particular reason for deciding his own particular case, then his views are blown to the winds, and he decides his case upon its own merits.

I have known persons with the most hide-bound and conservative ideas as to the sanctity of the marriage tie, and with a profound aversion for divorced people, and divorced women in particular; yet, when the proper emergency arose, that is, proper in their own eyes, the divorce court was as readily resorted to for "relief" as would have been the post office if the article desired had been a postal card instead of "relief."

On the other hand, I have known persons who have much less regard for the marriage tie than they would have for a contract to board a horse at a livery stable; yet, when circumstances arose that would have driven the first-named persons to the Divorce Court, to Bedlam or to the Grave, they have allowed their lives to continue a Hell

on Earth for the very fear of breaking with those conventionalities which they theoretically despise.

Some people have a theory that Socialists are upholders of divorce; that Socialists and Socialism are accountable for all the divorces of the day. This is about on a par with saying that Socialism is accountable for the Trusts. We Socialists regard both Divorce and the Trusts as the result of the Industrial Evolution, and feel the same toward those who would legislate against Divorce as against those who would legislate against the Trusts. Of course, many evils follow from the lightness with which the marriage tie is put on and off; and likewise, of course, many evil consequences follow from the concentration of industry into the hands of the Trusts. But if there is an irresistible cause of both Divorce and the Trusts, it would manifestly be futile to attempt the cure of the evil without removing this cause.

I believe in the Golden Rule and in the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man, but if I attempted to conduct my business affairs entirely upon such theories there would never be another issue of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE. I know that until we have the Co-operative Commonwealth, and that as long as we are living under the present system of competition, we must remember where we are and adapt ourselves to our environments. When I am swimming under water I don't try to breathe air, although I am an air-breathing animal. I wait until I get into the air before I attempt to inflate my lungs. It is the same today in social and economic life. I would like to conduct my life upon ideal lines, but I recognize the unideal conditions and hence am simply reasonably ideal.

We in America have in the last few generations become so accustomed to look upon marriage as simply the conventional consent of society that a man and woman who are companionable might live together, that we are apt to forget that such an idea of marriage is a peculiarly modern one, and that it does not obtain to any great extent in Europe and hardly at all in countries other than this.

In Europe the conventional view today is not vastly different from the conventional view of the middle ages. A man marries a woman much as he bought a horse or a cow. She becomes his chattel, together with all her belongings, and she has about as little to say for herself as has his cow. The chief difference is that he can get rid of his cow with much less difficulty than of his wife, or his woman, as she would usually be termed.

In America, the woman has a place superior to that of women in other parts of the world, not primarily because of her own superiority but because the industrial conditions have made it such. At the beginning, in colonial days, and later in the winning of the West, woman was the companion rather than the slave of her husband. Then, when city industries began to crowd upon the farm life which had hitherto had a monopoly, woman again had opportunities to gain an existence independent of any individual association with a particular man. There was a time when in order to get a living at all a woman simply had to find a husband; and when she did find him she very often had to make a living for him as well as for herself. In fact, such things are not entirely relegated to the past as yet.

Today a woman can do about as she pleases, as far as marrying is concerned.

She is no longer confined to being a wife, for a career. She may enter into competition with man at almost any point in the industrial world. It is really a question whether an unmarried woman is not more economically independent than a man. Not only has woman become independent of man owing to her ability to make her way unaided by a husband, but she has also acquired the right of holding property in her own name, which is another road to her economic independence. The result of all this is that whereas at one time when a woman married a man it was absolutely for life, simply because she would starve to death if she left him, today she may leave him and find it easier to get a living than if she remained with him.

It is this facility of becoming independent that causes the facility of divorce; and if the good bishops and others who are vexing their souls out at so much per thousand words to help boom Mr. Hearst's papers, would only consider the divorce question from the economic standpoint rather than from a religious one, they might have a great light break in upon them.

The following extract from an editorial in the New York World is significant of the position I am taking as to economic independence being the basis of a great deal of the divorce of the present day:

FROM POSTAL REFORM, DIVORCE.

The Postmaster-General's order forbidding man and wife to hold clerkships in his

department has produced its first fruits. A woman clerk drawing \$1,400 a year announces that she and her husband, who draws \$1,800, have decided to part. "He has always spent his salary," she says, "and I have spent mine." Neither cares to spend less. So Mr. Payne's "reform" brings forth divorce.

Of course it is easy for strict constructionists to argue that a pair so easily parted are better parted, though it must even be admitted that a cutting of the family receipts almost in half is no small consideration. But the fact remains, as the World has previously intimated, that the anti-marriage order is of more than doubtful wisdom.

Marriage does not rob a woman of the right still to be a wage-earner under approved conditions. Many wives are justly proud of the ability to maintain their own resources and even contribute to the household fund. Government is in petty business when it interferes with any of these. It is in perilous business when by any of its acts it inclines to the discouragement of wedlock and the encouragement of vicious substitutes for home life.

There is only one form of logic which upholds the Postmaster-General. That is the logic of the spoilsmen. The more wives out of office the more chance to reach such civil-service eligibles as have votes.

It does seem too absurd that the United States Postmaster-General should, by an order, augment the number of divorces.

Something very like the above also happens as a result of the U.S. Pension Office withdrawing pensions from soldiers' widows as a penalty for re-marrying. The rule simply leads to illegal relationships. It neither saves money nor morals.

THE IMPENDING POLITICAL CYCLONE

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.,
November 21, 1902

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, ESQ.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE,—Have you time to write about twelve hundred words for the January "Pilgrim," concerning the gain in the Socialist vote for the nation, the results of it and what it portends? I should like very much to have a brief article from you about it; or, if you haven't time to do that, perhaps you could write me a short letter which I could embody in my Men and Matters department. George Fred. Williams writes me of the talk he had with you recently. I see many evidences that things are coming your way. Perhaps some of the things that come to my attention and that do not come to yours are of even greater importance than those about which the Socialist organization is informed.

Yours very truly,
WILLIS J. ABBOT.

Nov. 25, 1902

WILLIS J. ABBOT, ESQ.,
Editor The Pilgrim.

DEAR ABBOT,—The increase in the Socialist vote in the last election from less than 100,000 to nearly 400,000, while startling to those not informed of the cause thereof, is to me but a slight indication of the tremendous change in the political horizon which is shortly to appear in material form in a still further enormously increased Socialist vote; just as when a sudden freshet

makes the water behind the dam flow out of the outlets in higher and greater streams with each rise of the flood, so does the increase in the Socialist vote indicate the rise of the flood of Socialist sentiment; but again, as these small streams which go through the dam do not indicate by any means the full amount of water which is piling up behind the dam and which may eventually flow over it and sweep it away, so the increase in the Socialist vote in the last election is no complete indication of the real rise in the Socialist sentiment of the country. The Socialist vote is simply the expression of a very small portion of the people who have become conscious of the inevitability of great social changes owing to the industrial evolution, and also those who have a desire to effect such a change. However, that those who regard Socialism as inevitable are comparatively few compared with those who are simply unconsciously affected by the industrial evolution and desire a change, without realizing the reasons which have inspired this desire. When the chick in the egg first moves within the shell, a day or so previous to its being hatched, it is very probable that it is not inspired with a desire to get out of the shell because of any knowledge of what is going to happen when it does get out. It simply has an

unconscious desire for movement and liberty. It is the same way with us in the United States. We have been developing our industrial machinery exactly as the chick has been developing its legs and wings; and in each case they have been developed not for use within our present shell, but for use when we have emerged from it. Our great railroad systems and our industrial machinery have been developed for use under Socialism, and not for use today; for, as John Stuart Mill ably said, it is doubtful if all the machinery that has ever been built has lessened the hours of toil of any single laboring man. This machinery which we have has done us no good, as a social organization, so far; nor can it until we as a social organization have assumed a different method of life and become capable of using it, exactly as the chicken cannot use its wings and legs until it gets out of the shell. Hence, when the chick first begins to peck at its shell and try to get out, it might appear to some that it is doing this with a full knowledge of the future before it; yet it has no more knowledge of what its life is going to be than you or I had when the first material manifestation of a separate life and movement came to us when we were yet within our mothers' womb.

This manifestation of a social consciousness is not seen nearly so markedly in the growth of the Socialist vote as it is in the current conversation now prevailing among men and women. Today you cannot find anyone who is not ready to admit that some sort of a social change is imminent. What it may be he may not know, nor be willing to assist in bringing it about. People simply recognize the impending change, without realizing definitely

what it is to be. You will find this as markedly in the religious world as in the business world. The ministers today are changing very much in the old philosophy of the necessity of hell, as are the business men in their philosophy regarding the necessity of competition.

The great difficulty which the Socialist Party meets in increasing its vote is the lack of organization and the lack of trained speakers upon economic subjects. America, of course, is full of good speakers, but to become conversant with the economics of Socialism requires a considerable period of time, and also considerable intelligence as well as intellectual honesty, and this combination is as yet much rarer than it should be. Many men who could speak upon Socialism are as yet afraid to do so, and many of those who are not afraid are intellectually incapable of doing it. The result is that we have a vast increase of vote without much, if any, leadership, the increase being due rather to the logic of events than to the logic of Socialist speakers. As soon as Socialism becomes fashionable, so to speak—that is, as soon as it attains such growth that a man does not lose caste with his neighbors nor his job with his employers by espousing it, there is no question but that we are going to have a vast number of people identify themselves with us who are now holding back; and, as I have said, this will come like an avalanche. My own idea is that the vote may increase up to a million within the next two years; and that within the following two or three years it is quite possible that it will jump from one million to three million and possibly five.

Yes, I had a very interesting talk with Mr. George Fred. Williams, of Massachusetts, a few days ago, on the question of the remarkable growth of

Socialism in that State, where, as you know, the vote went from 11,000 to 34,000 in one year. Mr. Williams is an earnest and advanced thinker, and is quite ready to accept the Socialist programme for national ownership of public utilities; and, in fact, this is the attitude which most of the Democratic leaders are now taking. Mr. Williams, however, is of opinion that the Democratic Party may be induced to take such an advanced stand upon the subject of the nationalization of public utilities that it will be unnecessary for the Socialist Party to do the work that it has set out for itself. I believe events will show that Mr. Williams is wrong. The Democratic Party, like other political parties, represents a class. The class it represents is the smaller capitalists, and they are being rapidly exterminated by the growing power of the Trusts upon the one side and the labor unions upon the other. With the disappearance of the smaller capitalist class, it necessarily follows that the Democratic Party, which represents this class, must also disappear. There are, logically, but two classes left—the rich class, which will be represented by the Republican Party, and the working class represented by the Socialist Party. Upon this theory, therefore, there is no logical reason for the Democratic Party being kept alive; and I think this is to be the course of events in this country. The Republican Party will finally absorb those of the Democratic Party with plutocratic tendencies, and at the same time lose from its ranks those of its members who are in real sympathy with our democratic institutions and a change in our social organism, which will result in a higher form of life. We Americans are all idealists; we are only wishing to find some practical method of realizing our ideals; and it will

be only the very dull and the very selfish that will remain with the Republican Party. All those who have intelligence enough to recognize that they can realize their ideals through Socialism are sure to join the Socialist Party. I can see no hope at all for any life remaining to the Democratic Party, unless in the next two or three years it adopts the Socialist programme in its entirety, so that the Socialist Party will have no reason left to exist. This, however, would be almost equivalent to expecting that an old man dying could absorb the soul of a child and so continue his own life.

Again, with the increase of the Socialist vote and the discussion which it has already aroused in editorial columns of our press, very much of the antagonism to Socialism will shortly disappear. It is not so very long ago when everyone spoke of Socialism as something that was terribly bad, and they would give up their lives rather than have it; while today it is thought of as such a very good thing that people would willingly give up their lives in order to bring it about. For about fifteen years I have been lecturing on Socialism, and there are few who have had better opportunity than I to judge of this change in public sentiment. I never find an audience today that will not admit that Socialism is a good thing, but they imagine that it is so far off that they cannot get it. When I make a careful analysis of our economic situation, showing that owing to the overproduction of machinery an insoluble unemployed problem must shortly arise which will necessitate the introduction of Socialism, they will admit my economic argument step by step as I proceed; but when I sum up the logical conclusion of the various steps, they are so transfixed by the

beautiful vision conveyed by the sum total, that they often refuse to accept the conclusion. However, this has been the attitude of the world in all past time. Fulton might demonstrate theoretically that steam would propel a steamboat, but until it actually did so the mass of the people would not believe in its possibility; and all the great inventions of the world have been made in the same way, against the opinion of the great majority. It is only the actual facts which seem to convince us of reality. Theory will never be accepted by the mass of the

people unless backed by a material manifestation. It will no doubt be the case in this country that until we actually do have the great Unemployed Problem, brought about by the completion of the machinery of production as indicated by the Trust, the American people will regard Socialism as a more or less beautiful theory, and will refuse to accept it until there is seen to be no other way of escaping social destruction.

With kind regards, I am,

Faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

A GLIMPSE INTO UTOPIA

SOMERSET, ME., Nov. 16, 1902.

H. G. WILSHIRE.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly give me an answer to the following questions, viz.: (1) How will a man carry on a farm and not work but eight hours a day? (2) Will laborers be paid by a credit slip given them by the Government under Socialism? (3) What will the Government do with the actual cash owned by the Capitalist class?

I would consider it a great favor if you will answer these questions.

Yours respectfully,

PERCY TAYLOR.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1902.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR,—In reply to your first question, I will say that under Socialism agriculture will be conducted upon a very large scale, much the same as the factory system of today, and that there is no reason why the hours should not be as limited upon farm work as in other pursuits. It may be that a man may have to work eight or even ten hours a day

upon the farm for one or two months, and then possibly have a holiday for one or two months; or he may work six months and have a holiday for six months. It is impossible to conceive that when mechanical development will have made it possible to generally reduce the hours of necessary labor to two hours a day that a man will not insist upon participating in these advantages simply because he works on a farm. Certainly, if a man in other pursuits works only two hours a day, it would be impossible to get him to work upon a farm unless there were some equivalent made to him for working more than two hours. I believe that in the future men will not be confined to one special line of work. The men who work on the farm will also work in the city, and also be engaged in intellectual and artistic pursuits. I think the future promises a complete development for the universal man.

Replying to your second question, I

would say that the "credit slip" seems to be the simplest method of determining the remuneration of the laborer; that is, he will get a credit slip certifying that he has labored for two hours and this slip will entitle him to commodities from the Government store to the extent of two hours' worth. For instance, he will go into the store for a hat and will see one marked "one-half hour," present his two-hour check, get the hat and have a half-hour punched out of his two-hour check, leaving an hour and a half remaining to his credit. He will purchase commodities upon the basis of their labor cost and will pay for them in labor performed by himself, measured by the length of time he works. It is to be understood that when a hat, for instance, is marked "two hours," the two hours include not only the actual time spent in producing the hat, but also a proportion of the cost of supporting all free Government institutions, such as is involved in the care of roadways, parks, public libraries, the support of those unable to work, etc., etc. In other words, the

expenses that are now expressed in taxes would then be concealed in the extra cost of the hat priced in labor time. The hat itself may not have taken over an hour and a-half to make, whereas it will be charged at two hours, the extra half representing the cost of carrying on the government, or rather the administration of such public utilities which do not directly support themselves.

In your third question you ask what will the Government do with the actual cash owned by the capitalist class? I presume you refer to gold and silver, as, of course, paper money, bonds, etc., will become of no value other than that of so much old paper. Gold and silver will be utilized by the community just as existing stores of pig-iron and copper will be utilized, in whatever way it shall be decided is for the good of all.

Hoping the above will answer your questions satisfactorily, I am,

Faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has given us the usual platitudinarian message, which we expect from our presidents. I have read it over carefully and I can see nothing in it in the way of recommendations regarding the Trust and the Tariff, which has not been in every presidential message for the last twelve years. There is still the same old talk about regulation of Trusts, etc., and we all know there is no possibility of doing anything.

There is one thing I might point out in the President's speech, however,

which while it is not new, yet expresses the views of a great many good people as to the right position to take in regard to what they call the rights of labor and capital. President Eliot, of Harvard College, has expressed the view that the "scab" is typical of the noblest product of American civilization. The President in a way practically endorses this position by saying that the laborer has the same right to individual freedom that the capitalist has. He goes on to say that he believes in the utmost organization of both labor and

capital. In order to examine this position let us go to the logical extreme. We would then have all the capitalists organized into one great Trust and the rest of the world organized into a great labor union. It is easy to see that under such a condition of affairs, the capitalists, owning the earth, could dictate their own terms to organized labor, no matter how complete that organization might be. The capitalists would say: "We own the earth, and you can work on our terms or not at all. We are in no danger of starving, as we can go to work and run things ourselves and get what we please, while you are deliberating as to whether you will accept our terms."

If President Roosevelt and President Eliot assume that the capitalist has no superior position to the laborer owing to the ownership of the earth, then they are justified in taking the position that both should have freedom to do as they please with their own, viz., the capitalist with the earth and the laborer with his labor power. They don't seem to recognize that labor power is of no value to the laborer unless he can apply it to the earth, and the capitalist has the power to prevent him getting at the earth and to dictate to the laborer the terms on which he may live. The only solution to this problem is to have complete organization of both labor and capital, have every man a part of organized

labor, and have the organization of labor control the capital of the earth. In the future we shall have no capitalists and no separate public—nothing but organized labor—and everybody shall be in it.

President Eliot's assumption that the "scab" represents the true American freeman, would be right enough under a primitive state of society where there was no difficulty in everyone's getting the product of his labor. But he chooses to ignore existing conditions under which labor is able to get wages only by taking what the capitalist gives him; and if labor does not organize and demand a certain wage it is bound to get less remuneration. If a certain number of laborers refuse to join the union, and offer to take less wages than those demanded by the union, it is obvious that the organization of the laborers will be futile, as the capitalist will naturally hire the "scab" labor at the lower rate instead of the union labor at the higher rate. It is a matter of necessity that the union prevent the scabs offering their labor, just exactly as it is a necessity that Mr. Rockefeller should prevent the independent refiners from offering their oil on the market. Rockefeller is just as much bound to prevent competition in oil, as is Mr. John Mitchell to prevent competition in labor. The same conditions which force the formation of the Trusts force the formation of labor unions.

A DEBATE WITH PROFESSOR SELIGMAN

There is to be a debate between myself and Prof. E. R. A. Seligman, Professor of Political Economy at Columbia College, at Cooper Union, on the evening of January 16th. Admission free. The debate is to be under the auspices of the People's Institute. I am able to make this statement in my own magazine, simply because it is published in Canada. The rule of the United States Post Office is that if it were done here it would make the magazine simply an advertising circular for my lectures. It is fortunate that the monarchy of England retains a little control in North America, as it has given us American editors an

opportunity to express our views and to speak the truth.

The Board of Trustees of the People's Institute consists of J. G. Phelps Stokes, V. Everit Macy, Charles Sprague Smith, W. H. Baldwin, jun., Frank R. Cordley, John J. Foote, Howard Mansfield, Seth S. Terry and George Tomblason. Some of the incorporators are: Felix Adler, Robert Fulton Cutting, Grace H. Dodge, Abram S. Hewitt, R. Heber Newton, William S. Rainsford, Ernest H. Crosby, Jacob A. Riis, Edwin R. A. Seligman, Albert Shaw, Walter E. Bentley, John S. Crosby, Samuel Gompers, Edward King, J. H. Schiff.

THE TRAGEDY BEHIND THE MASK OF CHRISTMAS

This is the story of a book—a pretty trifle of divers arts. An artist had written its lovely lines and had given to woman's profound and pure love a worthy voice, for it was an edition of the Portuguese Sonnets. An artist had made the type in which it was set, and an artist had bound the whole. Each illuminated initial letter was a work of love and art. Altogether, it was fit, the tender-hearted buyer thought, as she found it in the leather-scented confusion of the book department, to send to Him. She was urgent about the sending. It was already two days before Christmas. She had dallied long over the choosing, and she wanted to be sure that it would reach Him on Christmas Day.

The polite man who had sold her the book—rather as one connoisseur would pass a treasure over for the appreciation of another than as a vulgar bit of holiday barter—bade her be at peace. The book should be delivered at the proper moment, late as was its ordering.

Boxed and protected against possible roughness of Christmas handling, it went its way to the packing-room. Thence, because the great store's own delivery wagons, though numerous, were ridiculously inadequate to the Christmas demand upon them, it went to the delivery company which had contracted to manage part of the holiday rush. At the office of this company—a big barracks with strewn counters and

glaring lights and tired, breathless, irritable men sorting innumerable bundles—it was assigned to its proper division. It was to be delivered on West Seventy-second Street. The local express company to which the big company sublet part of its Christmas trade for that district came along and took the book with many another parcel.

All day long, from the front seat of that wagon, a boy of thirteen leaped with bundles, ran up stairs, caught sight of holly wreaths behind weblike curtains, heard laughter, felt the warmth of comfortable halls upon him as the doors opened to receive what he brought. He had been full of delight in it all earlier in the season. He was still a schoolboy, but he had the customary certificate permitting him to work for the holiday fortnight. He was earning a little money. He would buy gifts on his own account; he would share more closely the joy of giving than as a mere emergency messenger boy. He had read Christmas fiction in his day, and he knew all about the little boys who toil into the starving homes on Christmas Day with the unexpected turkey, reward of their own industry. But by the time the Portuguese Sonnets came to his hand, he was tired.

As the days of the fortnight had passed the vision had dimmed a little. Each day was more of a rush than the one before. Each night saw him stumbling home later. He began to wonder when he should find time to make the Christmas purchases on which he had set his young heart. Then he found that he didn't greatly care whether he made them or not. He was looking forward to Christmas Day as the day when he might stop the leaps from the delivery wagon, the rush up the steps with the parcels, the breathless descents.

It was eleven o'clock when the book was delivered on Seventy-second Street. The maid who received it grumbled a little about the unseemliness of the hour. The boy was too tired to retort, though he usually had a vocabulary which would have done justice to his feelings. There were more parcels to be delivered, however, more steps to climb, more leaps to make from the slowed wagon, more runs to overtake it; for the driver was anxious to get through some time, as he said, and saw no use

in waiting for the delivery boy to make leisurely trips to and from the doors.

They got back to the stables a little after the good people of the town had gone home from the midnight masses. The delivery boy was unutterably tired. He rolled a stable blanket about him, crawled into a wagon, and fell asleep.

The night was cold; the stars that the expressman and his aide had not had time to look at were like bits of ice in the far-off sky. It grew colder as the roll of the last belated wagon sounded upon the streets; it was bitterly cold when the clamor of early Christmas bells stirred the world to life and joy and love behind the wreathed windows. But the delivery boy did not stir to any of these again.

The lover who read the Portuguese Sonnets, the girl who blushed at his thanks, and all the other happy givers and happy recipients of gifts of love, never dreamed that a little boy had been murdered by the system which their thoughtlessness had made, and which it continues; that the holiday rush and crush, overworking with pitiless indifference thousands of girls and boys, thousands of men and women, had brought desolation into one house as a Christmas offering.

This is a true story. There was a paragraph in the papers the day after Christmas, telling that a boy had died of cold and exposure in such and such a stable. But it was a tiny paragraph, not nearly as long as the one which told of a Christmas dinner party at a great house, and not anything like so long as the account of the dinner to the friendless newsboys or the homeless bootblacks, in which festivity the buyer of the Portuguese Sonnets played a picturesquely benevolent part.

To blame the great store, or the big express company, or the little one, would be idle. They, after all, are but servants of the great public, and if the great public will leave its shopping to be done in a few feverish, breathless days, they can only seek to meet the demand upon their resources and energies.

Meantime the little boy was dead, and the money he had, in imagination, spent with such marvellous discretion and taste, was scarce enough for his mother to rattle in one hand while her forlorn eyes scanned the bill for his burial.—ANNE O'HAGAN, in *Evening Post*, N.Y.

WHY DOES NOT THE NATION RISE ?

THE following editorial appeared in the Cleveland Press last August, and while it is somewhat out of date inasmuch as the coal strike is settled, it was so thoroughly to the point and written in such virile English that I feel it should not be lost to my readers, and reproduce it with great pleasure :

“As the people begin to directly suffer because of the great anthracite strike, as they see rioting and bloodshed and starvation and bankruptcies, there are presented the usual suggestions for a settlement.

“On one side are those who believe, in greater or less degree, that money might be right; that labor unionism means anarchy; that the lives, the happiness, the progress, the food, the clothes, even the morality of those who toil should be matters of barter in an open market, with indiscriminate, unlimited competition. This side shrinks not at the blood on the militiaman's bayonet. They believe that it is right that one man should have millions and, through a hired agent at New York, control the lives of an hundred thousand half-paid, half-fed, half-clothed men, women and children in Pennsylvania. They believe that one man should have millions with which to buy special privileges and special luxuries, or with which to start a dissipated heir on a career of promoting general vice, while tens of thousands work, from boyhood to decrepitude, hand in hand with Death in the bowels of the earth, and have naught. They may not believe in these things in detail. But they do

believe in and support the thing of which these details are the unavoidable and legitimate offspring.

“On the other side are found the great majority of the toilers, firm in their belief that their salvation lies in numerical strength, strong in their hope that their own sufferings and sacrifice must bring relief, ready, in many cases, recklessly to give their blood to the militiaman's bayonet, more and more willing to suffer and die in proving that God Almighty did not make two classes of men, the one with the power and ease that successful greed gets for them, the other the helpless victims of that greed.

“It is the same old alignment. Wealth, resources, greed, indifference, selfishness, power on one side; human suffering, sacrifice, recklessness, hopelessness on the other. And the final settlement will mean what settlements of strikes have meant in the past—an effort for more power on the one hand, more hate on the other hand, loss to the whole. Organized capital will have more militiamen, higher fences around its factories. Organized labor will prepare for a longer period of suffering without work. So long as it is a conflict between greed and human happiness and progress and there is victor and victim in a conflict so predicated, there can be no other fruits of a ‘settlement.’

“This is a nation the most patriotic on earth. Attack our government, and rich and poor, alike, spring to the defense with their lives and resources, upon the impulse, with but the thought that the good of all is assailed. The flesh is still on the bones of that

aristocrat, Hamilton Fish, who died a hero in the uniform of a common soldier, for his country.

"Yet the coal baron will slip into his splendid church pew, pray God to forgive his sins and bless his country and go outside and buy a ward-heeler's vote for \$2 on the first street corner. Yet this patriotic nation, which can be prosperous and happy only as the average of prosperity and happiness is high, will sit by and see those natural brothers and fellow-workers, Capital and Labor, gnaw one another's throat to a settlement that means death, degradation or still more brutal future conflict.

"For the good of the whole nation, the nation should exercise its power to settle these conflicts. If the capitalists of Wall Street should put on sabers, go over into Pennsylvania, meet an armed body of miners and cut the throats of men, women and children, the nation would act. The thing that is done is

that Wall Street degrades and starves and slaughters men, women and children in Pennsylvania with that insidious weapon, monopoly greed, and the nation stirs not over a settlement that means more greed, more hate, more misery.

"Moreover, this is a great Christian nation. It has a million churches, a million school houses, millions upon millions of people who recognize a Good Father who created us all His Children, not some of us. It has God in its thoughts and acts, if not in its statutes. Why does it not rise, as a Christian nation, and, by its Christian political power, put an end to the long-drawn-out conflicts between greed and struggling humanity which mean the starvation of children, the dishonoring of young girls, the imbruting of grown men and women, and, indirectly, all things else on the long list of immorality?"

THE GIRL WHO WOULD

KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

TIMES without number I have been asked why I, a woman, happened to become a machinist, and why I chose a trade so far from woman's prescribed sphere of action. When I attempt to answer the question, I find there are a number of reasons, all good and valid, and yet I cannot point to any one of them that quite answers the question fully.

Perhaps it was because Nature, that sly, wise old mother, placed in my brain an unusually strong desire to create.

At any rate I remember that as a little child no pastime sufficed, unless

it was the making of something. Mud pies, cob houses, corn silk babies, it was all one to me, so long as I could make my own playthings. Boughten ones were of no value, except to tear up and see how other folks made things. More than once was I punished for tearing up my new jumping-jack, to see what made it go. Finally it was known in our family, that it was useless to give me a toy, but that I would be perfectly happy with a hammer or saw.

As I grew older my brother and I made water wheels, and wind mills galore, and a wonderful saw mill, for which we made a saw, out of one of

mother's brightest pie tins, nicely toothed with her best scissors, and for which we secured motive power, by attaching the belt to the sewing machine treadle. Grandmother's knitting needles made first-rate shafts for our spool pulleys; and more than once I had to pick up the stitches on a stocking, as punishment for confiscating her needles. One time I remember being sent to bed in dire disgrace because I cut the whole end off my best Sunday sash to make a kite, and used my hair ribbon to deck the tail. In fact my whole childhood was a series of trials and disgraces, because I insisted on making things, and wasn't particularly scrupulous where I got my materials, or whose tools I used.

At eighteen I found myself an overgrown, slender girl, my physique wrecked by over-study, in miserable health, and the problem of self support confronting me. I had tried successively school teaching at \$30 a month, vest making at \$1 a day, and stenography at \$9 a week, and realized, that with my poor health I could never make a living at any of them. I looked over all the field of women's work and saw no hope; all were over-crowded and under-paid, and I was beginning to wonder if marriage was the only way left for a girl to make a living, when I made the acquaintance of one of those wonderful mechanical geniuses that our present system so effectually crushes.

In his company all my old love for mechanics came back to me, and he, delighted to find so apt and interested a pupil, taught me all he could of the theory of mechanics. Soon my father became interested, and finally we three combined our small capital, and started a little machine shop. I was supposed to do office work, but as our establishment was a very modest one, I could

attend to all my duties and still find much time to spend in the shop. I teased, coaxed and cajoled the men into letting me try my hand on their work, until the discipline of the shop was ruined, and in desperation, one day the foreman said that I must either keep out of the shop altogether or come in and work under his orders. I immediately replied that I would report for duty the next morning, and I did.

At first the men laughed at me and teased me, but that had no effect. Then they tried giving me the dirtiest, greasiest work in the shop thinking I would get discouraged and quit, but all of my Irish will was up, and I would not yield. Finally when the men realized that I meant to stick, they grumbled long and loud, and finally threatened to revolt, not because they disliked me personally, but because they feared I was establishing a precedent. If one girl learned the machinist trade, others would, and soon the shops would be overrun by women, and wages would go down as they have in every trade that women have entered.

Teddy had not turned the lime light on the path to the strenuous life at this time, but nevertheless I lived it, the first two years in the shop. Between learning the trade, conciliating the men, and pulling wires for admittance to the Union I was not troubled with *ennui*.

Naturally the dirt and grime was distasteful to me, and I decided it unnecessary. Since I had broken one unwritten law by entering the shop, I decided to break another, and have the floors cleaned, and the windows washed. So by a judicious distribution of gum-drops and smiles, I gained the co-operation of the apprentice boys, and soon we had the shop as clean as a Dutch frau's front steps.

I realized that if I kept pace with the boys I could not be hampered with superfluous clothing. I discarded corsets and long skirts, and wore a short neat suit of blue duck, with the regulation machinists cap. Of all the costumes I have worn since I left the shop, none have ever seemed so comfortable or becoming as my shop uniform. Manual labor in congenial surroundings had given me back my health, and wielding a hammer and pushing a file had developed a pair of shoulders and arms that would have been the envy of many a society belle.

Was not the work hard, heavy and disagreeable?

It was hard; sometimes so heavy that I must needs call some of the boys to assist me; but it was never disagreeable, for I loved it.

There is nothing else that brings the exultation, the consciousness of power, like taking hard, unyielding steel, and conquering it, shaping and forming it to your will. Then the joy of taking an ugly, sodden piece of iron and watching it grow under your hand to a beautiful polished thing of use and beauty. Think what it means to a true mechanic, when with a touch as tender and as gentle as a mother's, he carefully fits together the parts of a delicate mechanism he has created. Weeks, months, aye perhaps for years, he has been forming it piece by piece, and at last all is done, carefully each part is fitted to the whole. Each tap and screw is tightened, each bearing oiled, and with eager heart and bated breath the power is applied. For an instant the belts slip on the polished pulleys, then look! It's off! It runs! It works! Eureka! We have won! Our hands and brain have given something useful to humanity, added to the comfort of mankind, and lightened the load of the toiler.

No brush can ever paint the glowing

tints of the forge, and no artist ever watches his colors with the intensity of the mechanic in tempering his tools.

You wonder, no doubt, why I changed the hammer for the pen, the shop for the platform, if I loved my trade, my art, so much? I'll tell you why I did it. Because my work brought me in contact with the great wage-earning class, and there I saw the wage system in all its accursedness. There I saw men dumb and paralyzed with an unsatisfied longing for the brush, the pen, the soil, or for the whispering forests, bound to a lathe or forge, in the roar of machinery that is music to him who loves it, and hell to him who hates it.

On the other hand I saw men who were born mechanics chained to a desk, or pulpit, miserable misfit failures, because they were denied the opportunity to do the thing Nature intended them for. I saw women denied the right to use their strong creative instinct in healthful work, and forced into the factory, the sweat-shop, the brothel, to earn their bread.

Here I saw manhood and womanhood wither and crumble away beneath the crushing weight of economic servitude. I saw men created in the image and likeness of God fall to miserable, servile, cringing slaves, afraid to hold up their heads and say they were men, because some man had it in his power to take their means of life away—not only theirs but that of their wives and babies. I saw fathers robbed of two-thirds of the products of their labor, and little children's lives coined into profits.

At last my soul revolted at the crime and injustice of it all. I could stand it no longer, so I hung up my cap, laid aside my calipers and rule, and went out in the fight for Socialism. And here I stay until the Co-operative Commonwealth is ours.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY

EUGENE DEL MAR

AS LONG as the belief prevailed that man's whole duty was to a personal God who ruled the Universe from afar, and that life here served no purpose other than a preparation for some future existence, there was comparatively little incentive to right living. As those only who were miserable here were to be happy hereafter, small inducement was offered either for the self-attainment of happiness, or the conferring of it upon others. Why make ourselves or others opulent and happy, if this temporary benefit was to be offset by permanent disadvantages hereafter?

But as the identity of God and the Universe came to be discerned, and the worship of God was translated into a love of God's creatures, a transformation took place in religious conceptions. God and Heaven were transported to this earth, and life here assumed a constantly increasing importance. The worship of God was no longer to be satisfied by forms or ceremonies, or through gifts to the Church, but it meant a life consecrated to the interests of humanity in general.

It came to be recognized that Society was a unit, that the individuals composing it were dependent upon each other, and that each might most advantageously benefit others through Self-improvement. And the worship of God, after being translated into the

love of humanity, finally resolved itself into the development of the Self. Not merely the physical or material body, but the Self of which this is a manifestation; the individualized Soul which yet remains inseparable from the Universal Spirit that animates and inspires all life.

The vital understanding of the omnipresence of God has converted the spiritual Heaven of the future into present manifestation. We find that we are now in a spiritual world, and living a spiritual life; that all life is spiritual. As the conception of evolution has glorified man in spiritualizing all life, so has the understanding of Unity beautified the physical and material, in everywhere infusing them with the realities of the spiritual.

This translation of ideas typifies the growth of the understanding of Unity, and the corresponding elimination of the conception of Duality. It means the conquest of love over fear. It involves the escape from a Principle of Evil and Malevolence to a Universal Principle of Beneficence. It recognizes a Universe of Love, bound by the ties of common interests and universal harmony.

These fundamental conceptions of life have been suggested by and were the accompaniment of greater physical, mental and material freedom and

prosperity, and they developed with changing social and political conditions, all of which acted and reacted upon each other. In its new significance, religion came to be an essential element of social life, and it is now becoming an important element of the political existence of society.

It is true that, from time immemorial, religious conceptions and systems have been appropriated as political expedients. They have been constantly used as the adjuncts and supports of arbitrary power, the weapons of which have been the fear of God in Heaven, and of His self-constituted vice-gerents on earth. And the powers so assumed have been exerted for the aggrandizement of self, and the slavery of others. The alliance of Church and State has always been for the purpose of securing or retaining special privileges here, in exchange for promises of recompense in the hereafter. And these promises, while people were sufficiently superstitious, continued to be marketable at the face value that was arbitrarily placed upon them.

But the religion of the twentieth century is the Religion of Humanity. It seeks not to enslave, but to free; it aims not to promote the powers and privileges of the few, but of the many; it shows that Heaven and Hell are but conditions of mind that are at our present command; and it combines the Here and the Hereafter into the Eternal Now.

Like everything else, the Religion of Humanity has many contrasting aspects; but these may now be classed under the two great divisions of Socialism and Individualism, the latter being generally known as the New Thought movement. Socialism looks at the individual from the point of view of the mass, while the New Thought regards

the mass from the point of view of the Individual.

Up to the present time, these two movements have been distinct and individual. Not only this, but to a large extent their respective leaders have not been amicably disposed toward each other. While the general purpose of each is the same, they necessarily make use of methods as contrasting as are their different points of view. Not only this, but many of the leaders and most of their followers, in advocating and endeavoring to advance some particular system or formulation, have either purposely or impliedly placed themselves in opposition to all who do not accept their special form of teaching.

Neither movement has as yet developed very far along lines of generally accepted principles. In both, the ranks are divided into separate camps, and to a corresponding extent personalities are still looked to rather than principles. Neither movement can hope to exert any great social influence except as it subordinates personality to principle, and accepts the latter as its sole guide. And this condition will gradually be reached as the spirit of harmony intensifies through the agency of association and organization.

The purpose of the New Thought is the development of the individual, through an increased consciousness that he inherently possesses and may bring into manifestation all desirable attributes. And it teaches how, through the cultivation and concentration of desire, the individual may attract and receive what he thus relates to himself. Through his increased consciousness of power, the individual emerges from the mass, and commences an existence that is consciously self-directed.

But this is not all! Back of all this lies *the impelling motive*, and it is the

motive rather than the method that characterizes the New Thought movement. Its essential conception is that of Unity, and it advocates the cultivation of Self and the attainment of desire from the point of view of the benefit of all. Its motives necessarily involve as full a measure of giving as of receiving.

Those who regard the New Thought merely as an instrument whereby to acquire "success" at the expense of others, have failed to comprehend its motives, and are assisting to discredit it. Such people are actuated by the same motives as are those who have become millionaires through extortion and bribery. One who would willingly accumulate and store up useless wealth while millions of his fellow-beings are suffering for lack of sustenance, has not as yet thoroughly absorbed the New Thought conceptions.

New Thought methods and motives are not intended to qualify a few individuals to more readily prey upon the mass. Nor are they designed to enable the individual to attain his desires at the expense of others. But they mean the exaltation of each and all, and they ever centre about the conception of Unity.

When we adopt the Religion of Humanity, we find that what we have called our duty to God is the duty we owe to our Self and our fellow-beings. With the elimination of the conception of an anthropomorphic God, it becomes possible to conceive of a Heaven here, and to understand that man's highest duty is to man.

And with the conception of the essential unity of humanity, man's duty to the Self and to others is seen to be one and the same. If he would receive, he must give; if he would be loved, he must love; if he would benefit the Self,

he must be of advantage to others. One may rise only as he raises others with him, and one may fall only as he falls with others.

The individual who looks down upon the mass as separate from himself, is quite as narrow as he who similarly looks up from the mass to the individual. Such an individual is not the perfected or hoped-for product of New Thought motives and methods. Such an individual has failed to comprehend the basic conceptions of the New Thought, and he simply assists to perpetuate the narrowness of class and prejudice.

The introduction to the New Thought is usually characterized by a consciousness of separation from the mass. The individual point of view comes to be accepted to the exclusion of the collective, and individual direction becomes the only solution of social problems. The collective ideal is subordinated to the individual conception; and a still higher plane of growth is required before that which is essentially inseparable comes to be consciously unified.

The essentials of the New Thought and of Socialism are identical, and the religion of Humanity permeates equally the social, religious and political life of the people. The two movements, in some form and at some time, must merge into one. And it would seem as though the initial stages of their coming together had already been entered upon.

From the temporary to the eternal, from the part to the whole, from the unit to the entirety—such is the general tendency! If society is a unit, and if the interests of the individual and of the mass are identical, we may not ignore either the social, the religious or the political aspects of society. These are knit together by ties that are

inseparable. And the individual must ultimately find that he will be unable to abstain from taking part in the liberation of those who have not yet reached his condition of conscious development. Each will, in some measure, be made conscious of his own slavery, in the slavery of others.

The social organism may be likened to the human body. Local ailments and the inharmonies of individual members or organs of the body, may at times be effaced through local treatment; but the disorder, though evidencing itself locally, may be of such a character that general treatment will be essential and necessary. So is it with society. Some of its inharmonies may readily be eliminated through the direct improvement of the individual; but

those which are peculiar to the social organization, as such, require general treatment. The social system may at times demand direct consideration. Or both special and general treatment may be simultaneously required.

Socialism represents the general or collective form of treatment, and the New Thought the special or individual. Each has its place and purpose; and certain inharmonies may be adjusted to better advantage through the one or the other method. At times they will supplement each other; and at others they will be complementary. But they are essentially identical in their aims and purposes. One aims to exalt the individual through the elevation of society, while the other seeks to exalt society through the elevation of the individual.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, SOCIALIST

John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, wrote: "Independence in politics has always been a characteristic of the Adams family." Evidently this independence has not died out. The Socialist Party of Massachusetts has nominated John Quincy Adams for lieutenant-governor. John Quincy Adams, the Socialist, is a direct descendant of Henry Adams, the ancestor of Samuel Adams, John Adams, and John Quincy Adams, the President. The present John Quincy Adams, who is a doctor and Chairman of the Board of Health of Amesbury, having been elected to that position by the Socialists, was formerly a Republican, as his father before him was. But the Adams independence had to crop out, it seems, and in this case it has taken the form of Socialism. Dr. Adams, who is highly esteemed

by his fellow-townsmen, says he is not a politician, but that he cannot help seeing the trend of affairs, and thinks it is time to bring into active operation the principles of Socialism.

The case of John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, serves to accentuate a truth which, though important, has attracted little attention. That a scion of the Adams family is a Socialist is today passed over as a matter of small importance one way or another. A few years ago the conversion of a Massachusetts Adams to Socialism would have been regarded as weird and terrible. It would seem to indicate that Socialism is no longer regarded as another name for Anarchy, and that a man may be a Socialist without suffering social ostracism.--Chicago Record-Herald.

FATHER McGRADY RESIGNS.

The following is taken from the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune of December 8th. Practically the same account appeared in the Cincinnati Enquirer of the same date.

Yesterday morning to a congregation that packed his church, St. Anthony's, in Bellevue, Ky., Rev. Father Thomas McGrady announced that he was no longer their pastor, as he had resigned the charge, left the priesthood and the church in which he had been reared. The announcement, coming at 10 o'clock mass, was the prelude to a statement that took the place of the morning sermon—a statement that recited in full the long-standing controversy between him and his spiritual superior, Bishop Camillus P. Maes, the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Kentucky.

The controversy between Father McGrady and his Bishop has long been known to exist, and the cause therefor was also generally known. For several years Father McGrady had attracted to himself widespread attention because of his radical speeches and writings, his departure from the customary duties and lines of thought of the Roman Catholic priesthood. A man of learning and eloquence, forceful in argument, brilliant and fearless in speech, he has been quoted so often, has allowed the quotations to stand without denial or correction when they were questioned, and has written articles over his own signature so full of the teachings of Socialism and indeed all things radical when aligned with the existing social conditions in church and state, that many who knew the strict line laid down by church authorities for their priests have wondered why these departures by Father McGrady did not long ago bring down upon him the discipline, if not the punishment of the church.

The sudden and rather astonishing event of yesterday in St. Anthony's Church explains this

long delay on the part of the higher officials of the church. The Bishop who directs Father McGrady has been many months seeking to recall his priest from the paths forbidden in line of thought, has first admonished, then warned with severity, and now finally, it is believed, had communicated to his subordinate an ultimatum that meant for Father McGrady complete retraction or excommunication. Father McGrady has, on the other hand, answered with challenge and defiance, evidently not at any time intending to retract statements, writings and teachings he seems to have been first firmly convinced of in point of truth and correctness of position before he spoke or wrote of them publicly. From his own statement the controversy has long ago passed the point where there was possible satisfactory arrangement except by his complete renunciation. From those higher in authority in the church there is no statement, neither the Bishop of the diocese, Rt. Rev. Camillus P. Maes, nor Archbishop William Elder, of this city, being willing to make statements or comment on the case.

When Father McGrady made his rather startling statement, yesterday morning, to his congregation there followed a remarkable scene.

"I am no longer your pastor, and this will be my farewell sermon," were the introductory words. It seemed as if all, old and young, knew and fully realized the import of the announcement. There was bowing of heads and men, women and children wept. For let it be said that Father McGrady, no matter how far he departed from the rules and doctrines of his church, was still greatly beloved by his congregation in the little city just across the river. They had come to know him as their spiritual father and adviser, as their fellow man and physician. He comforted them spiritually, but he also had time and again comforted them and others physically. For he went about often doing good

to those of the faith and to those not of the faith. In Bellevue, in the neighboring communities and on this side of the river the man came to be known. His ministrations were. to the sick physically as well as the sick spiritually.

After the services almost all of the congregation lingered and crowded about their beloved pastor, weeping and pleading with him not to leave them. It was a scene remarkable in this day and in this country. But the recanting priest remained firm.

As with his open advocacy of doctrines and beliefs his superior in the church deemed heresy, he had first carefully gone over the entire field, concluded that his position was correct, and then, announcing his determination, would not be changed. He told those friends who crowded around him that his farewell was only as a pastor and spiritual leader; that he intended remaining with them, as a citizen of Bellevue, and that the only change is that, instead of being their pastor and friend, he would be their friend.

His life in its remainder, the man announced, would be devoted to lecturing and to writing. He has already written several books and many articles for newspapers and magazines, but he intimated that the subject of his first book since his change will be, "Why I left the priesthood." He also intimated that he intended also watching, although no longer connected with the church, certain developments and certain churchmen of the diocese, who themselves have been watching him closely a long time.

When seen by a Commercial Tribune reporter at the priest's residence, where he will probably remain some time, as his charge is not ended until the 17th of this month, Father McGrady had no hesitancy in talking of his resignation and the causes leading up to it. He said admonishment and orders have been received by him a long time, but the climax approached with the receipt of the letters and replies which he read yesterday morning to his congregation. One of these which he showed is from Bishop Maes and dated November 8, 1902. It contains, he said, these demands:

First—To fulfil your obligations toward the seminary collections of 1901, within two weeks, and of 1902, before the end of the year.

Second—To bring unto us a letter recalling such praises of Darwin, Zola and Renan, and some other writers whose names are mentioned in your letter published in *Wilshire's Magazine*, July number, which shall be given the same public notice that your fulsome praises to the detriment of the church, and

the scandal of the faithful, gave. That scandal must be repaired, and an earnest promise given by you that you will obey the directions and conform to the teachings set forth in the encyclicals of our Holy Father, the Pope.

Third—We admonish you not to allow the sale of any books written by you, for which the imprimature has been refused, for cause, or for which the imprimature should be in accordance with the rules of the Holy See.

Fourth—We admonish you not to be absent from your parish so frequently without permission, and to refrain from emitting views on Socialism, either by speech or by letter, which are at variance with the teachings of our Supreme Pontiff or of the church.

On November 12 Father McGrady replied to the above letter, he says, submitting eight propositions, covering the entire teachings of Socialism, and requested Bishop Maes to answer and state in writing whether any or all of said propositions were condemned by him, to which reply Father McGrady offered to answer by the 23rd ult. This proposition, it is claimed, was ignored by the Bishop.

The Bishop saw, Father McGrady claims, that by condemning the propositions submitted he would condemn the teachings of the church of the first four centuries, and if he would endorse those propositions he would approve of Socialism. Therefore, Father McGrady says, the Bishop shifted position, dropped the question of Socialism completely, dropped the question of imprimature on the books, dropped the question of absence from parish on lecture tours, and confined himself to three points, contained in another letter written to Father McGrady on November 26, in which the Bishop says:

We hereby order you, first, to send to us in writing within a week from this day, a promise that for the future (drops the whole past) you will do your duty toward the seminary and other diocesan collections; second, to take up and forward to our chancery by December 31, 1902, the seminary collections for the current year; third, bring or send to us a retraction in writing of the unqualified approbation of authors condemned by the Holy See, contained in your letter which appeared in *WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE*. You shall make retraction in writing within one week, and promise to have the same published, if possible, in *WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE*, or in such journals or magazines as I select.

Father McGrady says he replied to the above letter as follows :

"My duty to the collections is to announce them and have the trustees take them up and forward them to the Bishop, after deducting the ordinary Sunday collections. Frequently nothing is left after the deduction, and the Bishop is duly notified, therefore, no delinquency can occur. The Bishop has no right to exact such a promise, unless there is a delinquency. I refuse the promise. It is probable that the Bishop referred to personal donations, when speaking of the seminary collections. Personal donations are a free gift, and cannot be demanded by the canon law. I refuse to consider it. It is true that it is a diocesan statute, but it is illegal.

"I inquired into the origin of the statute and was told by a priest that a synod was held in Covington several years ago. The director of the cathedral mentioned the fact that many priests were invited to take part in the cathedral services on Holy Thursdays. The director was compelled to give them dinner and required a compensation. It was proposed by one of the clergy of the synod that it looked mean to invite guests to the church service and then charge them for dinner. It was then suggested that each priest donate \$5 annually to the seminary fund, and the same could be used to pay for the dinner served the guests. I have never been present at the Holy Thursday services, and I refuse to pay for a dinner that I did not eat. In the letter to the WILSHIRE MAGAZINE I referred to a number of brilliant men of world-wide reputation, who had adopted Socialism, and I praised their genius to show that men of vast intellectual acumen had adopted the teachings of Karl Marx.

"This is the second charge which the Bishop calls a scandal, to praise a man of genius, whose writings are not all accepted by the church. Therefore, a Catholic would be guilty of heresy if he praised the Declaration of Independence, which was written by an infidel. He would be excommunicated if he went so far as to state that Thomas Jefferson was a great man. If I submitted to these conditions I would sacrifice my manhood and conscience and stultify myself before the public. Every intelligent man would say that I should be confined in an insane asylum.

"Therefore, I resign to preserve myself from a charge of idiocy and to protect my memory from everlasting infamy. They want to condemn Socialism but my eight propositions were a stumbling block to their proceedings. Therefore, they drop Socialism and confine themselves

to the charge of my not paying for a dinner that I did not get and of stating that an infidel can have a great mind. The racy parts of this trouble will come later on and will be given in full through the Commercial Tribune."

Bishop Maes had, of course, been acquainted with the public renunciation made by Father McGrady before a Commercial Tribune reporter sought an interview with him last evening at the Cathedral residence, at Madison Avenue and Twelfth Street, Covington. The Bishop refused positively to be interviewed or give out any statement, especially on the point whether Father McGrady had been ordered excommunicated previous to his declaration, or whether he was threatened with the excommunication.

Vicar-General Brossart, next in authority in the Diocese of Kentucky to Bishop Maes, was seen. He was asked whether Father McGrady had been excommunicated and answered that no such word had been received by him. Asked for a statement, Vicar-General Brossart referred the reporter to Father McGrady.

Archbishop Elder was seen at his residence last night and asked if the action in regard to Father McGrady could be taken as a demonstration of the position of the church with regard to Socialism—whether it meant that all would be treated likewise in the future. The Archbishop refused to make any statement, saying he was not conversant with the case. He expressed some doubt as to whether the penance asked—if it had been asked as the reporter stated—was on account of Father McGrady's Socialistic views. He was inclined to the belief that it might, perhaps, have been on account of the priest's views in regard to the Holy Father, Pope Leo, but repeated that he was entirely unfamiliar with the present trouble. He said that Father McGrady was known to him through the priest's having about a year ago written a book which the Archbishop condemned and which Father McGrady later corrected. But as to the happening yesterday he refused to make any statement whatever, referring the reporter to Bishop Maes or to Father Mackey, who, he stated, was more conversant with Socialistic doctrines, having made them an especial study.

Father Mackey likewise refused to make a statement. The father has been challenged to debate by Father McGrady, has answered some of his arguments, and has been therefore recognized as one of his opponents. Probably on account of this he thought it would appear, if he made a statement just at this time, as though he were kicking a man when he was down, and

refused to talk because he did not care to take that position. Father Mackey is known to be bitterly opposed to Socialism, however, having written and spoken on the subject. He delivered a lecture before the National Convention of the Federation of Catholic Societies just one year ago next Thursday, and from a copy of it published at the time in the Commercial Tribune an extract is taken which shows Father Mackey's opinions, which are given even more strength as representing the church when backed by the recent encyclical of the Pope. He quotes from the most eminent German and French authorities, showing what the tenets of the faith are as expounded by those men, and adds brief comments. In opening he says: "The labor (of writing the address) will be amply rewarded if my efforts preserve one single human being from making shipwreck of his patriotism, his religion and his Christian morals in the abysmal depths of the dark and gloomy moral sink of infamy in our time known indifferently as Socialism or collectivism."

About a year ago a priest in Belgium was excommunicated on account of his Socialistic utterances. There are more Socialists in Belgium as compared with the total population, than in any other country in the world, and it was not strange, therefore, that the priest became a convert. But he carried his views on Socialism to a point where they differed from the tenets of the Catholic religion and cognizance was taken of the matter by the church authorities. The ultimate result was the excommunication of the offending minister.

Here is the letter which appeared in our July number, which caused all the trouble:—

Bellevue, Ky., April 29, 1902

MY DEAR WILSHIRE:

Enclosed find check for one dollar, and kindly continue my name on your subscription list. I am delighted to notice that your magazine is recognized by the ablest thinkers of this country and Europe as one of the leading publications of the age. You are doing a noble service to the cause of justice and humanity by enlisting such an array of talent under the banner of Socialism.

I read, with great pleasure, Julian Hawthorne's letter on the Soul of America in the last number of your review. It is really gratifying to see this representative scion of the Puritans wield his mighty pen in behalf of a movement which aims to emancipate the human race from the bondage of industrial servitude. Today the world is sighing for the Brotherhood of Man. The genius and talent of the age are anxiously awaiting the dawn of the Millennium, which will be established on this earth, when men shall accept the doctrine of love and justice proclaimed by the lowly Nazarene on the vine-clad hills of Israel. The noblest minds in the fields of art and science and literature recognize the vast possibilities of future ages, and fully realize that the triumph of the soul can not be accomplished, the human intellect can not reach its complete development, till the masses are released from the yoke of slavery, and the life of every individual is blessed with all the opportunities created by the force and power of social agencies. Of course, the selfish and the ignorant will repudiate the doctrines of Socialism; for, owing to their dwarfed mentality and inert spirituality, they are incapable of appreciating the advantages that would accrue to society from the establishment of a Co-operative Commonwealth. These poor creatures are the product of their environments, and they are no more deserving of censure for their vulgar views of life than the man who was born blind, because he fails to conceive the splendor of the noontide sun and the glittering expanse of the nocturnal skies. Quite recently a Cincinnati weekly said that if the free lunch counters were destroyed Socialism would be silent for twenty years. I presume that the benighted editor of this little sheet had never heard of Count Tolstoi; Lombroso, the ablest living authority on criminology; Buchner, the peer of the last century; Wallace, the rival of the immortal Darwin; Renan, the pride of his century; Sir Thomas More, the glory of his age; Fourier, Proudhon, Saint Simon, Marx, Lassalle, Morris, Ruskin, Zola, and a host of others who have achieved imperishable fame in the realm of thought.

Yours sincerely,

T. McGRADY.

Private Investment Impossible.

In estimating the effect upon stock values and movements, consideration has largely centered upon the favorable effect likely to be produced by a concentrated control and a community of interest through the elimination of tariff wars, and increased economies made possible in many directions, where rivalry gave employment to many officials whose services, under the new order of things, ceases to be necessary and whose salaries naturally add to net results.

These features of the new departure in railroad administration have been pretty thoroughly discussed and thrashed over, notwithstanding the fact that railroad earnings both gross and net reflect all the benefits claimed for this new departure in the great railroad business of the country.

In another direction, however, it would seem that it is only now that one of the most important results of this radical change in the railroad interests of the country begins to show.

Community of interest and concentrated control have another most important bearing upon the market value of railroad securities. While the economies and savings to the railroads has a sustaining and strengthening effect upon values, the concentrated control idea has had and must continue to have a potent effect directly upon stock values.

Formerly the vast amount of railroad stocks were held by the army of investors, operators and speculators, and the entire weight, market-wise, of these immense capitalizations was dependent upon the will and operations of the class named.

Now, however, there has in furtherance of the concentrated control idea, a mighty factor come into the security market, and hundreds of thousands of shares of railroad stocks have been bought, paid for and permanently withdrawn from the speculative arena.

They are found in the strong boxes and safe deposit vaults of such roads as the Pennsylvania, New York Central and other leading lines. Here these securities are likely to remain until some new evolution displaces them, possibly through the GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP of the railroads of the country, or until the concentrated control idea shall prove ineffective in producing the results claimed for it.

In the financial articles of the press, in the brokers' offices, in the Exchanges, you constantly hear the comment that stocks seem scarce.

Have we in connection with this scarcity given due consideration to the amount of securities withdrawn by the leading railroad corporation and those great capitalists directly connected with them, all of which are all but sure to remain out of circulation indefinitely?

Probably the most conspicuous instance of such holdings is the Pennsylvania Railroad holding something over \$270,000,000 of other railroad securities, and steadily increasing such ownership.

We hear people speaking of leading bear and bull operations, and their transactions as affecting market prices, but who in the Street has heard "concentrated control" spoken of as the largest and most influential bull in the stock market? And yet this is the case, and the amount of securities he has bought in the open market has been on an extraordinary scale.

Until the right to exist is disproved by experience, the new bull in Wall Street is likely to prove the most consistent that has entered the Street.

Above the contingencies of money markets, combinations and market attacks, he serenely holds his purchases for what he sees in them, and is a stranger to sales for turns.

Traders and operators in forecasting the future of market and the supply and scarcity of stocks, will have to give more weight and consideration of this new bull on prices and securities, who has in his proper person and under the style of concentrated control made his presence known and felt in the Exchanges of the country.—Financial Record.

Drawbacks of Poverty.

If Mr. Carnegie means (in recounting the blessings of poverty) that ordinary wealth is no help to happiness, we disagree with him. The poor, and especially the educated poor, have three troubles, any two of which are, we will not say, fatal to happiness, but highly inimical to its enjoyment. They are insecure, they are nearly powerless to provide for their children's future, and they have insufficient freedom. However good in his trade a man may be, he is liable to be thrown out by illness, by misfortune—the failure, for instance, of an employer or—and this cause, to the disgrace of our age, is growing more frequent every year—by the advance of age, which diminishes quickness and suggests possible claims for pension. To say of a man so placed that prosperity will not make him happier is nonsense, admitted nonsense, for

if it is true all our teaching about the virtue of thrift and the utility of saving is but feeble hypocrisy.

The second drawback is positive misery to scores of thousands, who know that at their death their children, and especially their daughters, must descend on the scale of life or suffer the hourly repeated pains of penury. The efforts made on the Continent to avoid this evil mold all the laws of society and all the habits of life, and even here, where it is less fought against, it poisons a multitude of homes. "No," did you say? Then ask the clergy about themselves and hear the tales they tell. There are hundreds of parsonages and manses in England—we quote this class because it is

blameless and the facts are known—where men cannot sleep for thinking of their children's future. Is "wealth," by which we mean surplus money, no source of happiness to them?

The third evil of poverty, striking all alike who have insufficient, is a great deal hidden everywhere by habit, but it is a most real one. Not to be able to choose one's work, never to be able to rest from it, never to have one's own way or to gratify one's own tastes, but to be tied, as it were, to a wheel—these are not sources of happiness, and we do not suppose that Mr. Carnegie thinks they are, though some lecturers on the vanity of riches occasionally speak as if they did.—London Spectator.

TO THE MAN BEHIND THE PEN

Would'st thou write for immortality?

Fool!

Be content to think with thine own day,

With thy decade, with thy century.

Trifle not with vast eternity!

Be a mentor to thy kin, thy nation,

And thine age,

But curse not the distant generation

With some creed of thine imagination

Or thy rage.

Onward rolls this world of bliss and sorrow.

Each new day begets a strange tomorrow.

If thou ask

To create anew—nor store nor borrow—

Is thy task.

Let the tongue of history tell its story,

But its creeds are barbarous and hoary;

Life reveals itself in altered glory

To each age.

To thine own thou art assigned alone;

Be its duteous, fearless, thoughtful son,

Faithful to thine heritage.

Every new-born century reveals

Its own tyrants, saviours and ideals,

Thy life's world alone to thee appeals—

Be it servant, be it sage.

—THEOPHILE STANGER.

HON. JOHN C. CHASE

Socialist Candidate for Governor in Massachusetts

(See page 61)

A CONTINENTAL CUSTOMS UNION

C. JOHNSTON (Bengal Civil Service, Retired), Eliot, Me.

WE have been told many times since 1896 that the United States has been passing through a period of unparalleled prosperity; nor has it been concealed from us that this is due in the main to the protective policy with which President McKinley so completely identified himself. So much we have been told; we have also, perhaps, been able to divine for ourselves that this prosperity, while in some degree extending to all classes, all levels and degrees of society, all occupations and professions, had nevertheless a marked partiality for our great manufacturing interests, and especially those who worked on from day to day behind the safe shelter of the tariff wall.

So much for the story of the last six years, by one of our great parties. The facts are stated in a somewhat different way by the other party, and a somewhat different atmosphere is shed around the facts, by the different complexion of their views and ideals. But the substantial matter is one of common agreement; the great manufacturing interests, and especially those which have lessened internal friction by amalgamating into Trusts, have been reaping a golden harvest. We need hardly say that, from the standpoint of economy in production, these interests are perfectly right in lessening internal

friction and loss of power by forming themselves into Trusts; nor have any of the opponents of the Trusts made evident any moral or social principle which ordains that the Trusts shall not then sell their products to the greatest possible advantage—that is, as dear as possible. The whole of modern commerce—and ancient commerce too, for the matter of that—is and has always been built upon the principle of getting the best possible price for your wares; and one fails to see why this should not be equally good morals for the Trusts, which are simply the most economical producing agency, and are, therefore, a wise and even an inevitable result of all our past development, intellectual as well as commercial. So long as we hold to the old doctrines of supply and demand, of capital and labor, we have not the slightest right to sermonize the Trusts for doing what all our civilization has made it inevitable that they should do.

That, however, is another side of the question. The main point is, that this economical method of production, sheltered behind the tariff wall, has brought our manufacturers such a golden harvest as the world has never seen. Evidence of this need not be brought forward; on the contrary, it “leaps at our eyes,” as the French say, at every turn. One has only to read

the lists of the thousands of millionaires, the scores and hundreds of multimillionaires, to see how the matter stands. These things need no advocate to enforce their claim.

Within the last few weeks, a little cloud, not bigger than a man's hand, has arisen in the East; a cloud which may presently gather into a storm, able to work great havoc in the golden harvest fields of our millionaires; able to injure and check the era of prosperity which we owe to the Trusts and the tariff wall. The story of that little cloud, not bigger than the hand of Minister de Witte, is full of entertainment and instruction; and we think we cannot do better than tell it in full.

A few months ago, a small and unpretentious cargo of sugar came to this country, from Russia, and requested to be admitted on favorable terms. This request was, however, not at once granted; in fact it was somewhat stringently and decisively denied, and a special additional duty was charged on the Russian sugar, besides the tolerably heavy duty already paid, for instance, by Cuba. The grounds for this inhospitable treatment to that Russian sugar cargo were as follows: Our Treasury Department held that Russian sugar was bounty-fed, and that the United States was, therefore, entitled to levy a countervailing duty on it, equal to the amount of the bounty. A countervailing duty was in consequence levied, and our Treasury Department rubbed its hands with satisfaction at having given the Russians a lesson in sound financial methods.

Now it came to pass that the head of things financial in Russia was a person of rather marked gifts and even some experience in just such questions as we had raised; and it seems that our lesson, having safely made the voyage

across the Atlantic Ocean and the Continent of Europe, has decided that there is more room for it over here than in the Tsar's dominions, and so our lesson has returned, and has intimated its intention of staying with us for some time to come.

The reason for which was this: Minister de Witte, the financial expert of whom we have spoken, has views of his own about many matters—covering, indeed, nearly the whole range of financial theory and practice; and it happened that the question of bounties on Russian sugar was just one of the points on which, so to speak, he had special knowledge. He wrote a very polite and pleasant letter to our Treasury Department, pointing out in the most painstaking way—for Minister de Witte is nothing if not painstaking—that Russian sugar was not bounty-fed at all. He explained the matter very fully, from his point of view. He said that it was true that an internal excise tax is levied on Russian sugar, being calculated on the entire output of the sugar-mills; just as an internal excise tax is levied, let us say, on salt and tobacco in Austria, or on liquor and game-licenses in England. But, continued Minister de Witte, it is the rule of the Russian government to keep track of all the sugar exported by each manufacturer as it crosses the Russian frontier, and to give a certificate of the amount so exported to the said manufacturer. He may present this certificate to the Government at any time, and recover the amount of internal excise, which he paid on the sugar so exported, since the excise tax is levied only on sugar consumed within the Russian Empire. Now, said Minister de Witte, you see that we do not pay any bounty at all on exported sugar. What we do, is to refrain from levying

the internal excise tax on it; which is by no means the same thing. It is our manner of doing this—by first levying the excise, and then paying it back—which made you think we paid a bounty, while in reality we pay no bounty at all. Our internal excise is our own business; but exported sugar goes straight from the manufacturer to the frontier, and we do not in reality interfere at any point of its journey.

But that was by no means satisfactory to the Treasury Department at Washington. The Treasury Department said: We know a bounty when we see one, and you are paying a bounty, whatever you may say. Is it not the case that, in virtue of this arrangement which you so speciously describe, your Russian sugar manufacturers are able to sell their sugar, and do in fact so sell it, at a much lower rate abroad than they do at home?—so that Russian sugar costs less in London than it does in Warsaw, though Warsaw is in the midst of a beet-growing region, while London is four days' journey away, by fast train?

Minister de Witte admitted that it was so, but still maintained his point—that no bounty was paid on Russian exported sugar. He once more most painstakingly went over the story of the internal excise, the certificates of repayment, and so on; but our Treasury remained obdurate and unconvinced; and from that day to this a countervailing duty has been levied on all Russian sugar imported into this country, to make up for the bounty which we claimed was paid on its export from Russia.

Time passed, and the beet-growing and sugar-manufacturing countries of Europe, all of whom had gradually fallen into the way of paying bounties on exported beet-sugar, found that they

were taking money from one pocket to pay it into another, and paying rather high on the transfer. It was found that each was handing over a large sum yearly to its sugar-manufacturers, to encourage them to export; that the manufacturers of each country straightway went to all the other countries, and sold their sugar cheap, underselling the home manufacturers, who thus lost in one way what they gained in another; and that, if each country tried to correct this by countervailing duties on all the bounty-fed sugar, which it imported from other countries, it was losing money steadily, without doing any good to its sugar-producers in any way; while the cost of keeping the accounts, collecting the countervailing duties, distributing the bounties, was a clear loss; so much money thrown into the sea.

Small wonder, then, that all the sugar-producing countries of Europe decided to get together and talk things over; to see whether they could not save money all round by abolishing all sugar-bounties at one fell swoop, each then admitting the sugar of the others on equal terms. The matter is still not quite settled by the Brussels Conference, but it is in a fair way towards settlement.

All was, in fact, growing harmonious, and going on as smoothly as possible, when that unconscionable person, Minister de Witte, did something which threatened to set everybody by the ears. He sat and smiled blandly, in the person of his delegate, and simply assented to everything everybody said; and when they all agreed to abolish the bounties they were paying on sugar, his delegate applauded vociferously. The others were a little surprised; but finally pulled themselves together, and said they were charmed to find Russia

so willing to take off the bounty on her sugar-exports, and that this was a fine example in magnanimity to the others.

Then Minister de Witte rose to a point of order. He said the last speakers had fallen into a verbal error, a mere slip, in speaking of bounties on Russian exported sugar; as, of course, everyone knew there were no such bounties. The matter had already been fully gone over in the matter of the Philadelphia sugar cargo, and the papers had made Russia's case universally known. Therefore the remark of the last speakers was clearly a slip, and, as such, he almost felt bound to apologize for correcting it.

Then things began to grow warm in the Brussels sugar exchange. Delegates hurled figures and facts at each others' heads, and the air was full of tabulated taxes in all kinds of currencies, thick as the leaves in Valombrosa. But Minister de Witte, still in the person of his delegate—who, however, had his ear to the telephone, and kept in touch all the time with the great man at St. Petersburg—kept cool and peaceful, smiling gently to himself the while; and when the storm had somewhat abated, he said his mind was somewhat confused, and he wished to ask the Conference a question. What he wanted to know, was this: He held that he had fully demonstrated that Russia did, in fact, pay no bounties on her exports of sugar, and therefore could not take off the bounties; so that, if other countries put a countervailing duty on Russia's exported sugar, they would be acting in violation of all existent commercial treaties with Russia. That was his view; but possibly he was wrong; possibly the fact that, although no actual bounty on Russian sugar exports was paid, Russia's excise duty yet made it

possible for Russian manufacturers to sell their sugar cheaper abroad than at home, did constitute a kind of bounty; in that case—supposing that was the opinion of the majority of the delegates, as it seemed to be—then, he had a further question to ask.

The delegates looked puzzled, but told him to go ahead and ask his question. Minister de Witte smiled a bland and most expansive smile, and went ahead. He said that all present, representing the great powers of Europe, seemed agreed that, if any power made such arrangements of excise—or tariff, or whatever it might be called—as enabled the manufacturers of that country to sell their produce cheaper abroad than at home, this arrangement in fact constituted a bounty, whether it was so called or not; and that this fact would justify all other powers in levying a countervailing duty on the said exports, when imported across their frontiers. Was this the sense of the meeting? The delegates said it was; and that they would, in consequence, all feel justified in putting countervailing duties on Russian sugar.

Minister de Witte smiled again, and said that that was not the point. The point was, that there was a country across the Atlantic, called the United States of America, which some of them had heard of. The delegates admitted that they had, but failed to see the point. Some of them looked bored; they thought Minister de Witte was going to rake up the story of the Philadelphia sugar cargo; so he was, but not in the way they expected. He touched lightly on the said cargo, which, he said, showed that the United States shared their view as to certain advantages constituting a bounty; and, he said, this was particularly fortunate,

as what he had to say had particular reference to the said United States. Then the delegates looked interested—as well they might, considering what was to come.

Minister de Witte then went on in his bland way, and said that he himself was in great doubt as to the principle; but that they all seemed to be agreed, and that the United States was committed to the same view. What he wanted to ask, then, was this: Did it not seem to all of them that certain exports from the United States were in much the same position as Russia's sugar exports?—that is, in a position of advantage which, though not technically constituting a bounty, yet practically amounted to a bounty? Some of them had heard, some of them even knew by painful experience, that the said Americans were selling many of their manufactures abroad—namely in the countries represented by the delegates then present—at much lower rates than they were getting for the same articles at home, within the United States, and behind its tariff wall. Would not the principle which they had all just assented to in the case of Russia, justify them in treating this tariff arrangement as in fact amounting to a bounty, so that they would be entitled to levy countervailing duties on all American goods imported into their countries, if, in virtue of tariff protection, these goods were sold cheaper in Europe than in America.

At last the cat was out of the bag; or, to use a metaphor more worthy of the gravity of the occasion, the thunderbolt was hurled. Minister de Witte, in the most innocent way in the world, and apropos of something quite different, had softly suggested a way in which Europe could successfully fight the American invasion, acting on

a principle initiated, adopted, acted on, and upheld by the United States Treasury Department itself. Nothing more striking and brilliant has been done in international commerce since the same Minister de Witte won his great tariff fight with Germany. Having launched his bolt, Minister de Witte remarked that he had pressing business to attend to at home, and, asking the delegates to think the matter over, he bid them all good afternoon.

In this way, though in slightly more technical and involved phrases, Minister de Witte has practically invited all Europe to declare war on American protected imports; to rise up and fight the American invasion with its own weapons. Before we consider the probable outcome, let us turn aside for a moment, and note a very remarkable change which for several months has marked the character and volume of that invasion; a change which has been widely commented on, and almost as widely misunderstood.

The year ending with June 30, 1901, was the high tide of the American invasion; but in the last twelve months that invasion has seemed to waver, to halt, almost to turn back. The returns for the twelve months ending with June of the present year show results that would almost justify a panic. The total exports for the year just ended have fallen off to the enormous extent of more than \$106,000,000, as compared with the high tide of the year before. During the same period, ending with June this year, our imports from abroad have increased by more than \$80,000,000—a change in our trade balance of nearly \$200,000,000.

Let us see which countries are involved in this. The United States, during the year just closed, has made

slight gains in extending its commerce with North America, Asia and Africa ; but has lost far more heavily in Europe, as well as in South America and Oceania. Agricultural exports to all countries have fallen off more than \$90,000,000. Exports of manufactured articles have decreased more than \$10,000,000. During the fiscal year just ended, the products of the United States Steel Corporation—the typical tariff-shielded Trust—were sold abroad to the extent of something less than \$100,000,000—a decrease of nearly \$20,000,000, compared with the year before.

At first blush, one would say that the American invasion of Europe is visibly coming to an end ; and that Minister de Witte need not take the trouble to meet a danger which is rapidly ceasing to exist. And this would be an admirable instance of the danger of figures, when their meaning is not fully understood. In reality, this enormous change in our trade balance last year does not prove at all what it seems to prove ; in fact, it proves almost exactly the opposite. The tremendous drop in our exports during the last fiscal year is not at all a testimony of failing productiveness on the part of America. The largest part of it was due to the abnormally hot spring and summer of 1901, which burned up the corn districts, reducing the amount of corn available for exportation by 150,000,000 bushels, thus causing a reduction in the value of our corn exports of nearly \$70,000,000 as compared with the preceding year.

Our iron and steel exports fell off nearly \$20,000,000 because the home demand was so enormous that the Steel Trust could not meet it, and it is currently reported that orders for steel rails for home consumption are already

booked for two years ahead, and that it is becoming necessary to import steel rails from Europe to meet the sudden and immense growth of the electric trolley system.

When we examine the increase in the value of our imports, we find the same story. Nearly \$60,000,000 of the total increase was paid for raw materials, to be used in manufactures in the United States ; so that this item also is an evidence of the enormous growth of industrial activity in this country in the last twelve months, while at first sight it seemed exactly the contrary. Therefore, Minister de Witte is by no means preparing to slay the slain, when he makes proposals for fighting the American invasion.

What chance have these proposals of being accepted and put in force ? And what is the probable result ?

We have had very clear pronouncements on the American invasion from three of the great European powers—Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary. Minister de Witte has put himself on record in the way already described ; and he, of course, expresses the fiscal policy of the Tsar's Empire. Kaiser Wilhelm has shown how he feels about the matter, by coining the phrase, "the American Terror," as applied to the industrial invasion of Europe. For Austria, Count Goluchowski spoke, some months ago, very strongly urging that Europe must take action decisively and at once, if the American invasion is not to ruin all the industries of the old world. Switzerland has recently had almost a panic, at the danger to her clock trade. France will incline to follow Russia, while Italy is likely to follow the lead of Germany and Austria, her allies in the Triple Alliance. It is evident, therefore, that Continental Europe is practically

unanimous in the matter; and only the inertia, the inability to act together, which comes from long ages of hostility and war, stands in the way of a Continental Customs Union, expressly aimed at American commerce.

To see what the result would be to this country, we must look at the figures of our foreign trade with different countries. Our exports to Europe have, in the last few years, totalled something over a billion dollars a year. Of this, more than half in each year has gone to England. The next largest purchaser is Germany, which takes about one-sixth of the whole; leaving less than one-third for all the other countries of Europe. After Germany come the Netherlands and France, each taking rather less than half the amount taken by Germany. Belgium and Italy come next, importing together about as much as France. Then follow Denmark and Scandinavia, and only after all these comes Russia. For the last three or four years, Russia's imports from the United States have hardly averaged more than \$10,000,000 per year, though there has been a considerable spurt quite recently. Therefore Russia takes hardly one-hundredth of our trade with Europe, as against more than half which goes to England.

Now if we add together the totals of the countries, which have made declarations against the American invasion, and those which are likely to be influenced by these, we shall see that Germany, France, Italy, Austria and Russia together take about one-third of our exports to Europe; if we add Holland and Belgium, the total approaches one-half of the total of our European exports; and it is to this amount, say, between four and five hundred million dollars worth a year, that the policy

outlined by Minister de Witte would, if carried out, apply.

It cannot be denied that a heavy countervailing duty levied by these powers on nearly one-half of our total European exports would be a very serious blow to the commerce of this country, and we saw that there is a practically unanimous feeling that this blow ought to be dealt. The one factor which this country has to rely on, is the jealousy and inertia of the European Powers; but recent events have shown that this inability to pull together is steadily giving way before the spirit of modern progress, and he would be a bold man who should say that such a union among European countries is impossible.

Whether or not this policy is likely to be carried out, will depend to a large extent on Russia's attitude towards the Brussels sugar convention, which we have already discussed. At the present moment, Russia is in a position of hostility towards the signatories of the convention, as she regards their action on the alleged sugar bounty of Russia as a violation of their existing commercial treaties with her. If both parties hold to their positions, we shall, of course, have a series of tariff-wars between Minister de Witte and the Brussels convention signatories; and such a war would make the Powers in question very unwilling to listen to far-reaching and momentous suggestions coming from Russia. The prospect of discord in Europe is, therefore, the best hope for our exports.

It is tolerably certain, though, that Minister de Witte will set the other powers a good example by treating all tariff-protected American exports to Russia as bounty-fed; and it is difficult to see what objection this country could raise; as our own Treasury

Department is responsible for the principle and precedent involved.

Our most important exports to Russia are agricultural machines; reapers, harvesters, plows, steel harrows and so forth; and when we consider that Russia is probably the greatest agricultural country in the world, potentially, if not actually, it becomes evident that this trade is only in its infancy, and is destined, should nothing untoward arise, to grow to enormous proportions. This is the spot on which Minister de Witte's blow will fall heaviest, if he decides to strike. For the sake of Russia, as well as for our own sake, we hope that this will not take place. Our agricultural machinery is the best in the world, both in design and in workmanship and economy. We should greatly regret to see the Russian farmers cut off even partially from an article they so palpably need, and which is already working so great a benefit to Russian agriculture. But Russia is constructive and enterprising; and a fine chapter could be written on her advance in all kinds of manufactures, within the last two decades—since the protective policy of Alexander III was initiated. We may, therefore, expect to see Russian factories of agricultural machinery start up, using American models and machinery; and, perhaps, with American foremen; factories whose work will come within measurable distance of our own, both for cheapness and effective power. It is, very probably, the desire to see this brought about, which has been Minister de Witte's unavowed motive in the whole matter of the sugar bounty dispute; and he will almost certainly gain his end, and

secure for the factories of his own land the job of furnishing two or three million square miles of agricultural Russia with plows, reapers and harvesters. From his point of view, this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Whether his larger aim will also be reached, and an Anti-American Continental Customs Union be formed, depends on certain political forces at present very delicately balanced. The visits of the King of Italy, the Kaiser and the President of the French to St. Petersburg are clearly connected with this idea, even more than with that of disarmament; but we are not yet sufficiently in the secret of the foreign offices to be able to say exactly what has been determined on.

If we were asked for our advice, we should recommend this country to take time by the forelock, and negotiate a series of commercial treaties with the countries in question, along the lines of the Buffalo speech, as early as possible. It seems practically certain that the other great barrier to our trade, that of the Pan-Britannic Customs Union, on which Secretary Chamberlain set his hopes, is not destined to materialize for a long time to come, if at all. So that we still have ample time and opportunity to pursue an advantageous policy. This position, together with the growing dissatisfaction of consumers in the United States, tends to render the question of tariff revision of the utmost moment, both to our home and our foreign trade. It would be pleasant to conclude by saying that we anticipated a wholly satisfactory solution of this complex question.

TOLSTOI AND CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM

EDITH SICHEL

MOST generous people, and nearly all idealists, are, at heart, Christian Socialists; or, at all events, they wish for many of the things that Christian Socialism makes for; and this is especially the case with young people, since youth remains ever the altar on which God Himself has lighted the fires of generosity and idealism. It is, indeed, this fact which gives to Leo Tolstoi such immense power over men. While they think that they are being convinced by his keen and uncompromising logic, he is really drawing them to him by every inmost fibre of the heart; he satisfies the common instinct for good which is born in us—the crying need of our complex human nature to be reconciled with itself—for at those moments of our lives when we have to face life and living (and however hard we try to elude them, they must come, even to the least thoughtful), we must all of us confess that we feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Our practice does not square with our precept, and there is in us an inherent demand—very imperious in early life—to make ideal and conduct at one in our own eyes. The more mediocre among us effect this by a kind of unconscious casuistry, by shibboleths about the letter and the spirit, and other easy roads leading them straight back to self-satisfaction

—self-satisfaction which is to them the necessary condition of going on. The nobler people suffer more or less, unless they can find a temporary refuge in action—in some form of rebellion or of protest which hides the self-contradiction of things. And it is to such as these that Tolstoi appears as a prophet, because he gets rid for them of that sense of spiritual discomfort—of mental untidiness—which seems almost the one thing that courageous souls have not the courage to endure. He gets rid of it by a short cut to truth and they follow him—only too glad that truth can be reached so quickly. He employs all the methods of intellect, but he uses his intellect itself as if it were a heart; he creates formulae—often inspired formulae—out of emotional intuitions; and, if the heart gains, the intellect, unsuited to short cuts, is bound in the end to suffer.

And in his confounding of brain and feeling lies the great Tolstoi's great weakness. He who preaches that goodness can be achieved by no measure, but only by faithful approximation to the Christian conception of life—he who condemns all known systems, religious or social, because they stultify or distort that conception and try to arrest definitely that which is made for eternal progress—he himself has erred in the same way and has

made an ideal into a system. He has taken a spiritual principle concerned with the feelings of men, and therefore supple and capable of infinitely various developments, and he has moulded it into something almost as peremptory as dogma. "The living man is he who continues advancing in the direction illuminated by the lantern which advances in front of him, and who never attains the limit of the illuminated space continually receding before him—there cannot be any one permanent position"—so writes the man who yet only recognizes one form of doing good: to renounce not only the world, but art, science, intellectual sustenance, and to live as a peasant among peasants. Any other solution of Christ's teaching he dismisses as fallacious—or worse—and he regards almost as in one category all those who have made attempts so to solve it. The earnest, the mundane, the sectarian, the free-thinker, are alike scourged by his sarcasm and censured by him with a conviction of their sin almost as strong as the conviction of a Calvin. In spite of his belief that nothing matters except the "one thing . . . necessary to God, to man, to myself . . . that I should have a heart free from condemnation, contempt, irritation, irony;" he sets up a rigorous code. He forgets that the whole gist of an ideal lies in its elasticity, in its power to admit almost as many forms of good as there are men; forgets, too, in his rather Papal utterances about the life to be led, that deeds, like systems, are but the mortal embodiments of the immortal soul that transcends and escapes them.

An ideal thus treated revenges itself, and the man who takes emotion as the basis of his building and superimposes a closely-built structure of logic must

at some time land others in a hopeless dilemma, however well his method suits himself and the few who have kindred minds. Emotional Socialism, all emotional creeds, are made for individuals and create noble personalities, but they cannot be crystallized into institutions or into political formulæ. They are to institutions what poetry is to life—an inspiring force, a promulgator; they may give the first indirect impulse to a movement, may initiate the idea of a system and shape public opinion, but they are not the system itself; and when they step out of their role, we had needs be on our guard, for the peril is by no means inconsiderable. What was the French Revolution but a terribly emotional movement? It was founded on a sentiment of equality which was treated as if it were reason—it was passion carried out by logic—and the result was the deadliest volcanic eruption in the world's memory. It has, no doubt, given the impetus to modern life and modern liberty, but it has done so at an expense of bloodshed which still makes us shudder; and if we compare it with the great English Revolution, based upon a rational principle and constitutional demands, we shall easily measure the difference.

Tolstoi, however, with his immense talent for righteousness and his Christian hatred of resistance, will never directly influence the uncomprehending mob or sway the immediate course of public affairs. It is with private life that he has to do and upon private life that his error takes effect. He has not been the first to blunder in the same way; political and religious romantics have existed before, and will exist after him, as long as the human heart beats warmly and a single poet continues on the face of the weary

earth. The history of Christian Socialism—revived Christian Socialism—has always been much the same in its weakness and its strength. The first scheme of Christian Socialism succeeded just because it was grounded upon pure religious feeling and only laid claim to direct the government of a small and intimate community. It was the Christians' creed and not their communistic code that they wished to become universal. But when men have had the same kind of goal as Tolstoi, they have fallen into the same trap. Rousseau, who required that everyone should return to Nature and live on the soil, laboring and enjoying like peasants (more idyllic peasants than Tolstoi's), lived to see ladies of fashion adorning fictitious chalets at great expense for this purpose—and almost lived to see the carnagole which was danced by natural instinct when a free rein had been given it. The Communists of 1848 are a nobler and a closer parallel. There is nothing more heart-rending than to read of the visions with which Louis Blanc, Fourier, Barbes and all their comrades set out. The correspondence of George Land, who for a while shared their views and always shared their sympathies, glows with their sacred fire. They were going to re-constitute the world; poverty and pain were to cease and, for them, the Kingdom of God had come. They were ready to suffer—they did suffer—martyrdom for their cause. Their administrative schemes were ready, full of details that seemed clear and practical; their projects appeared to be something more than mere dreams. And yet the *Ateliers Nationaux*, those great relief workshops from which they hoped so much, failed ignominiously—working little but harm, and the rest of their

fine ideals, once embodied, followed suit, with crash and devastation. They, too, had built their house upon the quicksand of a big sentiment, instead of the intellectual rock of reason—and it was doomed to topple and fall with might into the eternal ocean; they, too, had attempted to imprison an ideal within the four walls of executive government—and the ideal turned to rend them.

Their failure is typical of many others. There have been smaller experiments such as Robert Owen's Village Community, and they have, perhaps, failed in other ways, but always because of sentiment—because they depend upon personal influence and emotional inspiration. And so we get their due result: no set system, no general law for the world to go on with, but something rarer and better—beautiful heroic personalities battling with toil; noble lives purifying their immediate surroundings; light-givers to thank God for.

It is still to be decided whether a practical Socialism will ever prevail, and whether, if so, it will come to us all at once as a complete system, or only in fragments without the name of Socialism—fragments which, as municipal reforms, co-operation and the like, filter down into the normal order of things. Some such there have been already, and it may be progress is destined to move on those lines. But, however this may be, the Socialism which obtains must be an intellectual Socialism founded upon the brain and the interests of the community—a state Socialism (or some part of it) which is based upon business views and the demands of common sense. Sentiment may, in remote years, have given it its first impulse, or rather may have inspired the public

opinion which ends by desiring to apply its measures, but sentiment must have no more to do with it than that, and the system that succeeds will do so by matter-of-factness.

If Christian Socialism reigned universally there would be, as Tolstoi points out, no need of its existence, for a state of things that made it possible would mean that men were too good to require its dictates; and it is as a promoter of this goodness, not as a system-maker, that Tolstoi will live and shine. If he is one-quarter wrong, he is also three-quarters right, and it is easier to note his mistakes than to imitate his virtues. He errs in what he bids us do, but he does not err in what he bids us be; and though he strays

from wisdom in what he tells us to renounce, he cannot be far from the truth in saying that we might renounce more; in making us face our love of ease, our coldness, our superficial casuistries, and in preaching with a golden tongue the love of God and of our neighbor, he is an immense moral force, who has helped his age and will still help his successors. But, however he reasons, his real strength is in the something beyond reason—the something no man can account for which makes him greater than himself. He holds an ideal aloft in his hand—an ideal which makes men and not measures—and men will bless him

42 Onslow Gardens, S.W.,

London, Eng.

THE LAW OF LOVE

Long have ye wrought in ceaseless strife,
 Regardless of each other's weal,
 Though each alike have common needs—
 Bodies to serve and hearts that feel.
 Souls, too, that sprang from one great source—
 Links of one great eternal chain,
 The strength of which depends upon
 Each link being tempered to the strain—
 Attraction is the eternal law
 That planets in their course control—
 And tendeth toward harmony—
 The same in atoms, worlds and souls.
 Proving that through the law of love,
 Which seeks just balance to bestow,
 Mankind as one harmonious whole
 Would soon be lord of all below.
 Aiding and aided, served ten-fold,
 In giving, finding ten-fold gain—
 Aye, more—a hundred-fold in strength
 Were added to the wondrous chain.
 And time alone could only prove
 The wondrous power man might attain.

—ADELAIDE COMSTOCK, Ventura, Cal.

A SAXON HOUSEHOLD

EDWARD CARPENTER

PART I

Not a hundred miles from Manchester, hidden behind the Derbyshire dales, there was a few years ago a household of which the like would be hard to find again. It always seemed to me that it was a survival, with its quaint customs and habits, of very ancient, almost Saxon, days. Now the rapid civilization of the country districts—telephones, parcel posts, electricity, light railways, bicycles, motor-cars, etc.—is transforming the whole face of England; and in a few years the veritable Hodge, and the old agricultural life, for good and for evil, will have ceased to exist.

The occasion of my first acquaintance with the family of the Logans was on my coming to stay for some time in the neighborhood, when I called one day on some errand or other at the picturesque tumble-down old farmhouse, buried among its barns and buildings, into which you dropped down a step or two, as into some old British dug-out. There was a low rambling interior or house-place, whose great ceiling-beam a tall man might have touched with his head, a large fire-place, the usual Dutch clock, and some scanty furniture of settle, chairs and table—the whole scene rather dingy, and close and fusty of atmosphere.

A big woman of over fifty greeted me—a muscular determined-looking

customer, with short dress, large feet, and brawny half-bare arms; and I was just thinking that she was the kind of person one might not care to meet in a dark lane at night, when our salutations were suddenly interrupted by the most awful screeches and howls. My dog, a young spaniel, had followed me, all innocence, into the house; when three cats, who dwelt there in maidenly seclusion, resenting the inroad had raised Cain, "As with one complex yell they broke, all claws, upon the foe."

Bruno, whose only feline acquaintance hitherto had been a seraphic white kitten, whom he adored, was scared out of his wits. He fled, yelping and howling, in a circle round the great kitchen; while the three demons fairly hunted him—spitting fire, springing on him from sides and rear and scratching him with cordial severity. Miss Logan, seizing the rolling-pin and shouting, rushed after them; while I, intent on collaring the dog, did the same. Thus in a moment we found ourselves flying round in a kind of whirlpool—Bruno screaming, Miss Logan scolding, the cats receiving fearful knocks, I making ineffectual grabs and lunges—till at last all out of breath we got hold of the dog and hustled him out of the front door.

When order was restored, Miss Logan and I resumed our conversation, but were soon interrupted by the arrival of

the mother (woken probably by the uproar out of her after-dinner nap) an old woman, well over seventy, rather small, but solid, and broad in the beam, and of a somewhat Dutch type of face. She settled herself down in a big arm-chair by the fire, took a long clay pipe out of a niche, and while her daughter gave a graphic account of the scrimmage, proceeded to fill and light it, puffing away with great satisfaction.

After that I used often to come in (without the dog), especially of an evening.

By the light of a tallow dip, stuck in an old brass candlestick, the scene was an old-fashioned one. Besides the old lady, who was generally there in the chimney corner, there were four sons—three of them great strapping fellows—stretched about on the settles after the day's work, asleep or smoking, or clumping across the floor in their great boots. Leather hides (for the youngest, George, did a little business as a tanner) hung down from cramps in the ceiling; a pot-hook in the chimney suspended a cauldron over the fire; and out of the big oven Miss Logan would take one of her gigantic meat-pies made in a washing puncheon, with crust three inches thick, nothing short of which would satisfy the appetites of her brothers.

There was a Herculean, or rather Vulcan-like, air about the household, the effect of which became overpowering when in the semi-darkness across the floor, with straddling uncertain gait and uttering incoherent and sometimes wicked words—came a huge muscular gross-looking man of thirty-three or so, with close-cropped hair and beard a week old; cross-eyed, bow-legged, and obviously an idiot. This was Billy, the cousin who lived with them—an alarming apparition to a stranger, but a real favorite in the family.

"How-de-do, Aunt Mary" he said, with a kind of ironical-sounding upward turn of the voice, "fine mornin', fine mornin'."

"It isn't morning, Billy" said Miss Logan, "can't thou see t'candle's lit?"

"Candle be damned!" was the terse reply. And while the 'boys' laughed Billy's voice was heard rollicking to himself, half talking, half singing, with rapid and growing emphasis:—

"Oh, she war a beauty, she war—a real slick-up fine-'un—no mistake about that—no mistake about that—"

She came along the grass

And she came along the green

and you never saw such arms and neck and—oh my!....."

"Have DONE!" said the old lady taking the pipe out of her mouth—and with a voice like a big drum.

It was getting time she spoke; and she was mistress in that household, there was no doubt. There was a momentary silence and pause—and then Billy's voice was heard as at first:

"How-de-do, Aunt Mary, fine mornin'"—and the calmer atmosphere was restored.

"He gets so excited," said Miss Logan to me apologetically.

"Oh, he's a rum un," said William, rising out of his corner and standing with his back to the fire, a burly fellow with hair already turning a little grey, and an Irish twinkle in his lips and eyes—"he's a rum un is Mister Billy."

"Mister be damned!" muttered Billy.

"Now don't you excite him, William, do you *hear*?" interposed Mrs. Logan.

"Nay, nay, mother, I was only going to tell the gentleman about some of Billy's exploits."

"Gentleman be damned!" reiterated the idiot.

"Now that's not right, Billy, to say that—it's not polite," expostulated Miss Logan in her somewhat strident voice.

"Why don't you leave him alone?" broke in Pym rather sharply, "he's right enough. Billy's right enough if you'd all just leave him alone."

And so presently William, still standing, went on with a history of Billy's exploits—the family chiming in, and the idiot amusing himself by occasionally exploding into oaths, or bursting out into ecstatic rhapsodies which had to be checked.

There was a saturnine look about Billy; but the stories, sufficiently trivial, did not corroborate this more than to a trivial degree. All the same one could not help feeling that his great strength might easily have made him dangerous at times. On one occasion (it appeared) he was quite put out because half-a-dozen ducks which they kept in the yard would not roost on the perches with the fowls. There was an uproar in the fowl-house, and Billy was found there trying to make "the damned things" sit up.

By dint of some persuasion and judicious authority he was induced to leave them alone; but an evening or two later, as he sat in the kitchen, his cousins heard him murmuring to himself "They'll have to now—they'll have to now." Suspecting something wrong one of them went into the fowl-house—and there certainly the ducks were; but all six dead. He had wrung their necks and *laid* them out side by side on the perch!

On another occasion when a boy (and this was a story they were never tired of relating) he had taken the donkey with him into the little out-

house, had managed somehow to shut the door, and then when he wanted to come out had found it impossible to open it again. The family was attracted by stentorian shouts—"I've got him in, Aunt Mary—I've got him in," and repairing to the scene of action soon discovered the truth of the remark. But to *get him out* by any ordinary means was more than their united efforts could compass; there was not room for the door to open, and at last they had actually to break down the side wall of the little cabin, stone by stone, in order to release the prisoners!

As is the case with almost all idiots (and animals) the subtle instinct of association of ideas, unalloyed or untroubled by any thinking faculty, gave rise at times to what looked like a quite prophetic knowledge or insight.

When Billy said "Rain"—even tho' the sky was clear the brothers paid attention. At one time mother and daughter were much troubled because whenever the Parson called Billy would speak not a word, except every now and then at a lull in the conversation to jerk out the mystic dissyllable "Money.....Money." The women, with their kind of old-fashioned respect for the holy man, were only vexed, and either could not or would not see the connection; but the brothers discovered some deep and hidden meaning in the remark, which they enjoyed hugely.

Perhaps there was a certain shrewd craftiness in the fellow. Despite his enormous strength they never could get him to do *any* kind of work—except fetching a pail or two of water from the brook. This he would not refuse to do. Probably long custom since boyish days had inured him to it. But on any other occasion, however hard-pressed the brothers might be, Billy, if asked to

lend a hand, would simply put his hands in his pockets, straddle his legs, and say; "Don't like work—don't like work!"

Anything more primitive than this whole household it would be hard to imagine. It seemed as if they had been dropped in a belated way—Rip-van-Winkle like—into the end of the nineteenth century. Miss Logan, when she went to market on Saturday, would buy a weekly paper—of which she read bits aloud on Sunday (not without difficulty) to the family; but books they had none—with the one exception of Zadkiel's almanac, on which Elizabeth set great store.

"Now doant yo' laugh at Zadki-el," she would say, "I doant see why he shudna be as true as anybody."

"Well, he will be right sometimes, no doubt."

"He's a deal oftener right than wrong. That's what I think."

"What does he say for today, Miss Logan?"

"Why I've joost been looking, and he says 'goosty'."

"Well now, do you call it gusty today? Why, it has been quite hot and calm all the time."

"Yes, I do—and I'll tell yo' why. It was the curiousest thing. I went out this morning into the hay field to speak to Pym, and as yo' say it was as hot as hot, and not a breath of air, and all on a sudden I sees Pym's eyes a lookin' and lookin', and he says 'Sithee, Elizabeth, sithee'—and I looks, and there—well, you never saw—there was t'mown grass i't'corner by the hedge, a going round and round, like a dog running after its tail; it war some kind of a eddy or whirlwind, what do you call it? And then grass begins going oop into the air, and oop and oop, and then more grass after it; and I says to Pym

'Lord a' mercy on us, but it's not going to tak' t'whole crop'. But I do assure you it carried us off a barrer-load or more of good hay—off ever so high—as high, some of it, as you'd see a lark singing—and dropped it in Grattan's fields and all along t'road down towards bridge. And if Zadki-el warn't right to call that 'goosty' I doant know what you would have!"

PART II.

Elizabeth really kept the Logan household going. She was a tremendous worker. What with her huge pies, her dairy-work, buttermaking, poultry, house-work, washing and mending and cleaning, her labors were unending. The mother could not do much. Samuel, the eldest brother, was the only one who helped, and he was a slight, feeble, amiable creature, having quite the appearance of an old man—a great contrast to the other brothers.

The father had died some years before. All the children, oddly enough, had remained unmarried, partly perhaps owing to a naturally strong family feeling, partly because their primitive ways made it difficult for them to find mates. William had been in early days in the army, had been bought out, had learned joinering, and had lived thenceforth at home—under the supposition that he was doing jobbing work and contributing to the household; but being supremely lazy, this remained for the most part a supposition. His great talent was for drinking—and for easy sociability. From perpetually feeling for the under side of the jug his own under lip stuck out like that of a fish; and the ease with which the liquor ran down his throat was only equalled by the slickness with which a kind of episcopal humor ran off his tongue.

Pym did the farming—or what little there was to do—for the land attached

to the place was very limited. With Rosie, the ancient mare, and an equally ancient cart, with an ancient suit of clothes which never changed, and which looked (like the leathern suits of our ancestors) as if they had come down a generation or two, and with a perennial stubby beard, he was a picture of squareness and solidity. As he walked by the cart he whistled, and 'most always the same tune; when he met anyone 'twas mostly the same greeting. If hot weather, he would say, "Can y' keep warm enough today, John?"—if winter, he would ask, "Is't cowl'd enough for ye, nah?" When he drank—which he did very regularly—it was with the same unchanging cheerful demeanor; and in his case (unlike that of William) it was hard to tell whether he had had a pint or a gallon.

On Saturday afternoons he and his sister (since she could not get her work done earlier) would jog off six miles to market at a snail's pace in the rumbling old heavy cart drawn by Rosie—leaving perhaps at five p.m. and not arriving on the scene before seven or eight. Then they would come in for the tail end of the market, visit round one or two friends; Pym would have his pint or his gallon, and they would jolt back again in the middle of the night, often not arriving before one a.m. How they stood the intense cold and tedium on winter nights is a mystery. It is only known for certain that they did.

Yet notwithstanding all—notwithstanding the lumbering, old-fashionedness and unkemptness of the whole household—there was a wonderful charm about it. It was curious that the Logan's big kitchen—despite its griminess—was quite, for social purposes, the centre of the hamlet. It was about the only house in the vicinity

into which the farmers and neighbors would freely go, to sit for an hour's chat. On Sunday evenings there was generally quite a little levee there.

I shall never forget the extraordinary effect of contrast produced by the appearance of an Oxford Don on this scene! He had come to us one afternoon unexpectedly, and the house being full we had found him a room at the Logan's farm. Latish in the evening—towards midnight—we took him around to his lodging. To see this little man—the pink of bookish culture—sitting rather nervously on the edge of his chair—the unwashed giants eyeing him curiously in the obscure light, the old woman, with her long pipe, in the chimney corner, and her daughter, undeniable of voice and of presence, bustling around—was indeed a picture.

She, Elizabeth, was the first to tackle him—which she did in her usual loud, slow tones: "Well, I hope this neighborhood will do yo' good. Yo' doant look very strong."

It was not exactly an encouraging remark, but it was so obviously kindly meant that it had a good effect.

"Our accommodation's none so very grand," she continued, "but we'll mak' you as comfortable as we can, and I hope you'll sleep well."

"Sleep well?" said William in his slick way—he had evidently been drinking—"Sleep well? I shou'd think he will. He'll *have* to." Then rising from his corner the jolly monster stood (as he generally did) with his back to the fire, and continued with increasing emphasis: "I tell you what: if this gentleman *doesn't* sleep, if he moves about in the night, if he stirs, aye, even a little finger. . . ."

And then, catching the effect of his words on the "gentleman's" face,

William had just sufficient sense to modify his own conclusion—"We'll look after him, we'll look after him. *But*, if anyone disturbs *him*, or touches *him*, aye even a hair of his head—that man's a dead man."

It spoke volumes for both our academic and rustic friends that the two parties after this sat up till the small hours of the morning, and before they retired established quite a cordial *entente* with each other.

George, the youngest brother, was the most capable and progressive of the family, and one who under favorable conditions might have made his way into the modern world. He was a fine, well-made fellow of thirty-five—could mow a field with a scythe or pleach a hedge against anybody, was a tanner by trade and understood the arts of leather-dressing and curing, could do cobbling and boot-making very passably, and was a past grand-master in woodcraft, peeling and dressing timber, and so forth.

He was not by nature an idler, as his accomplishments showed. On the contrary, with any prospect before him, he would probably have been a vigorous worker; but he was sadly handicapped by his surroundings. Having to be the chief bread-winner for the family, he was disheartened from an early date by his two able-bodied elder brothers, who, instead of bearing their share, seemed to lapse more and more into drink and antediluvian apathy. Then new and rapid processes of tanning by means of chemicals were superseding the old oak-bark method, mowing machines were taking the place of the scythe, farmwork was becoming less and less remunerative. George might possibly have advanced with the days and adapted himself to the new conditions; but he could not drag his

whole family after him. There was certainly the chance that he might marry, and so breaking his connection with the old home, make with an enterprising wife an effective start in the world—but somehow this never came to pass.

After the belated fashion of his family he did not set about courting with any very serious intent till he was nearing forty—and then it was too late. His manners, his speech, his clothes, his personal habits, had already by that time drifted down into a kind of slouch, partly the result of mere want of hope and prospect; and none of the girls would have him. Barbara, the daughter of a neighboring cottager, was a nice-looking sensible country lass of twenty, who would have made him an excellent wife. She used to work in the town during the week, coming out only for Saturday evenings and Sundays, and had got some townish notions; but for all that she recognized the sterling sturdy quality of the man.

"If I only had money enough to set him up in business, get him a decent set of clothes, and make him look a little like other folk"—she would say to herself—"I would love to marry him." But she was too practical-minded not to see the plain difficulties in the way.

George looked forward to the week ends with a pathetic wistfulness, and many and many a time, in the thought of her coming, dragged himself with great effort past the public house. Sometimes he would beg a nose-gay from some private garden. But in the woods a mile away there was a patch of lilies-of-the-valley which very few people knew of, and the secret of which he kept to himself—and when they were in flower he preferred to go there.

"I've browt you some lilies, Barbara" (he had known her since a child).
 "Can you do with them?"

"I *can*, George; I can always do with flowers."

"They're grand now, up i' t' wood—such a many together."

"Whereabouts is it they grow?" said she. "I wish you'd tell me."

"I'll *show* you where they grow, if you'll come along wi' me." (A similar conversation had taken place before.)

"Not to-day, George, I think."

"It's allus 'not to-day,' Barbara; I reckon you don't care to be seen with a fellow like me."

"That's not it, George."

"You're happen a bit afeared of me"—(she was silent)—"but you needn't be the least little bit afeared, Barbara. I'll be as good as gold."

"How far do you want me to come with you?"

"Eh, I want you to come ever so far."

"What do you mean?"

"I want you to come wi' me allus, Barbara."

"Oh, George, it's no good you're talking like that—and you know it isn't." And she wheeled rather pettishly, and drifted the conversation off to something else.

Then Barbara took to staying in town week-ends, and it was rumored she was keeping company with a more civilized suitor. George after a time took up with another girl. She was of much the same age and type as Barbara, and the result was much the same—unfavorable to him. Then he began to drink more. There was no chance for a fellow like him. His brothers drank; and it was no good him working to keep them while they held the jug to their mouths. So he drank more, and worked less, and the household began to go down and down.

Then the mother died. Things had kept pretty straight up till then; but that was the turning-point; and when shortly afterwards Billy had a succession of violent fits which proved fatal, the household seemed to have lost its centre. It became disorganized. The brothers grew more and more careless; poverty threatened; the landlord pressed for rent; and though Elizabeth slaved harder than ever, she could barely keep the ship from sinking.

There was something tragic in the decay of this family, because however individual members might seem to blame, it was so evident that a main cause lay in the general change of social conditions. The Logans were a survival of a kind of old-world communism. As neighbors no one could be pleasanter to deal with. If help was needed they were always ready with a hand, or a serviceable tool, and a jolly word thrown in. If they were employed to do a piece of work for one, nothing could be farther from their thoughts, in making their charge for it, than the ordinary commercial double-dealing. In fact this was the trouble, that they always referred back to the most ancient traditional customs of payment for work, and so really seldom got a wage adequate to the labor they put in.

It can readily be imagined that a family of this kind planted down in the middle of a commercial society—powerless to take advantage of either the bad or the good in modern life, unable to adopt the ways of competition, and unable to accommodate itself to any 'new-fangled' methods of production, handicapped in fact by its friendliness and handicapped by its ignorance—was from the first doomed to extinction.

It went down and down, till at last, amid the pitying condolences of the

hamlet it had to leave the old farm. the public house seemed to them to Elizabeth and her brothers, now a become ever more logical and pressing party of five, all unmarried, retired ing; their footsteps went each year into a little cottage, and while the more regularly in the same direction. Their lives were already far themselves out as best they could. spent, and it seemed finally that But the connection between the wages there was no other use to which they of their labor and the quart pot at could put them.

THE SOCIAL SPIRIT

Let it be said of me—

Not that my wit was subtlest of them all,
Not that its thrust was keenest; that the fall
Of him, my foe, was compassed by my act;
That I was versed in language, lore, or fact;
Not that I had the gift of speech to sway
A multitude to think the other way;
Not that the world of custom was my guide,
Not that in rich possessions was my pride.

Let it be said of me—

Not that I strove and ran and won the prize,
And blocked the way when others sought to rise;
Not that my voice was heard in wild hurrah
When ancient license posed as higher law;
Not that my eyes were blind when sham was set
To dazzle folly into mild regret;
Not that my ears were deaf to sob and cry
Beneath the wheels when splendor hurried by.

Let it be said of me—

Wherever there was holy cause to serve,
Or hearts that ache, or perils that unnerve;
Wherever there was arduous task to do,
A path to light, a duty to pursue;
Wherever there was child to wrest from wrong,
Or weary souls athirst for love and song;
Wherever slaves of time cried to be free,
My hand was reached—let it be said of me.

MILLENNIUM DAWN IN MASSACHUSETTS

HON. JOHN C. CHASE *

No election in recent years has been so fraught with significance and deep meaning as the election of 1902. Particularly is this true of Massachusetts, one of the greatest industrial States in the Union.

From all over the nation returns of the recent election prove conclusively that the Socialist Party is now established as a factor in American politics. In a State like Massachusetts—a State of the highest order of culture and enlightenment; a State famed for its loyalty and adhesion to the theory of Individualism as championed by the Republican Party—thirty-three thousand votes for the Socialist candidate for Governor may well cause the defenders of the present order to stop and consider a little more deeply its true meaning. One of the great Boston daily papers says editorially, "That this vote means something most portentous in the history of American politics, there is no room to doubt. What it is, they, the political philosophers (?) of the Republican Party are trying to find out, and the longer they study the facts the more incomprehensible it becomes." Of course, it is not to be understood by the "Republican philosophers" who are wrapt up entirely in the theory of

Individualism, or private ownership of industry.

To the student of Socialism and the economic conditions which make Socialism necessary, the results are entirely plain and perfectly comprehensible, for the reason that he understands the immutable laws of evolution and development, industrially and politically.

The present system is the product of ages and we are in the process of evolution still and must take the next step, which will take us out of the present system into one entirely different and one which will give to mankind more freedom than he has ever enjoyed in the past.

Chattel slavery of centuries ago gave way to feudalism. Feudalism later gave way to the present system, which at this stage in its development has come to be known as capitalism. Capitalism while having been necessary and inevitable as a phase of the development of the race toward a higher state of civilization, with absolute freedom industrially and politically, falls far short of giving or allowing freedom for the many.

Capitalism is more pernicious in its oppression and persecution than any

[*Hon. John C. Chase was Socialist candidate for Governor in the recent election in Massachusetts, polling 33,000 votes. He has the distinction of being the first Socialist Mayor elected in America, having been elected Mayor of Haverhill, Mass., in 1899 and re-elected in 1900.]

form of slavery the world ever knew.

While it allows more freedom to those who have any freedom at all, it robs countless thousands, not only of freedom, but of the right even to live. Under all forms of slavery in the past the bondman was entitled to, and received a living from his master.

Under Capitalism, or wage slavery, the toiler, nominally free, is practically a slave, fortunate indeed if he has a master. He cannot find a master or owner, no matter how much he may desire to sell himself, unless the product of his toil, which he sells to the owning class, can be disposed of at a profit. There being no opportunity for the disposal of his products at a profit, by the class which controls his right and privilege to labor, he must starve.

The master class cares nothing about it, for the reason that they lose nothing by his death. Notwithstanding the horror of the present system, it has served a useful purpose in showing the way for a better system of producing and distributing wealth. Gigantic organizations which control the means of life, upon which millions depend for existence, have logically and naturally come into being.

The owners of these combinations exercise a power over the people, greater by far than any like number ever dreamed of exercising at any time in the history of the past. Again can we see that this has been natural, and necessary as well—necessary in order to show the people that if all would be free, that all must own collectively the means of life. The vote for Socialism in Massachusetts and all over the nation was a demand for the abolition of Capitalism and the inauguration of Socialism. It was not a revolt against any one political party, but against the present system, which is championed

and fostered by both parties—Democratic and Republican.

This vote came not from one of these parties, but from both, and it is doubtful if from one any more than the other. There is room for but two political movements of strength in American politics—one which makes for Collectivism, or Socialism, and one which seeks to retain Individualism, or Capitalism.

This election marked the real beginning of the alignment of forces.

The Socialist Party is now established throughout the country as the party of Socialism and the party of the working class. One or other of the Democratic or Republican parties must get out of commission as a factor in politics. All signs point to the extinction of the Democratic Party for the reason that it has no definite class interest to conserve. The Capitalist element in the Democratic Party will find its proper place with the same element in the Republican Party.

The rank and file of both, who are victims of the present system, will take their place in the Socialist organization and the battle will be between the two parties one seeking to perpetuate wage-slavery, the other seeking the emancipation of the race from industrial bondage. Of course this will not be believed by the philosophers (?) mentioned earlier in this article, but this does not alter the case at all. History fails to record a single instance where a new political party was not necessary to carry on any emancipation movement. It was always required because the party or parties in control of the government, under and during a system that was afterward overthrown, were owned, body and soul, by the oppressing power.

While we polled thirty-three thousand votes in Massachusetts and four

hundred thousand in the country in the recent election, we may reasonably expect that there will be close to a million next year, thus enabling the Socialist Party to enter the presidential contest in 1904 well prepared to battle for labor's emancipation.

The Socialist Party has nothing in common with any other political movement. It has nothing to do with Populism, Free Silver, Independent Labor, or anything of the kind. It is the organization which stands unequivocally for the emancipation of the working-class through the abolition of private ownership of the means of life, and the working-class is rallying to its support. The greater part of the gain in the Socialist Party vote in Massachusetts came from the ranks of labor, organized and unorganized, but especially from the forces of organized labor, who have been made to realize that Socialism is their movement, and that the Socialist Party is their party.

With the object-lesson afforded them by the attitude of the two Socialist members of the Massachusetts Legislature, Frederick O. MacCartney and James F. Carey, organized labor is rapidly coming to understand that they must contest for freedom in their political organization, as well as industrially through their trades organizations.

That the working-class are to enter politics on class lines is not for one moment to be doubted, and when they

take this step there is but one consistent course for them to follow, and that is to support that organization which is already established as a factor politically—the Socialist Party.

Any other course will prove disastrous to those undertaking it.

The battle is now on, and on in earnest, between the forces of freedom and the forces of slavery. Socialism is bound, by all the history of the past, to come; and Massachusetts will, as she has in the past, lead in this, the grandest movement of the race for a better civilization. The spirit of liberty still lives in Massachusetts and the great vote for Socialism in the last election places her in the front in the onward march of the race toward freedom industrially and politically for the humblest citizen in every nation of the world.

Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 25, 1902.

[Since Mr. Chase's article was received, the city elections have taken place in Massachusetts. The city of Brockton has been regained by the Socialists, and the city of Haverhill came within fourteen votes of electing a Socialist Mayor, and the chances are that on a recount, which has already been demanded, the Socialist will be shown to have been elected. The Democratic Party has become practically extinct as a factor in future politics in Massachusetts.]

THE MONEY KING, *or* THE KNIGHT WITH THE SWORD OF GOLD

PROF. CHAS. W. PEARSON

[In the following poem two rich men are delineated ; the selfish man as the Money King, and, in contrast, the benevolent man as The Knight with the Sword of Gold. There are, I think, in this country and in Europe, many examples of each kind, but the portraits in the poem are mere types, and have no personal reference.]

The pompous funeral was o'er,
The eulogies were said,
And word was sent o'er all the earth
The Money King is dead.

He was head of twenty syndicates
He had rail and steamship lines,
He had timber lands and cotton fields,
He had gold and silver mines.

A modern Midas, at his touch
All things had turned to gold,
But he was not well off after all,
For his heart was bare and cold.

A museum of curios
(He gave it hasty looks),
A slighted gallery of art,
A lot of unread books,
A city house with brown-stone front,
A palace by the sea,
A racing stud of thoroughbreds
A pack of hounds had he ;
He lacked no outward sign of wealth,
But lived luxuriously.

Poor wretch, he had no higher wealth,
He had not greatly cared,
As he went trampling on through life
How other men had fared.

They were his jackals ; one and all
Must work and and watch and fear,
But still of everything they got
He took the lion's share.

That he did not pay fair wages
Was the backbone of his sin ;
He did not heed the cries of need
While the gold came tinkling in.

He cared not for those in the under-world
Who are under-paid and fed,
Whose life is one ceaseless round of toil
For the barest daily bread.

He only cared for the upper-world
Whose life is a bustling game,
Whose counters are money and bonds and stocks,
And the prize a shining name.

A little sooner than he thought
Had come Death's hated call,
And the multi-millionaire was forced
To die and leave his all.

O men of mighty energy,
O men of godlike brain,
Why will you waste your splendid powers
Such paltry prize to gain ?

Would you be really great, there is
An open, easy plan—
Use your superior strength to raise
Your weaker fellowman.

There should not be in this broad land,
Nor yet in all the earth,
A human being in bitter need,
For God has made no dearth.

There should not be a homeless man,
A woman poorly clad,
An unschooled or a toiling child,
E'en in life's morning sad.

Greed, greed, greed, greed,
Is killing the Christ today,
And to brutish Mammon men give their souls,
While to God with lips they pray.

The Christ has said ; " It is more blest
 To give than to receive ;"
 Why do you not that faithful word
 Implicitly believe ?
 Employ your wisdom for the good
 Of those who are not wise,
 Open the path and point the way
 By which they are to rise.

God girds for noble enterprise
 Alike all noble men,
 To some he gives the warrior's sword,
 To some the poet's pen.
 And in these days He calls aloud
 For heroes of new mold
 To be the champions of men
 With weapons made of gold.

PROF. CHAS. W. PEARSON.

Charles W. Pearson has recently resigned his position as Professor of English Literature at the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., as the result of certain charges of heresy.
 He is the author of *The Carpenter Prophet*.

Conquer the enemies of man,
 Strike down each human ill,
 Bring in a truly golden age,
 An era of goodwill.

Hail to the quickly-coming day
 When wealth shall bless, not curse,
 And chivalry's new order be
 The knighthood of the purse !

Ye men of strength, put on once more
 The snow-white coat of mail,
 And ere ye go to battle forth
 Drink from the holy grail.

And queenly women richly robed
 And decked with gold and gem,
 Covet the robe of righteousness,
 Wear mercy's diadem.

Grow in the untilled wastes around
 The flowers of sympathy,
 That Christ, the lily-loving Lord,
 Those fairer blooms may see.

CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON.

Evanston, Ill.

A RUSSIAN POSSIBILITY

PIERREPONT B. NOYES

A SHREWD observer of men and of social conditions said to me recently: "The dominant race of the distant future will, in my opinion, be neither Anglo-Saxon nor Celtic, nor any combination of these: It will be Slavic. The Russian character is inherently more altruistic than that of any other people, and altruism is the quality which the progress of civilization is ever rendering more valuable to its possessors." The speaker was an Englishman of wide acquaintance with both men and books, a great traveller, and a profound student, whose conclusions carry weight with all who know him.

Upon first thought this prophecy seems absurd to one brought up among western ideas and prejudices. There is something incongruous in the conception of the Russian peasant bearing the standard of civilization, while his erstwhile more educated and progressive neighbors fall into step behind, or oppose their weight to the march of human progress. The suggestion seems opposed by history; the possibility negatived not only by the present relative conditions of the races, but

even more by their comparative rates of development. And yet, how often in the past has the headship in human affairs passed unexpectedly from a nation possessed of well-nigh invincible power to some neighbor despised and overlooked, and but now too weak materially and intellectually to attract the attention, much less arouse the fears of its more powerful competitors.

From Greece to Rome, from Rome to the quondam barbarians of Continental Europe, and more recently from the brilliant nations of Latin stock to the practical Anglo-Saxon race, has the "Star of Empire" passed, regardless of the reasonable expectations of superseded rivals. In each case the transition has been determined by subtle race-characteristics acting upon the ever-changing conditions of civilized life. In the history of nations the "Survival of the Fittest" has not been determined with reference to a fixed standard. The measure of "fittest" has changed so often and so remorselessly that by the time a race has succeeded in raising itself above its neighbors it has already created the conditions for some new rival's success. By

its very struggle upward civilization has advanced. New problems now confront individuals and nations, and new social characteristics—found, perhaps, in some hitherto unnoticed tribe—begin, from their better adaptation to new environment, to carry their possessor forward.

The intellectual Athenian, by his restless energy and his talent for finance and politics, created a civilization wherein the more stable and organic Roman soldier found the very situation best adapted for the play of his genius. Greece was submerged by the Roman Legion. Roman militarism produced, in time, political anarchy and finally feudalism, and in this mediæval chaos the Spaniard and the Frank, with their "dash" and bravery, with their love of fighting and hatred of work, gained the ascendancy. Then the Reformation, the ripened fruit of the dark centuries, made possible that individual liberty of thought and action whose material product was modern industrialism. Anglo-Saxon thrift and steadfastness finding a fulcrum among these new conditions, proved to be levers capable of raising a peace-loving race, in their turn, to the major position in world politics. And now the English-speaking races, leading and accelerating the onward movement, are rapidly carrying civilization to a point where some new race-characteristic may easily become the key to the situation.

Thus a study of the ever-changing conditions of national success in the past may easily deprive of its seeming absurdity the suggestion of Russia's future pre-eminence.

Another turn in the upward road seems near. The increasing rapidity of development and the violent changes in certain departments point to the early approach of an evolutionary

crisis. Our entire field of national activities is being examined as with a microscope by the students of sociology for scientific indications as to the nature of these changes. But this search may prove vain. Possibly it will turn out that the factors which really govern the future lie in other lands than our own, and that a telescope is needed rather than a microscope for the successful study of the problem. The vital question may change, in the present generation, from "What next?" to "Who next?"

II.

The present tendency of industrial development is, as everyone knows, toward large combinations of capital. Throughout the manufacturing world especially, the elimination of the individual as the unit of organization, and the substitution of huge corporations, has gone forward latterly with startling rapidity. During the spring and summer of 1899 this re-organization of the leading industries into so-called "Trusts," reached almost revolutionary proportions. The public held its breath, as day after day the State of New Jersey gave birth to these Titans, and turned them loose, full-grown and splendidly equipped, upon a world of small proprietors.

This operation of combining large amounts of capital has continued on an ever-increasing scale, and with ever-increasing complexity of organization—Corporation piled on Corporation—until, towering higher than was ever before conceived, and built on most scientific principles, the huge structure of a "billion-dollar Trust" has been reared before the eyes of an amazed and somewhat terrified world. Its architecture seems perfect for either aggression or defence. No wonder the smaller

units fear the Trusts; and no wonder the Trusts are assuming an air of confidence and contempt. The huge stone fortresses of the early centuries had little to fear from the crude weapons of those times. Their defenses were perfected until all Europe seemed at the mercy of their owners, and a feudal nobility founded on their impregnable strength grew all-powerful in the land, while the people became perforce retainers of these castle-kings. The commercial weapons available to-day for fighting Trusts are equally impotent; nor can hostile legislation prevent the increase of the latter any more than it could stop the building of castles when men saw the power they gave their owners. But just as the power of the mediæval lord crumbled before attacks of gunpowder and steel, so the advance of this industrial feudalism will be checked when, and only when, weapons are invented of greater efficiency, and forged from materials stronger than those from which the Trusts themselves are made.

Much as we may applaud the efficiency and many economies introduced by the Trusts, the most optimistic citizen finds cause for anxiety as to the outcome of the present radical shifting of forces. It is hard to avoid the conviction that in this climax of the development of the competitive system we are, as a nation, hurrying toward a state of commercial despotism, inevitably accompanied and perpetuated by a political despotism. In such an eventuality the effect on the fortunes of the individual citizen must be adverse. His ambition will diminish with his chances of success, while the race as a whole, having lost its moral and spiritual, if not its intellectual energy, will invite attack from without and degeneracy from within. In short,

unless some new economic principle supervenes, the present struggle promises to result in an organization of society commercially and politically oppressive in its relations to the individual citizen, and weak to resist any violent attack from without.

III.

So we approach from another direction the question suggested by an historical survey "What next?" What is the next corner to be turned in commercial evolution? For commercial evolution today is political evolution, and commercial supremacy means political supremacy. One man's answer to the question is perhaps as good as another's. The factors involved are too many and their relations too intricate to be grasped by any one mind, so that each of us must answer from his own particular view-point.

To one who has enjoyed and observed the keen delights of associated labor, and who has been able to compare the efficiency of communal industrial organization with that of the system of competitive individualism, the future seems to lie along the line of *voluntary association*.

Men are more important than money. Brains will accomplish more in the long run than capital. The Trusts have "combined" money only, leaving the relations of the men involved more antipathetic than ever. But let only a principle be discovered which will "*combine*" men, and the "Trusts" will be immediately "out-Trusted." A strongly organized industrial community is as superior economically to the best of the Trusts, as they seem to be to the smallest individual manufacturer.

In connection with the danger arising from the Trusts, I suggested that

the only possibility of preventing their complete ascendancy lies in devising industrial weapons of still higher efficiency. The converse is equally true: that such weapons having been discovered, they will be "selected" in the course of social evolution with an inexorable certainty and a cold-blooded disregard of vested interests.

The industrial material for such weapons will, I am sure, be found only in a communistic system. Competitive industrial organizations are founded on "gangs" and "foremen" bound together by one force only, *fear*. These are the units. With them are built up larger units under "superintendents," and still the controlling principle is *fear*. However large or complicated these aggregations become, they are always made from the same material, and bound together by the same principle. The cohesion is that of physical force. Throughout the working mass of the structure the efficiency of each individual unit is limited by what he *must* do, not by what he *can* do. The total work performed is the product of scientific, up-to-date slave-driving.

A statement of the economic advantages enjoyed by a successful community would sound hackneyed today—"reduced, co-operative expenses," "elasticity of organization," "interest," "enthusiasm," "*esprit*"—these have been explained so many times, and have been demonstrated so often by practical experiment that I hesitate to go into the subject at all. I wish merely to add the testimony of actual experience to what has already been said. The writer was born and brought up in a Community which arose from poverty to wealth by the intelligent co-operation of many working together for a common home, and the enthusiastic interest of every laborer in his

work, a Community which always discouraged "worldliness" and "money-making" as far as possible, and grew rich in spite of itself. Having been for a number of years since the manager of a growing manufacturing corporation of a size only next below the Trusts, and covering various fields of industry, my opportunity for minute comparison of the two systems has been the best. This comparison has resulted in the conclusion mentioned above: that he who first discovers a principle capable of permanently uniting a body of men in a real "community of interests"—producing a relation which shall cause each member to steadily sink individual inclinations for the sake of the common weal, will point the way to a form of industrial organization with which the Trusts cannot successfully compete.

To return to the point from which we started: a prophecy of Russian pre-eminence. I have referred above to the "discovery of a principle," but instead, may not the whole future turn on the "possession of a temperament," or a racial characteristic which shall enable one nation to organize communistically while others cannot? May not such nation be the Russian?

We hear communism discredited on the grounds of common sense and history. Repeated failure and the stubborn facts of our present environment are pointed to. Customs, habits, prejudices, institutions, all stand in the way of such a change. But supposing we grant the existence of these barriers and their potency, is that the end of the matter? Supposing we grant that the character and institutions and the history of the race to which we belong forbid the expectation of voluntary communism, are there no other races? The Anglo-Saxon may well consider whether in giving his verdict against it

he is not pronouncing his own doom rather than that of communism. We may well consider whether we are not posing as judges in a case where we will prove to be only helpless observers of the growth of a new power.

For two hundred years the genius of enlightened selfishness has been carrying civilization forward as never before in the history of the world, and the Anglo-Saxon as the embodiment of this principal has necessarily been the leader of the movement. To educate these same Anglo-Saxons to an enlightened unselfishness, to make them over into practical Altruists, has been the dream of enthusiasts and the despair of philosophers. To expect a people who have achieved their supremacy by the efficiency of their selfishness to become the leaders of a movement based on individual unselfishness may prove futile, but if so, then that point in commercial history where the competitive principle has reached the limit of effective development will be the exact point in evolutionary history where "natural selection" will pick from among the races one more altruistic than the rest and force it inevitably to the front as a new leader of the nations.

It has been a common remark in connection with the Trusts that "no power can stop them, because they make for superior economy and efficiency." Communism will make its way with the same resistlessness, and for the same reason. Considered as an industrial machine its superiority in these respects is granted; at least by those who have investigated the facts. True, no one has yet been found capable of steadily running the machine on a very large scale, and perhaps sufficient material suitable for a strong construction has not been discovered,

but once let these be brought together and old-fashioned machines may well look out for themselves.

If the Slavs are possessed of a temperament which will permit them to easily unite in communal organizations, and find individual enjoyment in the welfare of the whole community, they are, I believe, the race of the future.

Imagine the movement once started in that vast country, with its teeming millions, and its enormous natural resources. Found practicable, and its efficiency to produce wealth—both for the individual and the nation—having been demonstrated in one or two instances, it would spread like the "Trust epidemic" in this country. Nothing could stay its advance or compete with its products. America would certainly awake to find herself industrially at the mercy of Russia, just as Europe today finds herself unexpectedly at the mercy of the United States.

All this is on the assumption that the Russians are possessed of certain social qualities in a higher degree than other nations. Tolstoi insists that the great difference between the Russian and the inhabitant of western countries lies in the fact that from his nature the former lives by his "conscience" instead of "law." It is also well known that communal arrangements in the holding of land are very common among the peasants of Russia, but as this is not entirely voluntary the results are not normal, and no certain deductions can be made therefrom.

But whatever are the facts regarding the Russian character, the truth of my general proposition is not affected. Russia or Germany, or even China, wherever this capacity for communism really lies in a superior degree, will be made apparent in the progress of social

evolution, and such nation will be seen taking the lead in the next great forward movement.

[It is with great pleasure I give space to the above notable article by Mr. Noyes, who is a son of one of the original founders of the Oneida Community. Mr. Noyes seems, however, to overlook the fact that we Americans have shown a greater capacity for communism than any other race on earth, not excepting the Russians. Our communism, however, has been exhibited so far only in our capacity for production. We now have simply to exhibit our capacity for communism in distribution, and we will then have solved the problem of poverty.]

It is true that the Russians have possibly more conscience than any other nation, and have exhibited great capacity for the discernment of the advantages of communism in distribution. This is exhibited not only in their social and economic relations by the establishment of the *mere*, but also in the aptitude with which the Russians who come to this country become identified with the Socialist movement. I have been impressed repeatedly when travelling through the States in the west with the remarkable fact that in

the beginning the Socialist movement was very often initiated by Russian Jews. Of course, after the movement gets started and a large number of Americans come in the Russians lose their predominance. As Winchevsky, a noted Russian exile in the United States, says, "The Russian Jew is to the Socialist movement what the match is to the fire—once the fire is started the match has performed its mission and may be thrown aside."

Socialism in the United States is the result of the economic development of the country; and no matter how much the Russians in Russia are inclined toward Socialism through their conscience, it will be impossible for them to develop Socialism there until they are industrially ready for it, and in that respect Russia is fifty years behind the United States. There can be no question that the advent of Socialism will take place in the United States long before it is possible for any such change to appear in Russia.

However, De Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, and who is the greatest man in Europe in my estimation, is now introducing a system of State Socialism in Russia that may have far-reaching effects. He is making a Morgan out of his Tsar.—H. G. W.]

THE ELECTION RETURNS

THE tremendous increase in the Socialist vote in the United States from less than 100,000 two years ago to nearly 300,000 has called forth an enormous amount of editorial comment from the leading newspapers of the country. Particularly is this seen in the Massachusetts papers where the increase from 11,000 to 34,000 was most striking. The papers there are all printing editorials on the subject. The following is from the Boston Herald:

The increase in the Socialist vote of Massachusetts is looked upon by the leaders of that organization as indicative of a coming great change in the legislative and administrative affairs of this commonwealth. It is certainly no small change for the head of a ticket to poll one year three times as large a number of votes as were thrown for the head of the same ticket in the preceding year; and but for reasons which we will shortly point out, Mr. Chase might have cause to congratulate himself that his vote of this year was simply the forerunner of a political revolution which was shortly to take place. But it has to be borne in mind, in judging of the conditions that led to this large vote, that the industrial situation has been exceedingly peculiar for months past. In the first place, we have had the Trust issue intensified by the high prices which these monopolies have charged for so many of the necessities of life, and by the apparent uncertainty, at least on the part of the leaders of the Republican party, as to how to correct the evils of the Trusts. Still more, we have had in the recent coal strike, an exceedingly striking lesson given of the manner in which, under existing industrial conditions, a

contest between labor and capital may cause great suffering and loss to millions upon millions of entirely uninterested citizens. This last event has led in many quarters to a widespread demand for the application of the Socialist principle in dealing with this question—that is, the seizure of the coal mines by the Government and their operation under the conditions of public ownership and control.

* * * * *

We imagine before another year a systematic effort will be made, both by Republican and Democratic campaign managers, to win back the vote which both parties must to some degree have lost, by conducting an anti-Socialist crusade. There is no difficulty in prosecuting this work if it is once entered upon with spirit and determination. Whatever may be the merits of Socialism, they are not applicable to the industrial conditions as we find them in this state or country. The men who are carrying on this agitation are not men possessed with any profound knowledge of the subject. The public arguments that they have made have shown many evidences either of false statement or misstatement, which can be readily turned against them. What is needed, however, is systematic work on the part of those who understand both what present industrial conditions are, here and elsewhere, and what the creed of Socialism actually is. If such instruments are employed, particularly if conditions in other respects change, the Socialist vote is likely next year and the year after to be but a fraction of the vote that was cast last Tuesday.

Surely, if the vote of the Socialist Party can increase so enormously in Massachusetts with such poor leaders as the Herald makes out, then if strong men come into the party, there will certainly be every reason to suppose

that the day is not far off when the Socialists will be in the majority. It is futile to imagine, with economic conditions developing so rapidly as they are now doing and forcing us into the fight for Socialism, that any artificial crusade against Socialism is going to stem the tide. On the contrary, it will help us. The reason we have not made better progress in the past is that we have had to meet, not opposition, but silence. If we can only get somebody out to fight us the day will be won.

SOCIALIST VOTE BY STATES.
FROM LATEST RETURNS.

	1900	1902
California	7,554	15,000
Colorado	654	7,633
Connecticut	1,029	3,000
Delaware	57	600
Florida	601	1,200
Idaho	2,000	
Illinois	9,687	20,000

	1900	1902
Indiana	2,374	7,137
Iowa	2,778	5,856
Kansas	1,605	3,236
Kentucky	646	7,000
Maine	878	1,964
Maryland	908	1,100
Massachusetts	9,607	32,985
Michigan	2,826	6,000
Minnesota	3,665	14,000
Missouri	6,139	9,157
Montana	708	5,300
Nebraska	832	3,200
New Hampshire	790	1,057
New Jersey	4,609	7,000
New York	12,869	25,000
North Dakota	518	900
Ohio	4,847	14,270
Oregon	1,466	3,500
Pennsylvania	4,831	21,910
Rhode Island		1,091
South Dakota	176	2,000
Tennessee	710	900
Texas	1,841	5,000
Utah	720	1,500
Washington	2,006	6,000
West Virginia	268	600
Wisconsin	7,085	16,000

SUDERMAN'S "JOY OF LIVING"

NEW YORK is still in the throes of hysteria over the continued production of "immoral plays." I spoke recently of Pinero's "Iris," and that has since been followed up by Duse's presentation of d'Annunzio's "La Citta Morta" and Mrs. Patrick Campbell's presentation of Suderman's "Joy of Living," to be read in an excellent translation by Mrs. Edith Wharton, and published by Chas. Scribner's

Sons. D'Annunzio's lines are beautiful; his plot is simply a scaffold used to string his garlands upon, without much reference to beauty of structure. All dramatists seem to be under the necessity of presenting a story in which a man and woman who, under normal conditions, would be able to marry, are unable, under existing conventional conditions, to do so, and their trials and tribulations come about from this

—Sarony

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

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unfortunate state of affairs. To bring about this situation, d'Annunzio has adopted a plot which is not only unnatural but practically unheard of. Suderman's plot is more conventional. The unusual feature of his delineation is that he seems to justify a wife's concealment of the breaking of her marriage vows. In fact, it might almost be inferred that Suderman has so little regard for the marriage relation that he would have it brushed aside at will whenever a woman happened to love a man not her husband. He seems to think that living a double life on the part of the woman was preferable to the scandal of going into a divorce court. It is this proposition of Suderman's which has raised the screech from the critics, and I am not rushing to his defence. I regard Suderman as easily the greatest modern dramatist, both in his capability of dramatic construction and in his deep thought upon the problems of life. It is unfortunate, however, that he has so little knowledge of economic conditions that he is always foolishly putting his cart before the horse. In both "Magda" and "The Joy of Living" his theme is the right of a woman to freedom in her sexual relations. This is all well enough theoretically; but when we realize that modern industrial conditions compel conformance to conventional marriage relationship, we can see the justification the newspapers have in condemning Suderman's plays as "immoral." It is on the same principle that Socialists, while they do not believe in the ownership of the earth by Mr. Morgan, would not encourage the mob to sack Mr. Morgan's house and divide up his silver-plate. As things are, we must recognize certain conventions regarding property as long as society is based upon competition and the rights of private property. I may be certain that the river will freeze over during the winter, but I don't attempt to skate until the ice has formed in sufficient thickness. In the same way, it is absurd for Suderman to idealize a woman who is untrue to her husband, and who lies about it on the plea that she has the right to live. The primal right is for *society* to live, and until the freedom of the individual coincides with what is best for society, it will certainly be regarded as "immoral" to preach contrary ideas. There is no justification to my mind for any condition of affairs which necessitates the misleading of each other by men and women in that which most vitally concerns their happiness. The relations between men and women should be of the most frank and open character, and if, under such conditions, unhappiness results, the remedy is not to conceal the cause, but to remove it. Altogether aside from the solution of such a problem, it might also be observed that Suderman labors under the dramatic difficulty of presenting as his hero for Beata to fall in love with, a man who is represented to have an ideal which appeals to her in the highest degree, but when we examine this ideal we find it is simply a petty ambition to be one of the party leaders of the Conservative group in the German Reichstag. It could hardly be expected that Suderman would sacrifice his dramatic art to go into details as to what the hero's theories are, but certainly he might have given them with sufficient definiteness to explain why his character should appeal more to Beata than did the character of her husband. As it was, the greater part of the audience sympathized decidedly more with the husband and his character than they did with that of Richard, the lover.

One feature of interest in the play was the introduction of a Socialist, and also the continual suggestion of an atmosphere of politics in which Socialism was playing a predominant part. Richard, the Conservative candidate, was in momentary expectation of defeat by the Socialist candidate: and his son had been so impregnated by Socialistic views that he had written a pamphlet which had got him into trouble with his Conservative friends. This pamphlet, however, simply expressed the general hazy theory of freedom which Suderman tries to present to the world through his plays. I am almost inclined to think that a certain haziness of vision is necessary to the writing of either a good modern play or novel. The moment a man thinks clearly he seems to lose his imagination. Certainly there have been no Socialists who have done anything in the way of dramatic work that has been of any great importance, if we except Bernard Shaw's plays, and even they are not important from the standpoint of general public appreciation, which, after all, is the final test.

I was disappointed in Duse as an artist but possibly my disappointment arose from my failure to see how great her art actually is, so closely may she identify herself with her part.

It strikes me, however, that the tremendous rush after Duse seats at the high price of admission charged and considering that the whole performance is in a language, Italian, which few understood, was more of a piece of affectation than any real enthusiasm of the public.

Mrs. Campbell is always a delight to me although it may be that the very point that pleases me in her is what disappoints me in Duse, namely, her inability to hide her own personality in

her portraiture. I do not care for the characters d'Annunzio delineates, and it may be that Duse so thoroughly identifies herself with those characters that I have not the pleasure of seeing a fine personality in either herself or in the part she so well assumes.

The difficulty one meets with in the case of Mrs. Campbell is that her personality manifests itself so palpably superior to her part that you are constantly regretting that her dramatist has not brought the part up to her, so to speak.

For the proper enjoyment of a play the actor and the character portrayed should be so identified that you are not bothered with the thought of two beings. Of course this is an ideal that is practically never attained.

For even when we have a mediocre dramatist and a mediocre actor we are really further from the desired end than when we limp with a play written by a great dramatist and portrayed by a poor actor or with a poor play acted by a great actor. Two wrongs do not make a right in Art any more than in anything else.

I never enjoy seeing Shakesperian plays with a tithe of the enjoyment I get in reading them. My imagination of the parts so far transcends the way I see them acted that I am nearly always bored to death at the actors.

I experienced this feeling to the fullest recently in seeing Richard Mansfield in Julius Ceasar. Now Mansfield is admittedly a good artist, probably the best on the American stage. I enjoy him immensely in his portrayal of non-Shakesperian plays but his Brutus the other night, while fine enough compared with what others might have done, merely made me gasp with *ennui*.

CURRENT EVENTS

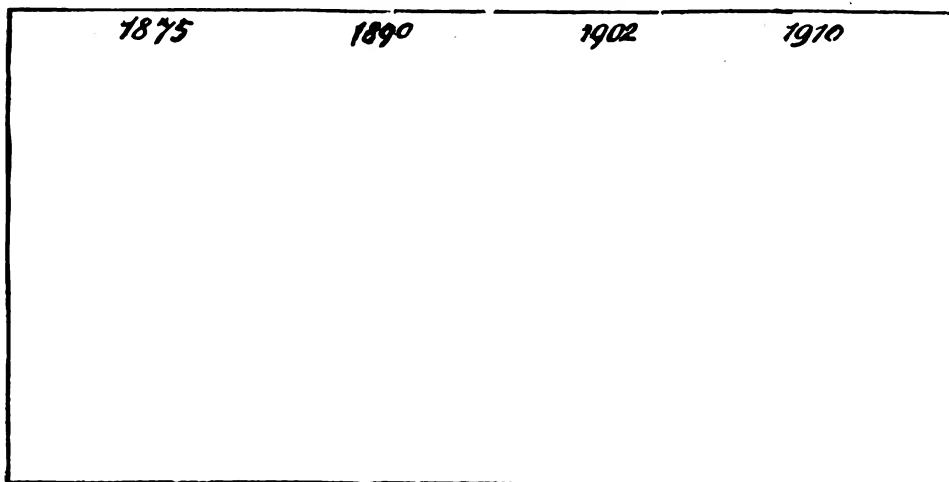
THE money market in the United States is now and will be always a thorn in the side of our financiers. They never know just what it is going to do, and even in the times of greatest prosperity they are always in fear of a money panic. The reason is simple enough, and the capitalists themselves are realizing that something must be done. Money is, as has been often said, simply a medium of exchange. It is the oil which greases the wheels of commerce; and, just as a man does not care to have more oil than is necessary on his buggy wheels, so our bankers and business men do not care to have any more money than is necessary to carry on their business. However, there are times when one part of the axle needs oil and the other part doesn't. When a demand for money springs up in one part of the country, the bankers in all parts of the country become alarmed that there is going to be a general scarcity, and instead of the money naturally flowing to the point where it is needed from the banks that have more than they need they often refuse to part with it for fear of an impending panic. The only method by which this can be avoided is to have an elastic system of currency, which would give us an additional supply of money at critical times, and it is now the effort of our bankers to devise some such plan. While as a Socialist, looking forward to the early transformation of our whole industrial system into a co-operative one, and hence not having that intense interest in making the best of the present system that bankers have, yet at the same time I don't mind pointing out to them how things can be made better during our present regime.

It is agreed that we need an elastic currency. It is also agreed that this currency must be based upon a plan of issue that will guarantee the holder of it that he will not lose by taking currency instead of gold—something that will assure him that he will be able to realize gold or its equivalent when he wishes to cash in the paper. The government should be the person to issue such currency, and it must be understood that the government cannot issue above a certain amount of fiat currency without running into the danger of having its paper fall below par, owing to the impossibility of redeeming it in gold on demand. The fiat money men, seeing that the government can issue a certain amount of money and keep it at par, have fallen into the ridiculous error that the government can issue an indefinite amount and keep it at par. This is of course a mistake. It can issue but a certain limited amount. It could issue

UNCLE SAM — You are a pretty big baby to be fed with a spoon.

—Minneapolis Journal.

a very large amount to people who have proper security to offer, and charge sufficient interest upon its issuance to compel its redemption, when the emergency which caused its issuance was over. Therefore my plan would be for the United States Treasury to issue money to any one that can put up an approved security (say good mercantile paper with good endorsements) for it, and to charge such a high rate of interest upon this issuance of paper money that it will only stay in circulation during certain critical times in our business affairs. For our ordinary money crisis is recognized by all as being ridiculously inadequate, and as always keeping us in a most dangerous position. It is no answer for our Democratic friends to attack the administration for such procedure, for they themselves are equally involved. They are supporters of the present institutions of society with all its inadequacies to meet the wishes of the people, and they too would be forced, if a Democratic administration were in power, to do the same thing that President Roosevelt and Secretary Shaw are now doing.



A SOCIALIST PARTY FASHION PLATE.

—Jugend (Munich).

any currency we should have simply gold and certificates of deposit based upon this gold, and a certain amount of fiat paper money issued by the United States government, but not in excess of an amount which will float easily, without any danger of its falling below par. Speaking off-hand I should say that one thousand million dollars of paper money would easily float without any danger.

The method we now have of relying upon the Secretary of the Treasury depositing government money in our national banks, every time we have a

The Socialists are the only ones who have a plan of solving the money problem. Let the Nation own the Trusts, the Railway Trusts, the Manufacturing Trusts and the Money Trusts.

* *

Not only is Socialism becoming fashionable in the United States as evidenced by the vote in our recent elections, but also in Germany it is nearing the dead line of "respectability," if one can determine anything from the cartoon which represents the approach of Socialism toward the mirror of fashion. In Germany as in this country it is not very long ago

that Socialists were represented as simply tatterdemalions, covered with only sufficient rags to hide the bomb which they were supposed to carry ready to throw into any gathering of peaceful people who didn't happen to agree with their views. It is only today in this country that the Socialist is beginning to be recognized as a statesman, and the progress from the tramp

quite freely between ourselves that we are only living here by sufferance of Mr. Morgan, and that when our cartoonist shows Uncle Sam as a beggar thankful for the crumbs that drop from the rich man's table he is only expressing what everybody knows to be the truth. In the near future Uncle Sam will be seen sitting at the table himself and enjoying the dinner, which

AT THE MORGANEER HOUSE

UNCLE SAM—"Begum! the only thing I can get to eat in this my house now-a-days are the crumbs I can pick up that the Trusts don't want."

—Minneapolis Journal.

to the statesman has become so rapid that some people are now commencing to think the Socialists will be the future Beau Brummels of our civilization.

* * *

It is a remarkable thing that we Americans who always loudly proclaim our kingship of the earth in general and of America in particular, admit

rightly belongs to him, and all the beggars in the country will be seated at the table of plenty, transformed into men of independent means by being incorporated into Uncle Sam's personality. There will be no rich, there will be no poor, because riches and poverty are simply a matter of comparative degree.

EDITORIAL NOTES

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BRITISH GOLD BUGABOO.

It is not so many years ago when there was a grand popular cry all over the country about the United States being under the domination of the British holders of our government bonds. The following indicates that whatever ground there may once have been for that cry it is now past:

The report of Judson W. Lyons, registrar of the treasury, for the fiscal year ended June 30, was made public today. The most interesting feature of the report is an analysis of the holdings of loans, showing the number of foreign holders of United States bonds compared with domestic holders. Out of a total of \$782,924,330 of bonds only \$16,022,850 is held by foreigners, and of this latter amount \$12,578,000 is held by insurance companies and is on deposit.

Our enormous surplus accumulating in this country every year has largely been distributed in Europe by the purchase back of American bonds and stocks formerly owned by Europeans. I have no doubt at all that within a very few years the alarm cry in Europe will be that America is in possession of all her bonds and stocks, and that she is therefore under our domination, that American gold is buying her elections, etc., *ad nauseam*.

THE LAST OF THE ANTI-TRUST LAWS.

I have always predicted that no suit against the Trusts would ever be of

any avail; but when I said so eight or ten years ago the people were still hopeful and still continued bringing suits; and particularly was it believed in Texas that the law would get at the monopolists. The following seems to show that the monopolists are very wise in not worrying at the suits being brought against them. It is very convenient to have the shelter of the court over you for eight years, and in the end get discharged:

Waco, Tex., Nov. 21.—The indictment here eight years ago of John D. Rockefeller, Henry M. Flagler, H. Clay Pierce and a dozen other large capitalists for "feloniously engaging in a conspiracy against trade in violation of the Texas Trust law," was dismissed today by Judge Samuel B. Scott.

I suppose that Messrs. Rockefeller, Flagler & Company hardly took the trouble to be jubilant over the dismissal of the indictment against them. As a matter of course, no other outcome was possible. Anti-Trust laws are now-a-days fortunately known to be such absurd anomalies that we are hearing no more about them except from a few belated Bryans and Roosevelts.

THE PARLIAMENT OF THE WORLD.

That industry is becoming international is a self-evident proposition. It is not only seen in the reports of the division of the world's markets between

the United States Steel Co. and the foreign syndicates, but also in numerous other incidents of like character. Probably the most striking instance of world-wide corporations is that of the amalgamation of the American and British Tobacco Companies, and especially that of the great passenger steamship lines of the world. All this international consolidation naturally has its reflection in politics abroad as well as in the United States. The following indicates that the Germans are not unaware of the immense importance that the operations of the Standard Oil Trust have to them.

Berlin, Nov. 21.—The members of the Imperial Commission to investigate German combines have requested the Government to extend the scope of the inquiry to include the more important foreign combinations, such as the Standard Oil and the Shipping Combine.

Count von Posadowsky-Wahner, secretary of the Imperial Home Office, has promised to furnish the commission with the official Washington publications concerning the American inquiry. It has been suggested that witnesses before the commission testify under oath as in England and the United States, but the Government objects to this on the ground that trade secrets would be affected.

The Socialists in Germany have devoted their time and attention so much to the class struggle, as they call it, that I doubt if even they, as well posted as they are upon international development, are aware of the important bearing which the operations of the American Trusts are going to have upon their own German movement. At present there is practically no organized Socialist movement in England worthy of the name; yet I am free to predict that within the next three years England will have as big a Socialist movement as any country in Europe. I do so simply owing to the fact that the industrial crisis is culminating there so fast, as England is by far the

most thoroughly developed country industrially, in Europe.

THE PICAYUNE'S DESPOTISM.

There are many people who are fond of setting up a straw man when they argue against Socialism, and then knocking it down. A very good instance of this is seen in the enclosed clipping from the New Orleans Picayune:

There are two sorts of Socialism. One is where all property, all rights and all power have been surrendered to an autocrat who deals out in a sort of paternal way such benefits and favors as may please him. The other is the Socialism of the mob where the people seize on all rights, industries and property, and parcel them out equally or place them in the hands of a syndicate or committee to manage.

Neither of these methods has ever been successful. In every case the autocrat forgot to look out for his dependent subjects, and after suffering unbearable oppression they always rose against him and overthrew his power. Mob Socialism is simply anarchy. It has never existed save for brief periods. The most conspicuous example was the French revolution of the reign of terror. When the people could no longer endure it they set up a despot in the person of Napoleon to restore order and stability to public affairs. True American democracy is opposed both to despotic Socialism and mob Socialism. Up to the present time there has never been any other.

Of course the Picayune is talking of something it knows nothing about. There is no programme mentioned by anyone that I know of, Socialists or anyone else, which proposes to put all rights and powers into the hands of an autocrat. On the contrary, the scientific Socialist theory is to place industries in the hands of an executive, representing the people, exactly as the Post Office is now put in the hands of our Postmaster General. It hardly gives a correct idea of the status of our Post Office affairs to say that we have

parcelled out the Post Office to a mob, which is the Picayune's language. It says: "American Democracy is opposed to despotic and mob Socialism." The inference then is that it is not opposed to the ordinary plain variety of Socialism. To this extent I confess I am in agreement with the Picayune; and I suppose we may hereafter consider that journal as one of the mouthpieces of Socialism.

It is preaching straight doctrine.

A NARROW MARGIN

The failure of the Socialists to get an indorsement of their views from the American Federation of Labor, and the election of Samuel Gompers to the presidency, shows that the Federation is to remain in conservative hands and that it is to continue its functions as an organization for the protection of the rights of labor. But the narrow majority by which the Socialists lost shows that their cause is growing among union laborers, and that their long fight, intended to turn the Federation into a political organization is likely to win. On a test vote the count stood 4,897 to 4,171. Practically half of the organization is therefore in control of Socialists.

This does not mean, however, that half the members of labor unions are Socialists, and much less does it mean that a half of the laboring population are Socialists. The Socialists in the labor unions are tireless workers. They are sincere, energetic and self-sacrificing. When a laboring man grows prominent in the union, if he is a Democrat or Republican, he is often picked up by the politicians and his usefulness is lost to the union. The Socialist stays, and it is a part of his creed that taking office is treason to the cause. He sticks to the union and works all the while, thus making a showing which, reckoned by ordinary standards, is out of all proportion to his numbers.

But unless the conservative members of labor organizations are awake to the danger, the misplaced zeal of their Socialist brethren will turn their organization from the useful fields it now follows into a rainbow-chasing campaign that will wreck it.

The above is from a Republican paper, the Journal of Lansing, Mich.

I give it not only for the interesting facts in the case, but also to show the lack of logic in the argument. The Journal says that the difference between the Socialist and the Democrat or Republican is that the Socialist stays true to the cause of trade unionism, sticks to it and works all the while, and so succeeds in making a showing out of all proportion to his numbers. This is all very well; but why the Journal should immediately proceed to refer to it as "the mistaken zeal of the Socialist brethren" is something I cannot understand; nor can I understand why it says that the Socialists are trying to get the trade unions into a rainbow-chasing campaign. If there is one thing that is perfectly illogical it is the stupidity of the trades unions working 364 days in the year against their employers in industrial combinations, and upon the 365th, election day, turning around and voting against what they have been doing all the rest of the year, instead of continuing their traditional policy by supporting the Socialist ticket.

EIGHT DAYS A WEEK.

Before the investigation of the strike there were a great many conflicting reports as to how much the miners received, notwithstanding that it was a matter to be easily determined by statistics. However, the following report of the examination before the Arbitration Committee is of interest as being absolutely authentic. It is taken from the New York Journal of December 4th:

At one point in the proceedings to-day Judge Gray leaned over to a witness and said:

"Then you work eight days a week?"

"Yes," replied the witness, and the laughter caused by the seeming "bull" was checked as the audience realized that question and answer

were really based on fact. For Jackson Ansbach, formerly a fireman at one of the Coxe collieries, had testified that for six days every week he averaged twelve hours a day, and on alternate Sundays he worked for twenty-four hours.

Ansbach and his relief, between them, had to care for the fires and the boilers twenty-four hours a day, seven days in the week. Each received \$1.57 for every twelve hours of work. Ansbach testified that, besides keeping the fires going, he had to watch the ventilating fans and see that the proper amount of air was forced into the mines.

MANY LIVES DEPEND ON HIM.

"And if you fell asleep while on duty twenty-four hours at a time, and the fans did not keep going, what would happen?" asked Lawyer Darrow.

"There would be an accumulation of gas in the mines, explosion, and probably many deaths," replied the witness. The effect of this answer on the commission was apparent.

"Do you ever get any recreation?" Ansbach was asked.

"Well, once in a while, if I asked permission, I could go to church; but any absence of that kind was taken out of my pay."

Ansbach and his helper had to feed five tons of coal to the fires every eight hours, care for three boilers, remove the ashes and keep a general watch on things above ground. The helper received \$1.26 for twelve hours' work. Father J. V. Hussie, of St. Gabriel's Church, Hazleton, and dean of lower Luzerne County, who has spent nearly all of his life in the coal region and who has 700 families of miners among his parishioners, was called as a witness, and made a most eloquent plea for the miners.

"The condition of the men in the Hazleton region is deplorable," he said. "They and their wives and children just barely exist. I understand that I am making this statement to the American public, and I want to be conservative, but I have gone into the so-called homes of the miners, and enjoy their confidence. I know the life they lead. They are frugal, conservative, reasonable in their demands, and God-fearing.

"When the men are well, they are not able to keep their families together. The boys are sent to the breakers as soon as they can toddle, the girls are sent to the cities to work in the mills. When sickness overtakes the miner he is denied by poverty the ordinary comforts needed by a sick man; when death overtakes him his friends must pinch themselves more to

provide burial. The average child leaves school at a little over eleven years of age.

PEACEFUL, PRAYERFUL PEOPLE

"They have but little furniture in their poor houses, and live on the coarsest of food. They are not quickly raised to anger against their foremen or bosses. They are more inclined to accept their deplorable condition as inevitable.

"During the last strike there were the wildest stories of disorder and riot in Hazleton, but I, who lived among these men, saw none. The soldiers were sent to stand guard over these men, but they were not needed. The troops arrived at Hazleton one Sunday morning, expecting to put down riot, but the miners of my parish were in church at their prayers. During the entire period of the strike I saw but five men under the influence of liquor. At the beginning of the strike I gave the pledge to every miner in my congregation. Ask the brewers how their profits fell during that time."

Former employees of the Coxe Company and the Susquehanna Coal Company testified that those companies had refused to take them back when the strike was called off, declining to do so until the commission had made its award, and in the case of the Coxe Company one man was told that if the award of the commission was against the miners he would not be taken back at all.

W. H. Wright, a timekeeper, employed before the strike by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company, lost his position because he refused to be sworn in as a coal and iron policeman. He was then a non-union man. When the strike ended he was told there was no room for him.

There were many handsomely gowned women at the sessions to-day. Among those at the morning session was the wife of Commissioner Clark, who was accompanied by Mrs. George Fowler, daughter of ex-Superintendent Garret Bogert, of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western.

It will be noticed that not only were the men very much overworked and exposed to danger in the mines, but the amount received for work was so little that it simply meant a state of chronic starvation for the workers. When a miner dies he doesn't have enough to bury himself with, but, as Father Hussie states above, "his friends must pinch themselves to provide burial."

A TRIBUTE TO ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

It gives one a new reverence for womanhood to meet such a woman as Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It makes one realize anew the potentialities of our humanity. The prevailing ideal held before women is one of self-effacement. We say that it is a woman's business to be a good wife and mother—to be a faithful understudy of her husband. But here was a woman colossal, superb ; a philosopher ; a writer and speaker ; a pioneer ; a queen by natural endowment, and not because of any baubles she held, or of any lineage she could trace.

I paid a visit to Mrs. Stanton's pleasant apartments in New York, in company with a fellow Socialist, about three years ago. She welcomed us graciously, and introduced to us her daughter, Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch. No one who has looked on Elizabeth Cady Stanton could ever forget her. I have never seen a woman's head so striking. Her brow was massive ; her mouth firm and positive ; her eyes full of conscious strength. She was truly a cosmic woman, one whose brain swept the whole of life, as the ship captain's glasses sweep the sea, to the very horizon. Nothing human was alien to her. She lived in the social thought and had no being apart from it. She spent the last week of her long and honorable life of eighty-seven years writing articles on woman's suffrage and divorce problems. Dominated as she was by her ideals of woman's suffrage, champion as she rightfully felt herself to be of the woman's cause in civil affairs, she was yet much more than that. She realized clearly enough that the so-called " woman's rights movement " is inextricably bound up in the larger social movement, and that woman's problems can never be solved until she has at least the ability and opportunity to become economically independent of man. In economics Mrs. Stanton was quite definitely a Socialist, and she contributed on occasions to the Socialist press. It is worth noting in this connection that her daughter, Mrs. Blatch, acted for some time on the executive committee of the London Fabian Society. In religion Mrs. Stanton was a singularly fearless and impartial investigator, clearly thinking out her own conclusions, and never allowing herself to be deceived by superstitions, however time-honored. On the religious issue, indeed, she alienated the sympathies of some of her nearest friends ; but in this, as in all other things, she had but one concern, and that was to be true to her own ideal of truth.

Taking her all in all, Elizabeth Cady Stanton was one of the most heroic—perhaps the most heroic—woman that this country has produced. She carried on the traditions of those great English women, George Eliot and Harriet Martineau. She was in her own person the prophecy of a coming era in which women shall be honored in the true sense of the word, as they are not honored to-day, and in which they shall occupy a much larger place in the public life and work of the world.—The Comrade.



HOW TO HELP WILSHIRE'S

I have a great many subscribers who write and tell me that they are only too willing to do anything to help along this magazine but that they cannot find a good channel for their activities. They are often too occupied to obtain new subscribers.

There is one way by which anyone can help us. Write a letter of enquiry to advertisers. This magazine depends for its success upon advertising patronage. The price obtained for subscriptions does not pay for the white paper.

I don't ask you to spend money buying what you do not want simply because a man advertises with us, but I do suggest that there are goods advertised in our columns that might interest you if you knew more of their merits. It cannot hurt you to investigate. Write to the advertiser and find out about them. Send for his circular, etc. Even if you never buy you have lost only a postage stamp. The advertiser will credit Wilshire's Magazine with a dollar in advertising value for every cent you may spend in making inquiries. A dollar spent on postage stamps by our friends may be worth a hundred to us. If you wish our advertisers to pay for the spread of Socialism don't economize your stamps. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A MODERN DESERTED VILLAGE

A. G. HUBERT

ONE of the direct results of the employment of white child slaves in the cotton mills of the South which has been far reaching in its effects is the closing down of a number of cotton mills in New England. The operatives, in the latter, have been thrown out of employment and now find themselves confronted with the most serious problem of earning their daily bread.

Skilled in their particular line of

knowledge will avail them aught.

A striking case in point, where all these facts are strongly accentuated, is the recent shutting down of the Greenwoods Cotton Duck Mills in New Hartford, Conn., where seven hundred operatives were thrown out of work on short notice and left with their families almost destitute and facing the rigors of a New England winter.

New Hartford is a New England

CHILD LABOR IN THE SOUTH CHEAPER THAN THIS MAGNIFICENT WATER POWER, ABANDONED BY THE GREENWOODS COTTON DUCK MILLS.

work, knowing no other trade, the gradual shutting down of the New England cotton mills has shut off the demand for their labor and they find themselves without work and without the prospect of work in any kindred industry where their skill and

manufacturing town of about four thousand inhabitants, situated in a beautiful valley, on a small river, about seventeen miles west of Hartford, the capital of the State. Unlike most towns of its size in New England, which have a variety of small

industries to give employment to its inhabitants, New Hartford has been almost solely dependent upon the Greenwoods Cotton Duck Mills for its prosperity.

These mills were opened by the

The mills were enlarged and improved until the present plant covers an immense acreage on the banks of a large river which furnishes a superb water power.

In line with the policy of the Cotton

SOUTH END OF THE ABANDONED GREENWOODS COTTON DUCK PLANT.

Greenwoods Company, which was organized in 1848, fifteen years after the inauguration of the cotton industry in New Hartford in 1833.

With the formation of the Cotton Duck Trust, known as the Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Corporation, the Greenwoods mills were absorbed. For more than fifty years

Trust to gradually transfer its mills to the South, the Greenwoods Mills finally succumbed to the inevitable blow, and last September the order was given to shut down indefinitely.

While vaguely anticipated, the actual closing of the mills came as a stunning blow, not alone to the operatives and their families, but to the merchants and others whose very existence depended upon the life of the mills and their hundreds of employees. For nearly a century the Greenwoods Mills had been the heart and life of the little town, and they had come to be regarded as permanent a fixture as the land upon which they stood.

ON THE MAIN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO THE POSTOFFICE.
IN HEART OF BUSINESS DISTRICT.

the duck manufactured by the Greenwoods Company has been considered among the best in the world, and the trade mark of the New Hartford concern was a guarantee of highest quality.

The operatives and their families, numbering about twelve hundred, or a third of the entire population, found themselves confronted with a serious situation. There was no other industry in the town which could offer them

employment, and they were forced to seek elsewhere. Thereupon a general exodus took place and fully one-third of the population left precipitately, and the once prosperous little town has been left in the commercial doldrums.

Many of the small merchants were forced out of business, and stores and houses are vacant on every hand. The sudden removal of nearly \$16,000 a month in wages has well nigh para-

their places, unable to move their families, with no prospect of employment, the outlook for them is indeed gloomy.

What is true of New Hartford's experience is also the case in many other New England towns, where, however, owing to a more central location and a variety of allied industries, the effects of the shutting down of the cotton mills have not been so acutely felt.

THIS END OF TOWN ABSOLUTELY DESERTED. NOT ONE HOUSE TENANTED.

lyzed the business of the community, and the present outlook is most depressing.

Many of the operatives who, by their thrift and economy had acquired their own homes, now find themselves the greatest sufferers, and the coming winter will be one of privation for their families. Unable to rent or sell

Connecticut has always been foremost in the framing of laws against child labor, and most rigid in their enforcement, and the present action of the Cotton Trust in closing its Connecticut mills inflicts a penalty on that State's progressiveness—and humanity—in having enacted and enforced such wise laws.

NEW BOOKS

LOVE AND THE SOUL HUNTERS; John Oliver Hobbes; Funk & Wagnalls; \$1.50.

In "Love and the Soul Hunters" Mrs. Craigie demonstrates that she not only knows modern life and understands modern men and women, but also is an artist in delineating them. The dramatis personæ are not mere types, nor are they simply tongues to express the authoress' opinions; each one has a distinct and clear-cut personality, and the plot follows naturally because the people are what they are. A few rapid, skilful strokes and the minor actors stand before you as plainly as any person you ever met; while the development of the character of Prince Paul of Urseville-Beyelstein is the main interest in the book. Indolent, pleasure-loving, a sentimentalist whose loves blaze up and flicker for a day, he is placed in fine contrast with Dr. Felshammer, strong, authoritative, loving but once, and that with a coercive, possessive passion that is determined to win. One waits, as did Felshammer in the beginning, to see which one of the two men in him Prince Paul will finally become—"a king in the best sense or an individual in the most futile sense;" and whether the girl who wants the best or nothing will finally bring out the best there is in him. And when in the end she wins, and he, for the sake of love and a real life, renounces his claim to the throne and the aristocratic life which he recognizes is out of date, one cannot help regretting that there is nothing better open for him than the career which he chooses in the financial world of the United States. Mrs. Craigie has an unusually good grasp of the business world, and makes her American financier aptly say, "As for this phase of big combinations, it is a kind of feudalism in money, without any of the romance that seems to have gone with feudalism."

Bernarr MacFadden's New Weekly.

THE CRY FOR JUSTICE. An illustrated weekly paper. Published by Bernarr MacFadden. \$1.00 per year.

This paper has many excellent points, but it seems to me that Mr. MacFadden will be unable to make the thing take with the American public unless he recognizes the necessity of organized political action to carry out

his views. The following extract from one of his editorials shows that this is not his view; and it seems to me, from my own experience in the political movement of the country for the last fifteen years, that it is quite impossible to make a paper go upon radical lines unless you have an organization to back it up. He will not find Republicans or Democrats helping him, nor will Socialists help him, as they have plenty of publications of their own advocating practically the same thing that Mr. MacFadden is advocating, and at the same time building up an organization to carry out the programme they desire.

Politics are to a certain extent similar to business. The leaders must be thorough business men, and they must have a liberal supply of that uncommon possession called common sense. It may be we will not have to go far in order to vote for such a party, for the two great parties at the present day endeavor to mirror the needs of the majority. They may be slow in taking up new issues. They are clothed with all the conservatism that goes with long-organized bodies, and changes must naturally be slow, but every voter must remember that it is far better for him to vote for a powerful party which promises even minor needed reforms than for another party which advocates all that he desires and which has not an earthly chance of electing its representatives.

However, Mr. MacFadden means well, and he will learn by experience.

JOHN SWINTON. By Robert Waters. Kerr & Co. Chicago. Price 25 cents.

Robert Waters and John Swinton were shopmates in a New York printing office more than forty years ago, and at the time of Swinton's death, within the last year, their friendship had never been interrupted. Mr. Waters now tells us what manner of man Swinton was in the eyes of one who knew him so well. The narration is pleasant reading—cordial, cheery, at times breezy. It describes Swinton as a type-setter among his fellow-craftsmen;

tells how he studied several professions; how he stepped from the composing-room to the editorial department; and then the author pictures the development of the man as he measured himself with the writers and history-makers of the day. The little biography goes further. It attempts to lay bare some of the curious idiosyncrasies which

always kind and gentle with the poor and humble, he was often imperious and arrogant with the haughty and powerful.

Swinton's motive as a reformer was indignation at social injustice; and his principal purpose in raising his voice seemed to be the denunciation of political and economic wrong-doing.

*Raithfully
John Swinton*

made Swinton one of the bolder figures of New York, or, indeed, of the country. Swinton in the course of one interview could play heroics, transcendentalism, oraculism and farce. He could send away the interviewer thrilled, convulsed and puzzled. He could talk with extraordinary extravagance, and did so to his own enjoyment; but he could also write simply and soberly. Though

He never harped on a special cure, nor ran after a popular fad. Mr. Waters' story of his "career and conversation" is rich in suggestive incidents of Swinton's life; every page was written with the view of telling something, and the reader is not asked to read irrelevant letters or accounts of tedious trivialities. The facts are poured forth with the spontaneity one might expect

were he to make inquiries for the truth about the man who has passed away and be answered by the man's friend in his best mood. Mr. Waters' good heart prompted him to tell the rest of us about Swinton, and his good brain guided him in his style of presentation; for in arrangement and diction, thought and taste, his talent is manifest. Those radicals who read an overbalance of gloomy matter may recover their poise of mood in the wholesome and hearty strain of Mr. Waters' pages. It is a certainty that the little work will circulate even beyond the ranks of radicals.

J. W. SULLIVAN,
Author of "Direct Legislation."

EDGES. Alice Woods. Bowen-Merrill Co.
\$1.50.

Alice Woods is an artist, and quite a good one, judging by the illustrations she has made for this book of hers. They are much above the ordinary, and possess, though in black-and-white, a good deal of what she would probably term color. They have a certain style and distinction. The book has a pleasant square page of light brown paper, printed in beautiful, broad black type—a delight to the eye. In addition to the illustrations, there are decorative initial letters at the beginning of the chapters, and the cover of the book is agreeable. With these merits, and because it is written by an artist who is a woman, one takes it up with warm anticipations.

I am bound to say, however, that so much of the book as is not binding, paper, print, decoration, and illustrations, is not of a quality to delight the lover of good literature. One can easily suppose that a young lady of talent goes to Paris, and attaches herself to a studio, and perhaps even lives

in the Quartier, and has friendly relations with other students; and that she develops artistic abilities which justify her in having taken so courageous a step; and that, in addition to learning something about drawing and composition, she acquires proficiency in the studio slang, and shows a real gift for referring to everything visible in language which people who lack the artistic eye find difficulty in understanding. And we may suppose that this young lady writes letters home to her friends which are full of the esoteric language above mentioned, and which contain smart bits of would-be humorous description of the things and of the persons she sees; and that she also keeps a journal, in which are entered similar descriptions and epigrammatic observations. And when she comes back to her own country, the recipients of her letters praise them to her quite sincerely and very enthusiastically, and tell her that they ought to be printed; and she re-reads the journal, and finds that also to be full of things quite as good as those in the letters; and what is easier than just to invent a little thread of a love-story on which to string these vivacious scenes and characters? Nothing is easier; and it is pleasant to feel that one's genius is not confined to a single branch of art. Accordingly she sets to work, and she makes the pictures and writes the story, or writes the story and makes the pictures, it may be; and here is the result. She draws her ideal man; and as for the heroine, we may surmise that she does not have to go very far afield for her; and the other personages are ready to hand. It is artistic not to have too crowded a canvas. It only remains to call the structure by some eccentric name—"Edges" will do—and here we are, written, published,

and launched upon the world. I has said in her heart, "I will be unconventional; I won't be satisfied merely with calling my book 'Edges,' but I will have the man fall in love with the girl under unconventional circumstances; it shall be just a little *risque*, as we say in the dear old Quartier; she shall read Whitman, and admire Carpenter, and talk with a delightful freedom, and be very independent, and yet very feminine in the true sense; and she shall seek the hero out in his lonely hut on the sea-shore, where he has come to be a hermit; she shall invade his hut, and burglarize his solitude, and make his tea, and criticize his pictures, and laugh at him, and astonish him with her depth and cleverness, and dazzle him with her beauty, and protest that she can't endure being complimented and made love to; and a storm shall come up, and she shall pass the night in his hut, he in one room and she in another; but still—think of it ye foolish, prudish people!—in the same small hut, all night, far away on the lonely sea-beach, with the storm howling about them! Is she not truly a heroine, and he a very Bayard! Of course, I mean nothing wrong, any more than she and he did; I shall marry them in good time; but they are to have their little fling first, and talk the most wonderful talk you ever heard. In all it shall appear, though she shall never, mind you, in the slightest particular forfeit the respect due to the most virtuous of her sex—she shall appear, I say, as rather taking the management of the thing into her own hands; she shall seek him out, keep on making him visits, even after the storm episode; she shall lead the conversation, and be daring and retiring in the most bewildering alternation; and at the end she shall herself do the proposing; though

For my own part, I feel most amiably about the whole matter, and would not for the world, merely because, being a reviewer, I am obliged in honor to read the story from beginning to end, make that accidental circumstance the pretext for speaking disagreeably about it. There are, I am sure, many persons who would disagree with me, were I disagreeable; they know the author, and know she is clever and writes cleverly, no matter what anybody else may say. So I shall leave the story to them, merely remarking that if I do not chance to enjoy having persons and scenes portrayed in terms of the palette and paint-shop, that is simply an idiosyncrasy of mine, and may well be kept in the background. I know and like a great many women who are not George Sands or George Eliots, or even Mrs. Humphrey Wards; and I am glad that they are not those august individuals. I may prefer Thackeray or Dante or George Meredith or Daniel Defoe to modern novelettes about American girl art-students in Paris, and the handsome and chivalric men artists who fall in love with them, and whom they distinguish by their love; but what of that? I am not everybody, thank Heaven! and I am old enough to know the wisdom of keeping my preferences to myself.

But there remains one subject to which I may still call attention; and that is, the theme which the story is designed to illustrate. Miss Woods

shall herself do the proposing; though

not until she is quite sure that he was on the very verge of doing it himself. In short, says Miss Woods to herself, "I will show the world that an artist can do as she likes and come out all right, provided of course that she does nothing she ought not. This is the way the world ought to be—Hear, O Israel!—perfect freedom of intercourse between men and women, only they must be perfect ladies and gentlemen, and never fail to conduct themselves as such. *Voyons!* let us reform society, and get rid of the old pokes and the fogies, and give the community a good, wholesome shock!"

In such a guise does our innocently *risque* little friend come before us. If we are in the least good-natured, we will give a great jump, and pretend very hard to be really scandalized, and so send the child happy to bed. Dear me! Could anything be more daring than that night in the hut? And are we really coming to such things? Well, well! And they were married after all, you say? Well, that's a mercy; but really, you did give us such a start; and then that volume of Walt Whitman! Dear, dear!

Yes; but can't you see the artistic motif—the Socialistic motif—vibrating all through the innocent foolishness? There is in Miss Woods the germ of genuine revolt, in spite of her self-conscious strutting and whistling to keep up her courage. She does not want to be governed, to be hemmed in and drilled, to be told she must and she mustn't. Walt Whitman may seem to her, in her secret soul, monstrous dull reading; but if she is told that he is not a writer whom a well-conducted young lady ought to read, she will read him, if it takes a leg. She may be scared to death at the notion of staying all

night alone in the same house with a man; but if she is provoked and dared to it, she will—if not do it herself, yet—make her heroine in the story do it. If she is admonished that no young lady who is a lady will tell a man she loves him until he has told her that he loves her, what will she do? Why, she will go straight and tell him that she loves him—or her heroine will, of course after having satisfied herself that he is all right, and perfectly safe, and desperately in love with her. She will, no matter what you may say; so there!

This sounds terrible, does it not? But, in truth, it is all right, and in line with the general drift of things. People are afraid of Socialism; but what is it, but a desire to be—not wicked—but good in one's own way, and at one's own initiative? We do not intend to break the Ten Commandments, or any of them; but we won't tolerate self-elected persons sitting up in a high seat and telling us that we must obey them whether or not we like it. We will be independent; we will govern ourselves; not because we mean to misgovern ourselves, but because we are conscious of a great truth, to wit, that no goodness is goodness that is not voluntary and unforced. It is not the thing that is done, but the spirit that does, that counts. We will be no longer puppets and slaves, but free men and Socialists; and yet, as you will see, we will get married in proper form at the end of the story. That is the moral of Alice's little book; and it is not a trivial one; far from it, be the book itself what it may!

John Hunt Home

David and Goliath.

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made. After that, I had no more trouble, and my friend drank no more coffee. But the most surprising part of the experience was the change that soon came over her.

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She returned to her home in December, and was married within less than two months after. She never fails to give credit to Postum for her health, or thanks to me for teaching her to make it properly, and well she may, for Postum has done for her what travel, doctors and medicine failed to do."

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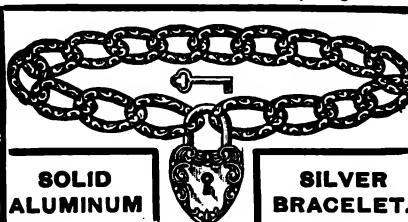
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The Patriotic Calendar

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Short Fiction

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However, any effort to enumerate in full the attractions which THE PILGRIM will offer its readers in 1903, makes only too apparent the hopelessness of the task. Many features, not above mentioned, are already in hand; and the editorial policy of keeping abreast of the changing times and ideas renders it certain that the things which will interest our readers next July are subjects of which to-day we know nothing. Suffice it to say, THE PILGRIM will always be found in the forefront of public movements.

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Will be paid to any person who can show that any of the Testimonials printed here are not genuine, and that we do not have the original letters on file at our office.

Wishes to Recommend Our Institute to Everybody.

DEAR SIR,—Your valued letter of the 18th of June received and will gladly give you the requested permission with signatures. I thank you for everything you have done for me in the way of restoring my health, and am willing to recommend you to anyone who will write to me.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., June 30, 1902.

Respectfully,

MISS ANNA SHIMIAN,
10 Harmon St.

The following with signatures are given to attest the truth of the above statement.

I hereby testify that Miss Anna Shimian has regained her health by the use of your medicines.

I hereby testify that Anna Shimian has been restored to her health by the use of your medicines.

MARIE YOHEMKO.
MRS. F. STOLEN WORTH.

No Doctor Could Help Him.

Dear Doctors,—I cannot thank you enough for your care. I doctored my sore foot for fifteen long years, but no doctor could help me. I at last noticed your advertisement in the paper, and do not need to regret it for I am entirely cured, and thank God and your medicines. I can recommend these wonderful medicines to anyone.

LOGAN, KANS., June 14, 1902.

Yours truly,

You may publish this letter for it is the truth, which I attest with the undersigned names of neighbors, who know me personally.

B. HERMAN, CONRAD NEEHR, GEO. SEILER, JOHN HOFFMAN.

Cured of Varicocele.

KENT MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

Gentlemen,—I, the undersigned, suffered with varicose veins and red and black spots, my legs being covered with them. These spots had broken open and caused me terrible pain. I feel like a young man since using your medicines, although I am fifty-four years old. I will gladly give any desired information in regard to my case.

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 2, 1902.

KARL GRENEBERG.

We, the undersigned, give our word of honor that the above statement is correct.

Witnesses: HENRY RATZMAN, FRANK GAFFKET, PAUL KOHLER,
FRANK MEYER, A. KOLBERG.

Cured Her Daughter.

Dear Doctors.—We received your letter and note from the same that you wish to know how our daughter is. We should have written before but wished to see whether the pimples would return when she discontinued the use of the medicines. She has not used any medicines for several weeks, and looks very well, and we thank you that you cured her for we tried three doctors, but they failed to help her. If we should ever be visited by sickness in our family we know whom to consult. We will also be pleased to tell anyone what you have done for us and give you the permission to refer to us.

CLINTONVILLE, WIS., July 28, 1902.

Respectfully,

MRS. MINNIE CORDS.

Our sample will convince the most skeptical of our ability to cure. Write today for our generous offer, and learn for yourself the truth, the way to a cure, tried and not found wanting, and how easily you can obtain the desired relief through the agency of honest medical treatment.

KENT MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 404 HOUSEMAN BUILDING, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Hypnotic Control

I have just prepared a Mail Course of five complete lessons on this subject, and have them bound in booklet form. The Complete Mail Course will be sent to anyone for only 10c. silver. This course of instructions contains my latest discoveries and methods with which you can hypnotize any subject, no matter how hard. I have written them for the benefit of professional hypnotists, and all who wish to greatly increase their percentage of success. No matter, student, whose instructions you have, and no matter what your degree of success, if you send me 10c. I will send you this complete course, which will enable you to fasten on to any incomplete instructions and succeed right from the start. No matter whether you have ever studied hypnotism before or not, you will find yourself succeeding at first trial. You can hypnotize anyone that complies with these original methods. I repeat that you are just as sure to hypnotize the first person

that complies with these methods as you are sure that the sun rises and sets.

These complete instructions, mind you, will be sent for only 10c., actually enabling you to thoroughly master all herein described, without further charge. This book also contains methods for Self-Healing that will not fail. I absolutely guarantee that when complied with they cannot fail to cure diseases that medicine cannot touch at all. Anyone can be a practical operator in all Occult Arts who reads this Mail Course. This book contains my very latest discoveries, which enable all to induce the hypnotic sleep in themselves almost instantly, at will, awake at any desired time, and thereby cure all known diseases and bad habits. Anyone can induce this sleep in himself at first trial, control his dreams, read the minds of friends and enemies, see absent friends, communicate with disembodied spirits, visit any part of the earth, solve hard questions and problems in this sleep, and remember all when awake. This so-called Mental Vision Lesson and four others—one in Self-Hypnotic Healing, Control of the Sub-Conscious Mind in the waking state, and several strong healing methods are all contained in this little book, which will be sent to anyone for 10c. silver, enabling you to be as good an operator as anyone living. Mind you, this can be successfully accomplished by the study of this little book, without further charge.

I am so absolutely confident that you will be successful right from the start, with these instructions, that I will send them Subject to Examination, if so desired, just to prove to the most skeptical that they form the best course ever sold for 10c., and to all who send the dime, if any should be dissatisfied, money will be cheerfully refunded. But this Mail Course is just as described, for I would not dare to use the mails for any fraudulent purpose. This bargain offer is limited, so send at once to

Prof. R. E. DUTTON,

Lincoln, Neb., U.S.A.
Lock Box 440

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(TUBERCULOSIS), BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CATARRH

QUICKLY CURED at Your Own Home

Tuberculosis germs cannot live in the presence of the ingredients of Lung-Germine, the marvellous German remedy that has revolutionized the treatment of consumption and lifted it from the roll of deadly, fatal diseases and placed it in the curable list.

The German medical profession, chemists and specialists have declared Lung-Germine the only safe, reliable Consumption and Lung Trouble germ destroyer ever discovered.

Consumptives given up to die, DON'T lose hope; we will cure you and will consider it a personal favor if every reader of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE afflicted with any of the above diseases will send for a FREE SAMPLE of Lung-Germine and full particulars for home treatment.

THE LUNG-GERMINE COMPANY 19 Weber Block, 218 Main Street
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"5-DROPS" CURES

MATISM, RALGIA, NDRED DISEASES.

"5-DROPS" is the only medicine in the world that cures Rheumatism in all of its forms and stages. Rheumatism is a blood disease, and is caused by uric acid (and uric acid) being retained in the blood. The removal of this painful malady by eliminating from the blood all other impurities which may prevent the free circulation of the blood is the only way in which a permanent cure can be secured. "5-DROPS" is an internal and external remedy, and is an absolute cure. "5-DROPS" taken internally will dissolve the uric acid in the system and cleanse the blood of all impurities. "5-DROPS" to the afflicted parts will stop the pain. The cause of the disease is being sure. Aches, pains and soreness disappear as if by magic.

Rheumatism is caused by the blood being impure, resulting in the impairment of the nervous system. The lack of nerve force in the centers which is certain to cause the disease. The blood is at once purified and the condition it invariably terminates in a whole nervous system and often means "5-DROPS" will give quick relief and effect in the most painful malady. It cleanses the blood, stops the pain, and in a remarkably short time restores a normal condition. No other remedy will cure the nerves centers or give such instant relief.

TEST LETTERS.

BERNARD BENBE, Goodell, Iowa, writes:—"I have taken about one bottle of '5-DROPS', and it has cured me of Rheumatism. I have had the Rheumatism for three years; went on crutches for about two years and could not rest day or night. After taking one-half bottle of '5-DROPS' I was well in a week, and I will praise it as long as I live."

MRS. JAMES McCARTER, 409 Edmund St., St. Paul, Minn., writes:—"Your '5-DROPS' is the best medicine I ever used. I was a cripple with Rheumatism for nine months. The sample bottle which you sent me gave me relief, and I procured two large size bottles of the remedy and after using am entirely well."

"5-DROPS" WILL QUICKLY RELIEVE AND PERMANENTLY CURE

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Asthma, Catarrh, Nervousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Malaria, La Grippe, Backache, Nervous and Neuralgic Headache, Toothache, Earache, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Creeping Numbness, Sleeplessness, Sorefula, Eczema and all Blood Diseases. Best remedy in the world for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and Bronchial Troubles.

All that is required to keep in perfect health is to have the disease germs destroyed, the blood purified and the nerves and muscles strengthened to normal condition. That is what "5-DROPS" does, and that is the reason why it will give immediate relief and cure so many different diseases. A test of "5-DROPS" will prove all that we claim, and the trial bottle costs you nothing.

SENT FREE TO ALL

Cut out the Coupon in this advertisement and send direct to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., with your name and address, and a trial bottle of "5-DROPS" will be mailed to you at once. Write today.

NOTE—Large size bottle (300 Doses) will be sent prepaid to any address for \$1.00. If it is not obtainable in your town, order of us direct.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.

NERVE-FORCE

is a Home Remedy; a noble UNGUENT for external application. It is founded upon the principle that Suffering, Premature Decline and Premature Death are the direct, and indirect, result of

DORMANT CIRCULATION;

that rescue is assured only by reestablishment of the CIRCULATION of Blood to normal by directly charging the controlling battery-cells with an element imitating the nerve force prepared for that purpose by Nature from food and air. This imitative element is our faithful NERVE-FORCE, and it will positively reestablish the most sluggish CIRCULATION to par.

If the vital organs are intact this consummation means full restoration even in greatly complicated cases. In fact, the disentanglement of fateful complications is only possible by unlocking Nature's life-current from the outside. By the records of twenty years' work; by the Gold and Diamond Medals for life-saving we have won, we prove that our NERVE-FORCE is the key. It is of...

by reading us that you can understand us, so we do not advertise our Remedy, but our NERVE-FORCE JOURNAL, which explains its every detail. We send this free (in plain envelope) to as many addressees as you may send us. We are also prepared to prove (by the only evidence that should appeal to thinking men and women—unimpeachable, autographic testimony of their peers) that chronic, progressive, undermining "Diseases," unrelenting Pain, abnormal Growths, Shrunken Flesh, miserable Skin Blemishes, etc., are absolutely mastered by this logical (and only reasonable) manner of attack. We say "only reasonable" because it is factually unreasonable to lash (or coddle) the vital organs by pouring drugs into the stomach—or to "cut" the anguished flesh in "operations." Are you not sick and tired of stomach-drugging and threats of "the knife"? Then, either for yourself or others, kindly send for our details to-day. They are absolutely free.

MR. and MRS. GEO. A. CORWIN, 610 Mt. Morris Bank Building (51 E. 125th Street), NEW YORK CITY.



WHAT IS YOUR REMEDY FOR THE TRUSTS?

The Independent, during the next six months, desires to receive and print the views of ten thousand people regarding the cause and cure for the Trust evil. State your ideas pointedly. Tell the whole story in not more than two hundred words. Write plain. What causes Trusts—tariff, freight discriminations, or what? What is the remedy—free trade, tariff for revenue, protection, government ownership, populism, Socialism, single tax, or Jeffersonian democracy? Give your idea.

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I HAVE the best lands in the great San Joaquin Valley for the price. You can raise from 12 to 18 sacks of wheat per acre, average weight per sack, 140 pounds, average price 1 cent per pound. You can grow, at small expense of irrigating, with big profits, oranges, lemons, peaches, olives, apples, apricots, cherries and, in fact, all kinds of fruit and vegetables. Poultry also pays well. One farmer raises from 600 to 1200 turkeys annually, easily marketing them at from \$1.50 to \$2.00 each. Good schools, churches and societies for mutual benefit.

I extend a cordial invitation to all who desire to buy land here to make their stop with me and I will assist them in every way possible to make their selection, all free of cost. Write me for information.

H. H. MINER,

LE GRAND, Merced County, CAL.

MORPHINE HABIT

**\$10,000 a Year is the Salary of a Man Who Was a
Victim of the Morphine Habit Up to Two Years Ago
and Was Cured By the St. James Society.**

CURED FREE

**This Society Will Send Absolutely Free a Large Trial
Bottle of This Wonderful Medicine to Any One
Addicted to the Morphine or Other Drug
Habits— The Trial Bottle Has
Cured Many Light Cases.**

The following interesting story, told by this gentleman, who now holds an important position in one of the largest banking houses in New York, is a fair sample of the thousands of letters received from grateful patients who have been lifted from the slough of despond by the St. James Society. The story is told in the gentleman's own words:

"About ten years ago I had a long spell of sickness, and to ease my suffering our family physician injected morphine into me four times a day. The result was the drug habit grew on me until I felt I could not get along unless I was full of morphine or cocaine. I lost my position, which I had held for fifteen years, my friends forsook me, my family became so ashamed of me they practically disowned me; in fact, I had given up all hopes of ever being of any use to myself or any one else. I lost my vigor and my ambition; I became depressed and was a total mental and physical wreck. About two years ago I heard of a number of people who were just as bad as I and had been cured by the St. James Society, and I made up my mind if this society could do for me what it did for these men whom I knew I would give it a trial. So I sent for a trial bottle, which the doctors sent me absolutely free of charge, and before I had taken all the trial bottle I felt a change come over me; in fact, the *first* trial almost cured me of the desire for drugs, and the St. James Society gave me the only comfort and encouragement I had received in five years. I immediately sent for a supply of the medicine, and inside of two months I was entirely cured. I lost all desire for morphine, cocaine and other drugs I had been using. My appetite became better, my strength returned and I was fully restored both mentally and physically. I did not think it possible for any medicine in the world to do for a human being what this medicine did for me. Within three months after I had become cured I secured my old position, and am to-day drawing \$10,000 a year, which is more salary than I was getting when I lost my position a few years ago. I now make it a point to hunt up any one who is addicted to the drug habit and give him a trial bottle of the St. James Society remedy. This society is truly a God-send to those poor sufferers who have fallen into the use of morphine or other drugs, as I had."

There are many thousands of men and women in all walks of life whose experience has been similar to the one given above, who were mental and physical wrecks until they took a free trial bottle of the St. James Society remedy, which gave them instant relief.

The St. James Society was organized a little over three years ago for the sole purpose of curing and lifting up the thousands of unfortunate people addicted to morphine and other drug habits. The doctors of this society, who have made a life study of the morphine habit, discovered that what these people needed was a little encouragement and support, which they did not get from friends or relatives. It is remarkable how quickly a person addicted to the use of drugs will do everything in his power to become cured as soon as he finds some one who gives him a little support and encouragement.

The St. James Society has a clean, sure remedy, which was discovered by one of the most skilled physicians after years of experience. It is a strong tonic and stimulant; it builds up the system, soothes the nerves, invigorates the brain and kills the desire for morphine, cocaine, laudanum and any drug the patient may have been using. Over 4,000 doctors are now prescribing this remedy with great success.

LARGE TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

As evidence of their implicit confidence in the power of their medicine to cure any one addicted to the morphine or other drug habit, the doctors have made arrangements with the publishers to send a trial bottle absolutely free, in plain package, to any one who will write the St. James Society, suite 2212, 181 and 183 Broadway, New York, and mention having seen this liberal offer in Wilshire's Magazine. The genuineness of this offer is fully guaranteed by the publisher. Any one may write with perfect freedom to the doctors, as all correspondence is strictly confidential, and letters are returned if so requested.

? Why Drink?

What has it ever done for you but harm? Try life again now without it.

There is a way now of making resolutions that keep, that cannot help but keep.

Even the moderate drinker will be interested in Dr. Bartlett's Free Book.

The most enlightened treatment now is a kind which takes hold of a man at once. Instead of dulling a drinker it gives him almost immediately the snap of new life and power—lets the sunlight of hope into his soul at once and sets his mind into operation with all his best intelligence—a prompt result of effects on the nerves, stomach and whole body which are quick and marvelous.

With this help against the drink disease any man who wants to lift from his life the handicap of liquor-using can do so with immediate results. This guaranteed treatment is in reach of all. Convenient terms can be arranged satisfactory to anyone who is at all reasonable, though, as all people understand, it does not compete with the worthless quack cures advertised at so much per package, or "Free." Another allurements to the ignorant is the absurd pretext that such "cures" can be given unawares to drinkers in their tea, coffee or food and will reform them. It is a different matter from all this to perfect a course of thorough, special, personal treatment that will really do the work. It is a serious undertaking and requires a high form of scientific professional specialism. All the different kinds of cases are handled under guaranteed results. Only skill that is developed to the highest can do it. Only professional fees can pay for the time it requires. The methods of practice used in this work have cost years of time, vast study and expensive experiments. The originator, Dr. Daniel C. Bartlett, has attracted wide notice for his works on "The Nervous" long before perfecting this treatment. He has now practiced it as a specialist for twelve years. And still nothing but care and personal attention to cases to-day make it possible for him to accomplish the absolute cures which he guarantees. So the reader will see this treatment means thorough, scientific, professional attention. But it also means results that are absolutely certain. The splendid first effects on a man are alone worth entire cost of treatment.

Free Consultation. All correspondence without marks indicating contents.

Free Book

Dr. Bartlett's latest treatise on the causes, various types and successful treatment of the liquor appetite—a 96-page cloth-bound book, interesting alike to the moderate drinker and the confirmed victim of alcoholism—mailed free, in plain envelope, to any address. D. C. Bartlett, M. D., Suite 1165, No. 155 Washington Street, Chicago.

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has used this remedy in every case of Epilepsy he has treated for the last ten years, and he has yet to find the case he can not cure.

FREE

If you are subject to Epilepsy, write for this free trial treatment at once before some fatal accident befalls you while in an attack. Address Dr. Charles W. Green, 2 Monroe street, Battle Creek, Mich.

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Makes the Lame Walk and Performs Modern
Miracles Which Astound and Mystify
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"I WANT THE SICK TO WRITE ME," SAYS THE GREAT HEALER.

Tell the People that My Services are Free, so are the Services of My
20 Eminent Specialists.

Tell Them They Can Be Cured at Home; That I am Giving my Great Discovery to the World,
That All May Be Well and Enjoy the True Blessings of Perfect Health.

truly carrying on a grand work. He is President of one of the largest healing institutions in the world. He employs twenty eminent physicians and specialists to assist him with his work. He spends thousands of dollars every year in giving free advice and help to the sick. No matter where you live, the services of the best specialist may be yours. All you have to do is to write a letter to Prof. Adkin describing your case, and he will immediately diagnose your disease and explain the proper home treatment for your speedy recovery. This will not cost you a single cent. No money is asked for this service, none is taken. If you are sick and want to make a donation for the purpose of carrying on the work, such will be thankfully received. Prof. Adkin will also send every sick person who writes him within the next thirty days, a free copy of his wonderful new book entitled "How to be Cured and How to Cure Others." This book is highly endorsed by leading physicians, it contains invaluable information in regard to diseases and what to do in cases of emergency. It should be in every home. Remember, it costs you nothing if you write to Prof. Adkin now.

Mrs. Daubert, of 2522 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "Your treatment has restored my mother to perfect health. It seems like a miracle, as the very best physicians gave me very little hope. They said her trouble was incurable. It seems as if she had almost risen from the dead."

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Alex. Moffatt, of 538 Brown St., Rochester, N. Y., writes: "When I applied to you for treatment I was, as I might say, a physical wreck, suffering from pains in the chest and stomach, also poor digestion and on the verge of nervous prostration. I had tried most everything and had about given up when I tried your treatment. My pains have gone, my nerves are strong and I feel like a new man. I wish you success in your noble work."

Mr. J. N. Purdy, Purdy's, N. Y., writes: "I have been suffering from severe stricture and bladder trouble for over three years. I was given up by my physician as incurable. My urine had to be drawn from me and the scalding and burning was intense. My suffering was almost unbearable. I took advantage of your offer, and to my great astonishment I was relieved the second day. Your cures are certainly wonderful."

If sick be sure to write Prof. Adkin at once for free help. Be sure to state the leading symptoms of your disease, how long you have been sick, etc. Your letter will be treated with the strictest confidence, and receive immediate attention. Address Prof. Thomas F. Adkin, office 637 D, Rochester, N. Y.

PROF. THOS. F. ADKIN.

President of the Institute of Physicians and Surgeons.

"My ambition in life is not money," says Prof. Adkin, the great healer, who is daily curing men and women of the very worst diseases after learned doctors have pronounced their cases hopeless. His method of treatment is somewhat mysterious, but the fact that he cures the sick when all else fails, when the doctors lose hope and science despairs, is demonstrated beyond controversy. No matter whether you have Consumption, Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Dyspepsia or simply an ordinary Cold or Fever, they are all alike to Prof. Adkin. He cures them all, he cures you quickly, painlessly, permanently at your own home. He also tells you a secret method by which you may keep yourself in perfect health. Without exaggeration, it can safely be said that Prof. Adkin is the most interesting, remarkable and wonderful physician healer of the age. His only talk, his only thought is How to cure incurables, to bring hope to the hopeless, joy, sunshine and happiness to the miserable and suffering. He is

If you are interested in my treatment for the removal of superfluous fat, write to-day. You will be delightfully astonished at the promptness and ease with which the results of removing the adipose tissue are accomplished under my treatment. Particulars upon receipt of 2-cent stamp. Correspondence strictly confidential.



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A GENUINE \$50 GOLD WATCH in appearance, magnificent full engraved double hunting case, stem wind and set. ACCURATE RUBY JEWELLED WORKS which is timed, regulated and fully GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS. Send this to us and write if you want Ladies' or Gents' watch, and we will send the WATCH & CHAIN C.O.D. \$3.75 and express charges to examine. If as represented pay \$3.75 and charges and it is yours.

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Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes

obtained by forcing the growth. **LAYORINE** makes them grow **Long, Thick, Luxuriant.** Price, 25c. Stamps taken. PROF. W. CLAY DAVIS, M.T., 1281-82 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

Will send you hundreds of addresses of people who have been patients of mine for 10 years, and you can write to them and verify my statements. **GRASP your OPPORTUNITY** and you will gain your desires. Pope, the great poet, writes, "Whoever disseminates true Astrology is a public benefactor." Shakespeare says, "The Stars above us govern our conditions." Why should You doubt? Send your birth date and 10c. and I will send you a Trial reading.
L. THOMSON, DEPT. 30, KAN-AS CITY, MO.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

Little capital required. Send 2c. stamp for particulars to-day to **REX TRADE SUPPLY HOUSE**, Dept. W, 194 Broadway, New York City.

SENT ON 3 DAYS' TRIAL FREE!

The Co-ro-na Medicator

Cures Catarrh, Head-Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Partial Deafness, Sore Throat, HEAD-ACHE, La Grippe, and all Diseases of the air passages by inhalation.

The most perfect appliance ever offered.

Read the testimony of Dr. C. H. Cass, Holton, Ind., in the March number of the Medical Brief, the largest medical Journal in the world:

"I am using a recent invention, which is giving excellent results. It is E. J. Worst's inhalation treatment. The treatment with douches is slow; with the Worst treatment it is far more prompt. It will please you."

E. J. WORST, Ashland, O.

Hayes, Ala., 1901.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find price of the Medicator. I have been using it for two weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing, something I have not been able to do for years. I always had to stop singing to clear my throat. My husband is surprised at my improvement.

Yours truly,
(Signed) MINNIE COLLINS.

SPECIAL OFFER.

For a short time I will mail to any reader naming this paper one of my new improved CO-RO-NA MEDICATORS charged with medicines for a quick home cure, on 8 days' trial FREE. If it gives perfect satisfaction, send me \$1.00, (half price), if not, return it at the expiration, which will cost you only 8 cents postage. Could any proposition be fairer? Address

E. J. WORST,

AGENTS WANTED. Not Sold by Druggists. 57 Elmore Block,

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Is Life Worth Living?

Thus asks many a poor pain-wracked consumptive, catarrh, lung and throat sufferer after weary months or years of untold agony. If you are now asking this question of yourself, try the Slocum System of treating these obstinate diseases, as illustrated below, and learn how satisfactory is the answer. A full **FREE** and complete course of the four remedies will be sent you.

The Consumptive Can Be Cured A MASTER TREATMENT

Did you ever hear of a **Master Key**?

The Slocum System of treatment consists of four remedies, each of which is a **Master Key** to certain organs of your body.

This infallible system of Medicine unlocks the door held shut by Disease, and lets in the sunshine of Health.

It is a **Master Treatment** and certain Cure for Disease.

The four remedies taken singly, or together, or alternately, according to directions contained in every package, will positively cure you.

Consumptives, lung sufferers, catarrh victims, and all who are troubled with any disease or weakness of throat, chest or lungs, will find in the Complete Slocum System quick relief and positive, permanent cure for all their ills.

And this complete **FREE TREATMENT** of Four Scientific Remedies is yours for the mere asking.

If you are sick, write me at once. If you are well, write so as to have these most potent remedies in the house, in case of emergency, for yourself or for your neighbors.

Simply send your name and full address to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 98A PINE ST., NEW YORK,

mentioning *Wilshire's Magazine*, and the **FOUR FREE REMEDIES** will at once be sent you.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Slocum System is medicine reduced to an exact science by America's foremost Specialist, and our readers are urged to take advantage of Dr. Slocum's generous offer.

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Electric Clock with incandescent night-light. Artistic, portable, an ever-ready timekeeper. Simply press a button and the clock face is illuminated.

Some of the most practical uses to which electricity has ever been put are represented in our large array of novelties—electric gas-lighters, cigar-lighters, etc.

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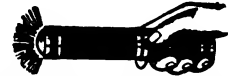
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Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

February, 1903

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"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

Wilshire's Magazine mailed postpaid to the United States and Canada for fifty cents per year. To foreign countries the subscription price is \$1.50 per year. Postal cards, each good for one year's subscription, will be sold in lots of eight or more at rate of twenty-five cents each. Each card is good for one year's subscription to this magazine. For one dollar the magazine will be sent to any American address for four years.

All remittances should be made by postal orders or by cheques payable in New York City. Wilshire's Magazine should be found for sale upon all news stands at five cents per copy. Our friends will confer a favor by seeing that the magazine is displayed upon news stands. The American News Co. of New York will furnish the newsdealers with Wilshire's Magazine; unsold copies are returnable at full price.

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If you do not get your magazine promptly each month, or if you have changed your address, notify the New York Office, 125 E. 23d St., giving your Present Address and your Former Address in full, so that we may look the matter up without delay.

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

Published by the United States Publication Co., N.Y. Office 125 East 23d St., New York

\$3.1 FOR FRIENDS OF WILSHIRES

WE NOW have nearly one hundred thousand subscribers, and want two hundred thousand more and appeal to every reader of this magazine to help us secure the new subscribers in the shortest time possible.

To accomplish this object we will continue to sell our yearly subscription postal cards to agents, each card good for a full year's subscription to WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, at a price that will allow the agent a splendid profit. Write at once for agents' rates on subscription cards. Here is an opportunity to make money selling the cards and to help along the good work. We are going to give a large number of valuable prizes to the agents buying the largest number of subscription cards between December 10th, 1902, and May 1st, 1903.

PIANO

To the person buying the largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a Harvard Upright Cabinet Grand Piano, 74 Octaves, Three Pedals, Ivory Keys, Graduated Pedals, including soft stop practice pedal. Beautiful Colonial design, mahogany, walnut or oak with hardwood back. Full swing music desk, rolling flat-board with continuous hinge. Height, 4 ft. 6 in. Length, 5 ft. 2 in. Width, 3 ft. 3 in., made by the famous John Church Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, known the world over for the superior excellence of their instruments. Catalogue with full description may be had by writing the John Church Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Price..... **\$350**

PIANO-PLAYER

To the person buying the second largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a Pianolist Piano-Player. Plays any piano and any one can play it. It does not alter the appearance of your piano, and the piano can be used in the ordinary way or played by the Pianolist, a wonderful instrument that will afford great pleasure to the winner. For full particulars giving full description, write to the Adek Manufacturing Co., 123 Fifth Ave., New York. Price **\$175**

GRAPHOPHONE

To the person buying the third largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a Columbia Grand Graphophone. Spring motor, producing several pieces with one winding. Uses a Grand Cylinder. Complete with horn and attachments for making its own records. From phonograph entertainments can be given, talking to the audience between selections rendered by the instrument, and this will be found a good way to sell subscription cards. The instrument is described on page 18 of the catalogue issued by the Columbia Phonograph Co., 93 Chambers St., New York. Price **\$50**

GRAPHOPHONE

To the person buying the fourth largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a Columbia Grand Graphophone, same as third prize. Price **\$50**

BILLIARD TABLE

Two-third standard size. Massive of solid oak, golden finish and strictly high class, of excellent playing quality. It is quite popular as a dining table. It has a removable top and is fitted with imported French billiard cloth, solid rubber billiard cushions. Dimensions of the table: Top 8 x 5 1/2 feet, slate bed 32 x 64 inches inside the rails; extra dining top, 4 x 8 feet. Shipping weight, boxed securely, about 400 pounds. Fitted with 4 ivory billiard balls, cues, chalk and tips, or 15 pool balls, cue balls, triangle, etc. Price..... **\$50**

LIBRARY TABLE

To the person buying the sixth largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a decidedly attractive and typical Dutch Library Table. This table is supplied with a beautiful and removable top, made of selected oak, weathered finish; is fitted with fine rubber cushions, French billiard cloth, and with extra dining top is ideal

for the home, a summer cottage or club resort. Dimensions of table 8 x 5 1/2 feet, slate bed 32 x 64 inches inside the rails. Approximate shipping weight, securely boxed, 350 pounds. Billiard outfit: 4 genuine ivory 2-inch billiard balls, standard color; billiard counters; 4 selected maple cues, chalk and extra tips; or fitted as a Pool outfit, 15 solid composition fancy striped pool balls, numbered, 1 white cue ball, 4 select maple cues, 1 triangle, chalk and extra tips, patent invisible pockets. Price..... **\$45**

POOL TABLE

To the person buying the eighth largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give the most perfect portable Billiard and Pool Table made. Beautiful and rich in design, highly polished, mahogany finish or quartered oak. Combination billiard and pool table. Scientifically constructed the same as most expensive tables. Solid rubber cushions. Easily moved to and from the top of the dining-room table. Covered with imported French billiard cloth. 8 feet by 5 1/2 feet. Complete pool and billiard outfit, with 4 cues, triangle, chalk and tips, 4 ivory balls, counters etc. Complete description of all these tables will be found in catalogue, which can be obtained by applying to the makers, The Combination Billiard Mfg. Co., 926 New Claypool Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Price..... **\$30**

CHAIR

To the person buying the seventh largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a University Reclining Chair, beautifully upholstered, and fitted with a book rest, and adjustable back and arms, that can be converted into firm wide shelves for writing, holding books, etc. Descriptive catalogue can be had by writing to the manufacturer, Geo. Sargent & Co., 280 Fourth Ave., New York City. Price..... **\$43**

WATCHES

To the persons buying the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give an open face stem winding, stem set, gold-filled Watch. A first-class accurate time-keeper, that with ordinary wear will last a lifetime. Will be suitably inscribed. \$25 each. Price..... **\$125**

BICYCLES

To the persons buying the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give a first-class Bicycle, either lady's or gentleman's wheel, standard make. \$25 each. Price..... **\$125**

CAMERAS

To the persons buying the nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third, largest number of yearly subscription cards we will give one of the celebrated "Al-Vista" Cameras, for time and snap-shot exposures, fitted with extra rapid rectilinear lens, brilliant view-finder, rotating and showing exactly what will appear on the negative. With it you can make 2 1/2 inch by 4 1/2 inch or 3 inch by 9 inch pictures. Has indicator showing when film is brought into place for each exposure. Heavy nickel fittings, covered with fine black morocco leather and beautifully finished. Made by the Multiscope & Film Co., Burlington, Wis. Illustrated and descriptive catalogue may be had by applying to the manufacturers. \$20 each. Total..... **\$100**

\$2,000 MORE GIVEN AWAY IN CONSOLATION PRIZES

To everyone entering this contest, and buying twenty yearly subscription cards or over, and failing to win one of the prizes above, we will give a substantial present. No one entering this contest will be disappointed. All will be satisfied, both from the profit on the sale of the cards and the prizes awarded, besides the great joy of helping forward the happy day we are all working for.

REMARKABLE

Wilshire's

 FOR 25 cents

TO AGENTS AND FRIENDS:

I now have the 100,000 subscribers but still am after the 200,000 more and want you to help me secure them in the quickest possible time.

I will sell my yearly subscription postal cards, each card good for a full year's subscription to Wilshire's Magazine, at the astonishingly low price of 25c. each. I cannot afford bookkeeping, at this price, so please remit cash with order, and order at least EIGHT cards.

Better order as many postal cards as you can at once as I may be obliged to withdraw this offer any time.

I am doing my part—will you do yours? Lend a hand to-day for the 200,000 new readers!

REMEMBER, 8 CARDS FOR A \$2 BILL

A \$1.00 Magazine for 25c. a Year

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

Wilshire's Magazine

125 E. 23d St., New York

HERE IS EVIDENCE

*The best in the world that the stock
offered for sale by the now celebrated*

National Gold & Silver Mining Co.

is based on a first-class, high-grade mining proposition. During the month of December we sold MR. J. P. MCCREEDY, a department manager of THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY, of Chicago, 5,000 shares in our Company, he having heard that the Company had well-known, responsible business men connected with it who had entire charge of its affairs. After purchasing this stock, he made a business trip to California, and on his way back, unbeknown to us, he stopped off and personally inspected our properties at Stein's Pass. After thoroughly investigating them, immediately upon his return to Chicago he wrote us as follows:

This ought to be conclusive evidence that our proposition is right, as this keen business man would not invest his money in it if he had not found that it was fully as good or even better than represented in our Prospectus.

MARCH 1st, 1903

we shall close the sale of this present allotment of stock which is selling at **20 CENTS PER DOLLAR SHARE**, and that date will be the last you can secure any stock at that price, as it will be advanced 25 per cent. at that time.

You Should Not Delay a Minute

in securing some of this stock if you want to get an investment that is bound to pay you a

Large Income for Life

The value of this mine is not prospective, but certain. All of the prospecting has been done. The ore has been found and thoroughly tested, and is rich in gold and silver. We actually have **\$200,000.00** of this rich gold and silver ore all mined and on the dump ready for the concentrating mill, which will soon be completed, and over **\$2,000,000.00** opened up in the mine and ready for hoisters.

This Company is Managed by Men of Recognized Ability

and known integrity who have made splendid commercial successes—men whose previous commercial accomplishments guarantee the stability and success of this undertaking.

The Following Table Shows You What You Can Get for Your Money

\$2,000 will buy	10,000 Shares,	par	\$10,000
1,000 will buy	5,000 Shares,	par	5,000
200 will buy	1,000 Shares,	par	1,000
100 will buy	500 Shares,	par	500
40 will buy	200 Shares,	par	200
20 will buy	100 Shares,	par	100

If it is not convenient to pay for the stock in cash, we will reserve any reasonable amount upon a payment of 25 per cent. with order, 25 per cent. in 30 days and 50 per cent. in 60 days.

Write us to Reserve you a Block of these Shares

For this allotment will go quickly. Many are having shares reserved while getting money ready. Why not you? Our Prospectus tells the story. It is **FREE** and the most straightforward story of a mining opportunity ever offered. Write for it to-day. Please mention this paper.

THE NATIONAL GOLD & SILVER MINING CO.

Suite 100, 70 La Salle St., Chicago

PLEASE ADDRESS REPLY TO

WICK DEPARTMENT,

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF N. Y.

34 CLARK STREET,

J. P. MCCREEDY.

CHICAGO, ILL. December 24, 1902

National Gold and Silver Mining Co..

70 La Salle St., Chicago.

Gentlemen:-

I subscribed for 5,000 shares of your stock. Since then I have been upon your properties at Stein's Pass, New Mexico, and as a result of my personal investigation you may double my subscription, as I found the mines in every respect as represented in your prospectus.

Yours very truly,

J. P. McCreedy

President, MARK R. SHERMAN, formerly Vice-President and Director of the Western State Bank of Chicago.

Secretary, SAMUEL W. WINN, formerly Bank Cashier and Manager of the Securities Department.

Treasurer, EDWIN HEARTT, practical miner of years of experience who is now on the ground overseeing the construction of our plant.

MEXICAN GOLD DISCOVERED

Buried Beneath the Surface of a Rich Mexican Mine Lies Millions in Gold

Also Bullion Supposed to be Hidden During Old Mexican and Spanish Wars, Now on Eve of Discovery

A traditional mine worked by the early Spanish missionaries is discovered by Faustino Castro, a poor Mexican prospector. This famous property has produced millions in gold and silver, which was being taken out and shipped to Spain at the time its location was lost, when the slaughter of all the miners took place at the hands of Apache Indians during one of their uprisings in Mexico.

There is perhaps no more famous mine recorded in history than was the long-lost Tarasca. In Mexico the name Tarasca is a household word, a synonym for riches. It has been the theme of conversation among prospectors and miners of Mexico for the past century or more, and it has been the hope of every one that he might be the lucky person who should rediscover this famous old mine.

For more than a century parties from Spain and other countries have made pilgrimages to Mexico to hunt for this mine. Large sums of money were spent in these undertakings, but until recent years the secret remained locked up in Nature's bosom.

FAME SPREADS

Having been worked by the Spaniards and early missionaries, the richness of this mine has spread its fame over two continents. To such an extent was this true

for safety during the Indian troubles. During these violent times the miners and owners were driven out and massacred, and the location was lost and the treasure never recovered. Large rewards were offered in later years for the rediscovery of the mine, both by the Spanish Government and private individuals, but to no purpose, until Faustino Castro, a poor Mexican prospector, accidentally stumbled upon it.

The old workings can be plainly traced on the surface for more than 3000 feet, and there are large trees growing out of these old cuts. The trails cut out of the solid rock show where the ore was packed on donkeys to water some distance away to be worked. At this point are some thousands of tons of the old tailings, which are covered to a depth of three feet with soil and grown over with large trees. These tailings are now being worked over by Mexicans at great profit.

CRUDE MACHINERY

At the time when the mine was formerly worked mining methods were extremely crude and machinery and

The above is a picture of the Steam Hoist and Dump on the Tarasca Gold Mining Property.

that no history of Mexico, and particularly the State of Sonora, was considered complete without the history of this fabulously rich old property. The Tarasca mine is spoken of in Ward's "History of Mexico," and also mentioned by Humboldt as one of the most famous mines in Mexico, and there is supposed to be several hundred thousand dollars in bullion buried in this mine. This bullion was buried in the lower workings of the property

Hugo Reichenbach, the Eminent German Mineralogist, now President of the Tarasca Gold Mining Company of Mexico.

explosives were practically unknown. As has been shown in numerous cases none but the very richest of mines could be worked by the crude methods then in use, and, without exception, these old mines when reopened and worked by modern methods have proven very rich and yielded large fortunes to their fortunate owners.

All Californians know that Multi-millionaire Dan Burns of this State has made the largest share of his wealth from one of these old Mexican mines, situated but a short distance from this property, and being, when he took hold of its development, but an old deserted mine, having no such history of its richness, nor did it make any such showing on the surface as the property owned by the Tarasca Gold Mining Company of Mexico.

Faustino Castro, the discoverer, first struggled without any capital, absolutely refusing to accept any of the offers made of the necessary money to work the mine, which meant the loss to him of the lion's share of its riches. Finally, however, he permitted some other parties of limited means, whom he feared less than the capitalists, to take hold of the property, and together a small plant was secured and work started. The last parties to work this valuable discovery were more anxious to find the fortune hidden in a lump some place in the old workings than they were to take out the profits from the ore, which was very rich, and properly develop the mine. The result was they did not give the proper attention to timbering the shaft as they proceeded. The consequence was that after they had reached the 350-foot level and cleaned out some of the drifts, taking care during this development nearly enough money from shipping ore to pay wages of continuing the search, that just as success seemed ready to crown their efforts they were summarily stopped by a cave at the 200-foot level, which absolutely prevented further work. As their means by this time were entirely exhausted it was impossible for them to reopen the shaft.

EXPERTS REPORT RICHES

Two reliable mining experts examined the property and ascertained positively that, from the showing made on the surface and down to the 200-foot level, together with assays made from ore on the dump, the mine was very rich, and required but the necessary capital to clean out the cave, which they estimated could be done at an expenditure of less than \$25,000, absolutely placing the property on a basis paying at least \$20,000 a month.

A reorganization of the company has taken place, with Hugo Reichenbach, the eminent German mineralogist, as its head, and once again the Tarasca mines will soon be yielding up its fabulous wealth on a gigantic scale.

The machinery is all on the ground, as is also 100 cords of wood. The Superintendent, Robt. Barnett, one of the most successful mining men in the West, is now at the mine and systematic work to open up this valuable property has already been started. Weekly reports from him will be mailed to each stockholder from the office of the Company.

Since the reorganization of the company the president has been besieged with requests from wage earners and others of limited means who are familiar with the great possibilities of this rich mine to secure a small interest in stock and participate in the dividends which are sure to follow the re-opening of the property to those who know it and are wise. And Mr. Reichenbach never identifies himself with any property which is not much more valuable than a prospect.

At a recent meeting of the directors the desire on the part of Mr. Reichenbach to comply with such requests was met with much opposition from other parties interested, who insisted on keeping the treasury stock intact; but as Mr. Reichenbach explained that his former success in mining had been made possible by just such small investors, and that each of the present owners now hold stock sufficient to make them wealthy beyond their former dreams, he succeeded in arranging for the sale of a limited amount of the treasury stock at a price and upon terms which he knew would be most satisfactory to his former friends, the small investors. It was determined, however, at this meeting that not more than \$700 worth of shares or less than \$25 worth of shares should be sold to any one person. The president of the company insisted, and it was so decided, that any amount of stock so purchased from \$25 worth of shares up to \$500 worth of shares could be paid for in 10 equal monthly payments, for, as Mr. Reichenbach, explained, that it would be impossible for many worthy people struggling for a better living, whom it was the company's desire to benefit, to pay all cash down, while all could spare a few dollars a month, according to their

Every care has been taken for the protection of small investors. The articles of incorporation and the by-laws of the company make the stock absolutely non-assessable.

It was further decided at this meeting that these small investors should under no circumstances forfeit any money paid in for stock. That is, if one should subscribe for 100 or more shares and, after making one or more payments, be unable to meet an installment, stock for every dollar that had been paid shall be issued to the purchaser.

When this liberal action of the company was made public there was a demand for stock, and many were the thanks lavished upon President Reichenbach, who made it possible.

If there are any readers of this paper who desire to stand in, in a small way on this wonderfully rich mine they are advised to write to Mr. Reichenbach, President Tarasca Gold Mining Company of Mexico, 620 Market street, San Francisco, and arrangements will be made to get a few of them in on this desirable mine.

Officers, Directors and Prominent Stockholders

HUGO REICHENBACH **PRESIDENT**
German Mineralogist.

HERMAN S. MARTIN **TREASURER**
Formerly of Swasey & Martin, Bankers, Provo, Utah.

HON. ROBERT BARNETT . . . SECRETARY
Ex-Internal Revenue Collector 4th District of California.

HON. H. S. FOOTE
United States Judge, McAllister, Indian Territory.

MARSHALL B. WOODWORTH
United States Attorney, Northern District of California,
San Francisco.

HON. S. C. DENSON
Ex-Judge Superior Court, Sacramento, Cal.

L. L. ROSENTHAL
President Rosenthal Shoe Co., San Francisco, Cal.

Maps, pictures, affidavits and information regarding the property will be furnished free upon application.

RETURNS FROM THE MINE

The following letter received by the owners of the Tarascon Mining Company's property from the Consolidated Kansas City Smelting and Refining Company gives the net returns from one of the last shipments of ore from the mine, \$1,534.25 after freight charges were deducted. This shipment only included 165 sax, as the letter states:

**CONSOLIDATED
KANSAS CITY SMELTING AND REFINING
COMPANY,
MEXICAN ORE COMPANY.**

HERMOSILLO (Sonora), Aug. 15.

Dear Sir: Conforming to your telegram of the 14th inst, please find our settlement sheet No. 1450, covering your last shipment of 165 sax ore. Also our draft, No. 1335 for \$250.00, U. S. Cy. in payment of same. And Sonora R. R. expense bill for \$32.70 Mex. silver, freight paid. We re-assayed your lot, but could not find any difference with first results. I will advise El Paso Works to send me the results of their samples and, if there is any difference, I will send you a correction on same. I also send you by mail a pulp sample of lot. Have sent triplicate settlement sheet and M. T. sax to Mr. Cunningham, Torres. Please sign and return the two inclosed receipts, and oblige.

Yours Very Truly,

Mark H. Hanless

RT. REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON

BISHOP OF CENTRAL NEW YORK

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Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 55

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1903

50 Cents Per Year

CROSBY : A THINKER WITHOUT THE "H"

RHINEBECK, N. Y.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE,—When I read your glowing articles on "scientific Socialism" I feel (as I have sometimes felt in the past while reading the lives of some of the most interesting French Catholics of the last century, Montalembert and Lacordaire and the rest,) what a fine thing it must be to swallow the whole business and belong once for all to this enthusiastic band! I can see the advantages of embracing a party, religious or economic. It is very convenient to have a pope like Karl Marx, a book of scriptures like *Das Kapital*, to be completely satisfied that you are one of the elect, and to be cocksure of just what is going to happen in the future. I can see the disadvantages of my own position, too. My Utopia is not so very different from yours. It is a world where every man shall have a free field in which to work and get the full value of his labor, and where the private appropriation of rent, interest and profit shall have

ceased forever, together with class distinctions and international and race jealousies and antagonisms. But when a new convert comes to me and says, "What must I do to be saved?" I confess that I have nothing very definite to offer. Beyond telling him to love his neighbor as himself and live accordingly, and to do what he can to forward the Single Tax movement as a means of assuring justice in the use of the raw material of the globe, I have nothing to tell him. And as I see no prospect of the adoption of the Single Tax anywhere within a reasonable period of time, I am deeply sensible of the weakness and indefiniteness of my advice. Some of my best friends in the reform movement, who were economic agnostics like myself a year or two ago, have gone into your camp, and I am convinced that they have done it, unwittingly perhaps, with the sole object of having something definite to recommend. "Join the Socialist Party," "Vote the Socialist

ticket," is such easy advice to give! I should like to have such a formula ready in my pocket. It is like the Roman Catholic's call to come into the only true fold, which is salvation for those who can believe that it is; but, alas for me, your infallibility seems to me as questionable as that of the Vatican. I wish to put a few of my doubts before you as a father-confessor. Perhaps you can exorcise the demon of reason which is ever lurking in my heart. And first,

(1) What is meant by the end of the competitive system? Competition seems to me to be a rule of Nature which we cannot escape. In your Socialist state A, B and C will make boots and A will make them better than either of the others. It will follow that C, D and E will prefer to have A's boots. There is competition at once, and it seems to me to be a healthy thing in itself, furnishing a continual incentive to B and C to improve. Your magazine competes with the Century, Atlantic and Socialist Spirit and I do not see how it can help it. I presided once at a public debate on the "Evils of Competition," in which two professors took part, and the Socialist professor, who condemned competition root and branch seemed utterly unconscious of the fact that he had been competing most intensely the whole evening, just as Socialism itself is competing with Individualism. In the co-operative commonwealth you will have your foremen and managers and you will select them from the best workmen and it will be a competitive system whether you call it so or not. When you speak of the end of the competitive system, is it not the evils of competition alone that you mean? Centrifugal force has its evils, but I should hesitate about entering a world

in which it had been abolished. If, then, there is good in competition, why should we make a bugaboo of it and attempt to root out a necessary part of our nature?

(2) How can you be sure that state ownership of all the means of production will not be a colossal failure? It seems to me to be a highly artificial way of attaining an end which ought to be attained automatically. It is natural that a man should have the product of his labor. The appropriation of it by others is unnatural. Private rent, interest and profit are, I believe, unhealthy growths upon society, due to artificial restraints. How can you be sure that this is not so? Until you know that free trade, free banking, free land and the other freedoms will fail to assure to every man the full product of his labor, is it wise to build up a complicated machine to achieve the same end? Would not a campaign for the removal of unjust legislative obstacles be far wiser? The healthy man walks automatically without thinking about it. A Socialist state would be like a victim of *locomotor ataxia* who has to apply his mind to every step.

(3) Admitting for the purpose of argument the desirability of a fully organized co-operative commonwealth, how can you be sure that it will develop along political lines? The lesson of history, past and present, clearly indicates that such development will be industrial and not political. The transfer of power in England from the great landlords to the commercial and manufacturing class was a purely industrial movement. The only assistance which it obtained from legislation was the abolition of the corn laws, which were artificial interferences with Nature. By the same token the proper course to pursue at the present time in

America would be in the direction of a similar removal of artificial obstacles to natural industrial evolution—such as the repeal of the protective tariff and the overthrow of the land and banking monopolies. You recognize the development of Trusts as the first step towards your Utopia. It has been a purely industrial development. Not only that, but it has been opposed and is still opposed at every advance by the political world. It owes nothing to legislation, but has been constantly threatened by legislation. Now, is it common sense to suppose that a development which has been exclusively industrial, will suddenly become political? All the vitality of our progress today is in the industrial field. The political world is dead, and its efforts at an appearance of life are merely galvanic. What hope is there for a transference of life from one field to the other? The real life of the working-class movement is in the trade-unions, because with all their faults they are industrial. Your Socialist Party is barking up the wrong tree.

(3) Furthermore, if as you say, the evolution of the Socialist state is inevitable, what is the use of all this expenditure of time and money on the dismal details of partisan activity? Here you are in the same boat with the predestinarians. They believe that the elect were preordained from the foundation of the world, and yet they send missionaries to the ends of the earth. If the Trusts are doing your work so handsomely, why not leave them alone to accomplish it? For in your party-building you are creating all the evils of partisanship and the *odium theologicum* has long been eclipsed in New York at any rate by the *odium Socialisticum*.

(4) The matter of class-consciousness has been so thoroughly threshed out that I do not care to raise it again in its entirety. On that subject we differ hopelessly. But I should like to point out that almost all the class-conscious people I know, and I know some of your principal leaders, including yourself, belong to the opposite class! And I know dozens of wage-earners who have not a class-conscious idea. Here again from your own point of view the trade-unions are fairer representatives of the class movement than your party.

I am not much of a hand at prophesying; I think that modesty is becoming in treating of the future. But if I were forced to hazard a guess at the immediate future of the labor movement, I would say that it seems probable that larger and larger combinations of capital on one hand and of labor on the other will be formed. That before long these twin monopolies will find their interests to lie in the formation of a partnership between capital and labor for the division of the spoils, the division giving the lion's share to capital. At the same time the consumers as such will be forced to combine in self-protection. This combination will not be political because the state will be dominated by capital. That meanwhile a crisis may be caused by overproduction on the lines which you have so vividly predicted is quite likely, but it seems to me very certain that the resulting arrangement will be formed in the industrial field and not in that of politics. And it surely would be far better so, for I do not see how the devil of Officialism will ever be cast out of the State. In turning every individual into a representative of the State, you are in great danger of turning him into a prig.

I suggest these difficulties with all deference, and just as I might politely hint at the inherent improbability of the Immaculate Conception to a Paulist Father. You may be right, but then again you may be wrong, and if all your efforts to secure Socialist state-treasurers and sheriffs are misdirected, does it not behoove you to re-examine the foundations of your faith? It is a great comfort to know everything, but timid minds like mine are forever fearful of knowing things that are not so. Yours sincerely,

ERNEST H. CROSBY.

DEAR CROSBY,

I don't quite like to crucify you by answering your letter publicly, but since it is your desire to be covered with this ignominy, I presume you must be like those individuals in the past, who took their pleasure in life wearing hair shirts and walking with peas in their boots, for the edification of the public.

In the first place, the Socialist no more expects to make or force society to pursue a course of voluntary development because he points out that this is the natural order of things, than did Darwin expect that men must and would develop along the lines of evolution, which he had discovered, owing to the fact that they had read his book. We Socialists are true prophets, because we have been scientific investigators of sociological movements in the past, and only from the past we determine the future. You, my dear Crosby, don't believe in evolution because Darwin is your pope, nor do I believe in Socialism because Karl Marx is my pope. We believe, simply because we understand the reasons from which Marx and Darwin drew their conclusions. It is just as absurd to talk about being converted to Socialism as

it would be to talk of being converted to mathematics because you may have been shown that a column of figures added up produces a certain result.

Yes—I say join the Socialist Party and vote the Socialist ticket, but I don't say it as you would say vote for the Single Tax. I simply say it because the people who do this are those who recognize the inevitability of Socialism, and are not vainly trying to bring about any artificial state of affairs, as you Single Taxers are trying to do. We have an ideal of the future Co-operative Commonwealth in which there will be a brotherhood of humanity, and where man's soul will have a chance to live. This is an ideal which appeals to everyone. It may seem to you an impossible ideal, but certainly it is much better than having no ideal at all, which is really the position of you Single Taxers. Your idea is to allow one or two fellows like Morgan to own the earth, and rely on the rest of us taxing them as much as we can; that the large majority of us should live on the outskirts of civilization, on a kind of Pingree potato patch, and enjoy the delights of modern industrial development as best we may by having the privilege of getting a two-acre plot of land without paying rent to any private owner. I will agree at once that the Single Tax would allow a man to be sure of life in a primitive way, say approximating to that of the peasantry of Ireland, if they had no land rent to pay, but such a life has no attractions for me. It's better than starving and that is all you can say for it.

You ask what is meant by the end of the competitive system. You mean, of course, the competitive wage system. By that I mean that we propose ending the ownership of the earth by a few

Morgans and Vanderbilts, and having the rest of humanity competing among themselves as to how cheaply they can afford to sell their services to these owners without starving themselves to death. Every Socialist believes that a man should have the right to his product, subject to the necessary deduction for the support of public parks, libraries, certain free public institutions for the care of the sick, the young, etc.

If under Socialism, A makes better boots than C, and B prefers giving more of his labor time in exchange for A's boots than for C's, there can certainly be no objection ; but such is not the state of affairs today. As it is now, D, in the form of Mr. Morgan, owns the earth and gets approximately everything which is produced above and beyond what is required by A, B and C to live upon. They are simply fighting for the bones that drop off his table.

Again, I believe that in the future almost all necessities are going to be produced by machines. When you buy a barrel of flour today you don't go into all the details as to what miller ground it and as to what farmer raised it. You know there are an enormous number of barrels of flour in the market of a certain standard of quality, and you don't think about the particular individuals engaged in the manufacture of that flour, and it is the same way with the bread from the flour. When you take a car on Broadway, you don't pick out a car with a particular motorman ; the service is all about the same quality. When you want a glass of water and turn on the faucet, one glass of water is as good as another, without reference to what individual has been employed at the pumping station to pump it. You Single Taxers seem to think we have

never left the personal stage of production. You are like old ladies, who think no one, but their own particular milliner, can make them becoming bonnets.

You ask, how can we be sure that state ownership of all the means of production will not be a colossal failure? You might as well ask of the unborn baby how he knows that the ownership of his legs by himself is not going to be a failure, and tell him that he should give over the ownership of them to somebody else, some Mr. Morgan. These means of production, which we now see growing into shape on all sides of us, are relatively to our body politic what the body of the unborn infant is to its soul before he is born. They are for our use and joy when we are born into Socialism.

You don't believe that these great industrial enterprises should be owned by the people collectively organized. Then you must believe, as the only alternative, that they should be owned by Morgan. There is no other choice. You talk about us building up a complicated machine. My dear Crosby, the machine is already built up. The question is whether it is going to be used to give freedom to the people or be allowed to be owned by Mr. Morgan and to keep them in slavery. Now, don't let me give you an impression that I have the least feeling against Mr. Morgan. As I have repeatedly said, if we are going to have anybody own this country I don't know of any one we could have elected who would be better suited for the position than Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan is simply a product of our industrial evolution and we are exceedingly lucky in finding such a great man for the place in which Fate has placed him. He can no more prevent being where he is, than we could

have prevented being where we are. When we make still further progress in our industrial evolution we are not going to part with Mr. Morgan; we will absorb him; make him part of our body politic; use his great genius for the public welfare instead of allowing it to be diverted to the piling up of wealth which he doesn't know how to use.

Yes; you say a healthy man walks automatically, without thinking about it, and that the Socialist state would be like a victim of *locomotor ataxia*. You must remember that the healthy man didn't walk automatically when he was an infant, no matter how healthy a baby he was. It is the same way with the Socialist state. When society has emerged from the womb of our present competitive system into the co-operative era, it, too, may be wobbly; but it will be wobbly like the healthy infant that has not yet become accustomed to using its legs. You never yet found a baby that learned to walk by having somebody else do the walking for it. Sometime or other it had to get out of its nurse's arms and use its own legs. We have now about outgrown the period when it is necessary for our nurse, Mr. Morgan, to trundle us around.

You ask me how I feel sure that when the people recognize the desirability of a Co-operative Commonwealth it will exhibit itself in a political movement? I answer that the only method by which the people can consciously and intelligently exhibit their desire for Socialism is by means of a political party having a definite Socialist Ideal. They certainly cannot exhibit it by not voting at all, nor can they exhibit it by voting for the Republican or Democratic parties. The Socialist Party gives us the only medium to express our views.

I agree with you that all the vitality of our progress today is in the industrial rather than the political field. I don't know whether your mind is Hegelian enough to understand that the Socialists really propose making the industrial absorb the political, rather than have the political absorb the industrial. They don't always say so, but they know it all right enough. In other words, we recognize that Mr. Morgan constitutes the real source of political power in this country; and, recognizing this, we propose making the industrial centre coincide with the political centre, and make Mr. Morgan's office an elective one, just as we recognized the necessity, a hundred years ago, of making the autocratic office of king an elective one and changed the name to president.

I can understand how it does not appear to you that there is any reason for us Socialists striving to introduce something which is apparently inevitable without such efforts; but again to return to the illustration of the baby, you know perfectly well that if the baby be dead, and so fails to strive to be born that the mother, without its help, often dies with it. It is necessary if we expect to be born again, for us ourselves to strive toward that rebirth. It is so very necessary that we cannot help doing it. The infant does not strive to be born because it consciously realizes that there is a future before it; it strives in obedience to the inexorable laws of Nature, and cannot help it. We Socialists strive for Socialism because we cannot help it.

As to class-consciousness, my definition is that he is class-conscious who recognizes the necessity of the rebirth of society into a state in which the implements of production shall be owned by the people as a whole instead of by

a class. I would define a man as not class-conscious, no matter whether he is a workingman or a millionaire, if he thinks we can continue as we are at present by tinkering with the taxes, or the tariff, or the banking system, or any other futility in the shape of a reform.

To conclude, I would refer to your remark about the electing of Socialists as treasurers, sheriffs, etc. If you were as conversant with the ideas of the leaders of the Socialist movement as I am, you would know that there is a consensus of opinion that it is our misfortune that the growth of the political movement leads to the election of such officials. We would much rather have

a referendum upon the desirability of Socialism than be compelled to work along ordinary political lines and put certain individual Socialists into minor administrative offices; it is almost certain to be a source of great annoyance to us in the near future as the Socialist Party grows in votes. I recognize as clearly as you do the danger of electing men to offices, which have an individual reward attached to them, when the only reason we put them there is to express our desire for the social reward for all. However, under the existing circumstances, it is impossible for us not to accept this risk.

Faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

THE AMERICAN IDEAL

IT is cynically remarked by many that we Americans have lost our ideals. As a matter of fact, it is absolutely impossible for a man to lose his ideals, although conditions may be such that unless he sees or thinks he sees the possibility of realizing them he feels it futile to dwell upon them. We Americans are today largely of the opinion that our old ideal of freedom for the citizen seems to have become an impossibility. There was a time when we all thought that individual energy and talent on the part of the citizen were all that was necessary for him to acquire an independence and be as good as anybody else.

We always realized that economic independence depended upon the possession of wealth; and now, inasmuch as a great part of the wealth of this country has passed into the hands of the Trusts, the individual acquisition of wealth has become an impossibility to the great mass of the people. We have given up hope of any distribution of the wealth held by the Trusts through the enforcement of Anti-Trust laws, and but few of us yet see that this distribution can be effected by State Ownership.

Judge Grosscup, who recently made a very learned speech about the Trusts, a *resume* of which has already been given in this magazine, says that the

first step toward the regulation of the Trusts should be the repeal of the Sherman Anti-Trust law. Of course he is right; but since he does not propose any other law to take its place, it is really a confession of a most pessimistic attitude on the part of a man who should be thoroughly competent to judge of the situation. His logic, however, is keener and clearer than that of President Roosevelt, who proposes all sorts of remedies, and each one only more manifestly impossible than the previous one, for the solution of the Trust problem. As between President Roosevelt and Judge Grosscup I prefer Grosscup's position, for he realizes the futility of things as they are, and I take it the great mass of the American people are in agreement with him on this point. We no longer have any confidence in Roosevelt and his political confreres who talk about proceeding against the Trusts on the old lines. We have largely resigned ourselves to Grosscup's position that nothing can be done. We do feel, however, that there is a future which is going to be different from what the present is. This feeling is inborn with us. We cannot get rid of the idea that America means something more than a mere pleasure ground for a few Goulds and Vanderbilts to use as a pleasure park. That the public ownership of monopolies would be a great step toward the attainment of our ideals would hardly be questioned by any one who has given the Trust problem any thought.

I appeal to the young men of America to come forward and help toward the realization of the American ideal of freedom. It is really you who should bear the brunt of assisting in making the change from the present autocratic industrial condition to a

democratic one. You realize well enough that the country is certainly rich enough to make the very suggestion of the necessity of poverty a ghastly mockery. If your grandfathers could look to a future of happiness and freedom and wealth, when they had no dream of the labor-saving machinery of today, then certainly it is not flattering to your intelligence if you think that poverty is necessary when we have at hand such abundant means to prevent it.

What is the young man of America doing today to realize the ideal which must be within his breast?

Practically nothing. Instead of paying attention to political and industrial developments he is more apt to be speculating on the result of a football game or what horse will win the race tomorrow. Instead of having pity for the poor of the country who are suffering from unnecessary poverty, he is wasting his life in pool and billiard rooms, smoking cigarettes.

He goes to school and college, and his main idea is not to acquire culture or learning, but to get sufficient credit marks to graduate him with the least possible work, that he may have the greatest possible amount of time to devote to dissipation. This is certainly no flattering picture; and it has a very depressing effect upon those people who, as they view the country, do not see any reason for a change in the sentiment and conduct of our young men. However, I can see that the mode of life of the young man of America today, while most deplorable, has not quite succeeded in utterly destroying his ideals. The trouble is simply that the conditions which may look to their realization seem so impossible to him that he is now dissipating energies which would under other conditions be

turned into better and nobler channels. It is not that the young American does not wish to control his own country and his own destiny, but simply that he does not see how to do it. It is the mission of the Socialist not only to inspire these young men with the ideal of commanding their own destiny but also to show them how this command can be attained. The "reform" school of politics, some twenty-five years ago, attempted to appeal to our young men by holding up to them the ideal of honesty in office as the great ultimate. This movement has failed of its purpose, and in consequence a great many of the men of the Carl Schurz type, and those whose views are represented by the editorials of the New York Evening Post, are becoming exceedingly pessimistic. After all, this is but natural. The average young man of today has no property. He knows if he goes into politics he loses caste with his business associates, the general theory throughout the country being—and it is a well-founded one—that "politics ruin a man." This, of course, refers to going into politics with one of the old parties; for no one goes into politics with one of the old parties except with the idea of getting an office or bettering his *individual* condition. Going into "reform" politics has no attractions, because it only means that certain men are elected to office who pretend to be more honest than the "old party" men and if elected experience goes to show that they do not make good; and, even if they did, the benefit accruing from an honest administration falls largely to the few who own property, rather than to the great mass of the people.

Thus it is easy enough to see why neither "old party" politics nor "reform" politics attracts the young man. Socialist politics would attract him if he had given it sufficient thought

to know what Socialism meant, but he hasn't. He regards the Socialist as a crank with some wild visions of an impossible Utopia that is to be reached some time after the next thousand years. He does not understand that the Trust is the greatest argument the Socialist uses to prove the inevitability of Socialism; and the chances are that he will not realize the force of this argument until the Trust itself finally throws him out of his job. There is no doubt that we are now rapidly approaching a great unemployed problem. When this occurs, these young Americans, who now give no attention to Socialism, will give it plenty of attention when they find their own bread-and-butter is at stake.

All mankind has an ideal of a paradise on earth; and if we analyze our idea of paradise it resolves itself into a condition of existence where every one is on an economic equality, where there is no danger of starvation, where there is not too much work and where everybody is happy. Now, in order to banish fear of starvation it is necessary to have the earth on which to raise the food, and to raise food with ease it is necessary to have machinery. We Americans certainly have provided the earth with machinery in a larger degree than has ever been done before. We know how to produce the greatest quantity of wealth with the least amount of human labor that has ever been required in the world's history. We have made the first great step toward our Earthly Paradise. The only thing that remains for us to do now is to devise a plan by which we can distribute this wealth which we so easily obtain. When we achieve that end, we shall realize the American ideal.

Our work is to make the young American see that his ideal can only be reached through the advent of Socialism.

CRUMBS FROM THE CONVICTS' TABLE

DURING the last campaign, on my way from New York to Wisconsin, I had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Tom L. Johnson speak in his famous tent, with which he carried on

It is, briefly, to take a tent capable of holding about 5,000 people, from town to town, and relying upon the novelty of the procedure to draw into it a great many people from the opposite political

TOM JOHNSON CAMPAIGNING.

his Ohio campaign. While the vote of Ohio showed a Democratic loss, upon analysis it will be seen that where Mr. Johnson and his tent went, in the Northern part of the State, there was about 10,000 gain; so that his method of campaigning cannot be deprecated.

camp, who would not go to one of the regular halls to hear an opponent speak. There is no doubt that Mr. Johnson's methods were eminently successful from this point of view. His failure to gain a larger vote was due rather to the limitations of his

appeal to the voters than to his method of making the appeal.

Mr. Johnson is a unique figure in the American political world, and, I feel, generally misunderstood. He is a man almost as free from party ties as is Mayor Jones, of Toledo, Ohio, yet he does not hesitate to use the Democratic Party incidentally to present his views before the public. By this means he is able to gain infinitely more political strength than if he should attempt to

upon relieving the smaller owners and capitalists of their taxes and shoving them upon the very rich. This, of course, is fair enough, but after all it only appeals to a very small class, and a class which is rapidly losing whatever influence it ever may have had, for the middle class will soon be extinct in the United States.

It is true that Mr. Johnson in his speech the night I heard him declared that he favored any legislation which

CROWDS WAITING FOR SCRAPS FROM PRISONERS' TABLES, OHIO PENITENTIARY.

get a number of unorganized men to attach themselves to him personally, as Mr. Jones fatuously hopes to do. While I think that possibly Mr. Jones has a broader conception of social and political problems than Mr. Johnson, and may realize the imminence of greater changes, yet when it comes to practical politics there is no question of Mr. Johnson's comparative superiority. Mr. Johnson's political horizon is unfortunately limited by his Single Tax proclivities. He dwells too much

would give to every man the full product of his labor, without deduction for the support of any parasite whatsoever, landlord or capitalist; but I don't think this is a very common conception of Mr. Johnson's programme. As an indication of how free he is from party ties I may mention that he made me a serious offer to furnish another tent, a duplicate of his own, for my own use if I would take up speaking through Ohio, and made no stipulation as to what I should say. It is not so much the expense of

running this tent (about \$200 a day) which constitutes the liberality of the offer, but rather the fact that he recognizes that a Socialist can educate the public, even though he is not in agreement with their ideals. It is certainly a striking commentary upon the state of flux in which our national politics are, that a man as prominent in the Democratic Party as Mr. Johnson would dare to make such an offer to a man so well-known to be a Socialist as myself. Mr. Johnson may have been inclined to flattery, but he said in explanation, or possibly in extenuation of his offense, that he really did not know of any one, other than myself, whom he could depend upon to carry the tent meetings through successfully. Of course I had to decline with thanks, and explain to him that I could not think of supporting the Democratic Party, and that even if I could I was already engaged for a series of meetings in Wisconsin, and was even then on my way to take them up.

Mr. Johnson in his speech mentioned an incident illustrating the hollowness of the claim of general prosperity made by the Republicans. It is illustrated graphically by a photograph, which I herewith reproduce, showing a crowd of starving people waiting outside the gates of the Ohio Penitentiary to

receive the scraps from the prisoners' tables. It is not so long ago when we Americans thought it was sufficiently humiliating to wait for the scraps which fell from the rich man's table. Now, however, we seem to be glad to get the scraps which fall from convicts' tables.

Mr. Johnson declares that he has no aspirations toward national politics; that he feels that his line is decidedly in municipal politics and that he hardly cares to go into state politics except to protect himself in his municipal politics. He declares he has no ambition in the direction of the presidency, and scouts the idea of the Democrats nominating him for that office. He seems to be perfectly sincere in his protestations, but I think from present indications, notwithstanding the vote in Ohio, that the Democratic Party will be obliged to take him up as the only available candidate who will be able to poll a respectable vote. All things point to the early disappearance of the Democratic Party as a factor in national politics after the next election. In 1908 the line-up will be between the Republican Party and the Socialist Party. The Democratic Party will then hardly have a position equal to that of the moribund Prohibition Party of today.

OUR TARIFF ON ART

I DO not devote much thought to the tariff question, as it has become practically a dead issue, inasmuch as the American manufacturer through the use of improved machinery is rapidly reaching the position where he can dominate the world without any help from custom duties. However, there is one tariff levied by the United States Government which ought to receive the condemnation of every American, viz., the tariff on art. If there is one thing we need more than another in this country it is beauty; and the idea of fining a man for bringing beautiful things in to us from another country is supremely ridiculous. There is absolutely no justification for it. The reason of its being a law lies in the fact that our Congressmen, wishing to curry favor with what they call "the mob," have put a duty on art so that they may say they charge the rich for their goods just as much as they charge the poor for theirs—that they cannot discriminate between classes. The average Congressman looks at art as something that is only for the rich. He does not realize that art should belong to all the people, nor that the very idea of considering art as being for the rich only is in itself an absurdity.

One of the most striking instances of the iniquitous results of this tariff is seen in the case of Millet's *Angelus*. This was sold to the American Art Association of New York for \$116,130. When brought into New York the customs authorities agreed to allow the duty of \$35,000 to remain unpaid, provided the picture was sent out of the country within six months. Before the six months had expired a M. Cauchard, of France, paid \$150,000 for the picture and took it home with him, and so New York lost *The Angelus*, and incidentally the customs authorities lost their \$35,000. Can anyone imagine anything more ridiculous than that this great picture was lost to us simply because the United States Government threatened to fine us \$35,000 if we kept it here?

However, we will have no true art until we have joy in labor, and there never can be any joy in labor until we have Socialism, so that while the tariff on art must be denounced as a supreme absurdity, it is only one of the many absurdities which go to make modern life a paradox.

BISHOP HUNTINGTON DEFENDS SOCIALISM

REV. A. L. BYRON-CURTISS

BY Socialism I mean particularly that political party which appeared on our political horizon some fourteen years ago. Its growth, briefly given, is as follows. In 1888, a presidential election, the vote was 2,068. In 1892, it was 21,157. Again in 1896 the vote was 36,564. The last presidential election saw a significant increase, the vote being over 130,000.*

By Socialism I mean in general, the economic science bearing on both the industrial and social conditions of our country that the authorized exponents of the Socialist party referred to above, claim as entering into the vital elements of society, rendering their position and political action completely justifiable.

In passing let me take the trouble to say that Anarchy and Socialism should not be confounded. The two are diametrically opposed. Anarchy is confusion, Socialism is complete harmony.

The industrial and social conditions which prevail today and which the Socialist maintains as economically and morally wrong, can only be briefly and incompletely treated in this paper.

Under our present competitive system the tools of production of the

necessities of life are owned by the capitalist, consequently the wage-earner is, as he never was before, the slave of capital. Labor is exploited with a rude hand. Machinery is displacing hand labor, and being owned by the capitalist, and operated only for profit, the labor market is glutted. There are more men than there are jobs, and until labor began to organize, it was the complete plaything of capitalists, and is practically so now. The theory that prevailed a generation ago, that the world was to be kept as a busy hive of industry by "supply and demand" no longer holds men.

That our industrial affairs are managed for profit primarily, is shown by the frank acknowledgment of Dr. Depew in a speech when he said—"Why must we retain the Philippines, at any price? Why are we knocking at the door of Pekin? Why? To find a market for our goods. The people of the United States produce over a billion dollars worth of stuff a year, which they cannot consume, hence a market must be found abroad." A market found abroad by the hellish system of war! The real truth of the conditions Dr. Depew cited would have been expressed as follows, viz., that the people of the United States produced a billion dollars worth of stuff, which the unholy and pernicious

* The election held the day after the paper was read saw the vote in the U. S. still more significantly increased to something over 850,000.

system we live under does not permit them to consume.

The reports of the Bureau of Labor of the United States will bear out every statement of the Socialist. The wealth of the country has increased, the ratio of wages to wealth produced has decreased in the last

the passage of laws looking to a correction of child labor were men from New England, who owned the mills. Among them are men of the leading families of Boston. I wrote to the Bishop of Georgia and North Carolina for their opinion of this situation in the South, enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

REV. A. L. BYRON-CURTISS.

ten years. Wealth being retained by capital, instead of being distributed in wages, is it any wonder that poverty does not disappear?

Mr. E. G. Murphy, of Montgomery, Ala., Chairman of the Ex. Committee on child labor in the south, has informed me that the ones who have lobbied in the State Legislatures against

I did not hear from the Bishop of North Carolina, but Bishop Nelson wrote that he "regretted to tell me that he could not express an opinion."

The conditions are worse than the black slavery that our clergymen did not hesitate to take a stand against, and they are even worse than the evils of intemperance, concerning which so

many clergymen do not hesitate to take a stand.

You may think me radical, but no more so than Bishop Huntington, whose words I will quote.

"It is intolerable to all right religion that numbers of people should be miserable and needy while there is plenty and to spare in the Father's house. No one who believes in Jesus Christ can believe that it is the will of the heavenly Father that one part of the human family shall go hungry and destitute while another part is living in luxury and ease. The most tragic fact about this poverty and ignorance is not the hunger and suffering, though these are sad enough. The saddest feature about it all is the waste of human life, the fact that the wonderful possibilities in these human brothers are never unfolded and realized. A social and industrial system in which one man controls thousands of lives and is possessed of millions of money; in which able-bodied men willing to work walk the streets in desperation looking for a job; in which thousands of women, owing to oppressive labor and small remuneration, are under a continual temptation to barter womanhood for gain; in which are tenements not fit for pig-sties where women fight with fever, and infants pant for air and wail out their little lives; in which the sweater's den and the grog-shop thrive—such a society is very far, indeed, from that order which God wishes."

My contention is that the clergy ought to take a positive stand in this matter; and as I will try to show, if they take a stand with either of the old political parties they are themselves parties to all the evil and pernicious conditions brought on by unnecessary poverty.

In the first place the Church has failed in her mission in the world. She has been one of the forces in civilizing society, but she has not Christianized society. The principles and precepts of Christ no longer prevail, but instead the principles of the world, the flesh and the devil hold sway.

Let me quote both from those high in the religious world—and too, from

those workers of the world, who are beginning to think for themselves, and note their statements.

First from Leo XIII:—"The common welfare (of society) urgently demands a return to Him from whom we should never have gone astray; to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life—and this on the part not only of individuals, but of society as a whole."

Next let me quote from one of the leading Protestant Divines, Dr. Parkhurst, "It is often claimed that church attendance is on the decrease. I do not know, but even if it is so, it may possibly be as much due to the debility of the churches as to the depravity of the people who stay away from them."

Next from Bishop Huntington, being a part of the same article from which I have already quoted.

"The mission of the Church is evident; the Church's credentials are clear; the need of the world is great. Nothing could be more weak and pitiful than for the Churches to confess that whole provinces of life lie beyond their interest. Nothing could be more cruel and cowardly than for the Churches to say that they have no word to offer on the problems which make the peril and the opportunity of our time. Nothing could be more calamitous and short-sighted than for the Churches to leave to outsiders, to unbelievers often, the discussion of current wrongs and the leadership in moral reform."

Now let me quote from a common printer, a member of the Typographical Union of New York, commonly called the "Big Six." In a booklet written by him on one aspect of the social conditions in the United States, he says, "I make no attack on religion—but, in more than one age of man, the work of the world has been the rescue of religion from the church, of equity from the law, and of justice from the courts. One of the most pitiful spectacles of the day is the subserviency

of great churchmen to some very eminent gentlemen."

Any hopes to better the conditions through the old parties, or professional politicians is futile. Efforts through either of them will avail nothing, and why?—because neither of the old party politicians will ever really run the country again. It is run now and forever will be run, so long as the competitive system lasts, by the capitalists and for the benefit of capital. Does any sane man pretend to tell me that Dr. Depew and Mr. Platt represent the commonwealth of New York in reality? The one represents the interests of the Vanderbilt family and the other the interest of the express companies.

Labor Unions have about given up in despair, in their efforts to obtain legislation in their own interest. In New York, bill after bill has been drafted by the labor leaders, looking to the increased benefit of the working class. They have suffered one of two fates. They are either so amended that if passed are as "harmless as babes," or, they are allowed to become a laws, and are then declared unconstitutional. The "Employers' liability bill" introduced last winter was submitted to the former treatment. It was time amended, so that by the time it was passed, it actually made an employer immune from any damages for accidents that might happen to a man in his employ. The committee of union men who had been appointed to "lobby" for the bill saw there was no effort at fair treatment, by the men who had been put in power by the votes of the workmen and they asked the governor to veto the bill. Is it any wonder that many of them are now among the warmest supporters of the Socialist Party?

That the Capitalists run the Government, and propose to do so henceforth, is evidenced by what anyone can see

who takes the trouble to look into the matter. They put millions of dollars into every important campaign. They dictate the policy and action of the Republican party. If it was to the furtherance of their ends, they would do the same thing with the Democratic party.

A year or more ago, Charles Schwab, the president of the Steel Trust, made an address to a club of "Working Boys" connected with a church of our own communion, viz., St. George's, New York. Now what was the advice that fell from his lips, to those boys organized by a Christian and Catholic Church? Was it to follow the teachings of the Great Head of the Church? To love and help one another, to assist the weak, and to be fair and honest? As reported in our own "Church papers" it was as follows: "Now boys, to get on in the world, you must do your work better than the other fellow. Watch the boy working next to you, and always do your work a little better than he does his." And I ask, why, if he is a Christian, did he not give the boys some Christian advice? And if he is not a Christian, why is he in the Church?

In closing, I want to speak of what I consider the key note to the situation, referred to by Bishop Huntington. "Nothing could be more shortsighted—calamitous—than for the Churches to leave to outsiders, to unbelievers often, the discussion of current wrongs and the leadership in moral and social reforms." The Bishop probably had no thought of the organization of the Socialists, the Socialist Party, but I know well that his words can justly apply to them. They have taken up the work with a sincerity and religious devotion and intelligence that cannot be gainsaid or denied. They must ultimately succeed. While many are not members of any Church and

some are unbelievers, yet some notable accessions have been made from the Churches. Two Roman priests have been able to see the difference between the Catholic Faith and economic facts, and are now among the warmest supporters of the Socialist Party. But the generality of the men of the party are not prominent Churchmen

of any creed. And why? Is it because, as the Socialists allege, the pulpit and altar have been prostituted by the Capitalist? They (the Socialists) certainly are in advance of the Church of today, in its work for humanity. And believe me, the Church will suffer if it lets others take up the work she herself ought to perform.

[This article was prepared and read as an essay or "Paper," on Nov. 3, 1902, before "The Utica Clerical Union," an association of Episcopal clergy of the Counties of Oneida, Herkimer and Madison, State of New York. It has a membership of thirty-three, and holds meetings monthly from October to May, in Utica, N. Y. The essayists are at liberty to choose their own subjects. Instead of selecting some subject on the internal affairs of his church, such as "The Ethics of Ritual" or "Rubrical Directions," etc., the author selected what he considered would be a "live subject," pertinent to the affairs of Society. In the discussion of the Paper that followed its reading, while the clergy present had no kind words to say for it, they uniformly avoided referring to vital questions such as "the extending of commerce by war," "child labor in mills," etc. Among the accusations made concerning it was one that practically impeached the author's soundness in the Faith. The Paper was submitted to the Bishop of the Diocese, the Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D., etc. The Bishop, over eighty years of age, has during the nearly fifty years of his public life been noted for his eminent fairness in all things and to all men, whether rich or poor, or of high or low degree. His answer in this instance was characteristic. In a most kind letter to the young priest, who had been put under suspicion concerning his orthodoxy by a brother priest older and in a higher position, the Bishop said, "I have read your Paper. There is no idea, sentiment or statement in it which is not in accordance with the teachings of our Lord, the Son of Man, and the New Testament; or to which I do not heartily assent." This did not end the matter, however, for there immediately ensued a long correspondence, bordering almost upon bitterness, and necessitating the submission of the whole matter to the Bishop for the second time. This only resulted in a second vindication of the writer, the serious charge of blasphemy, made when the Paper was read, being withdrawn.]

During the controversial correspondence, which was most aggravating, Rev. Mr. Byron-Curtiss maintained a most dignified course, avoiding any indiscreet utterances that would compromise or reflect upon the Socialist cause, or that might work to his own embarrassment. For this he was complimented by Bishop Huntington, who wrote: "As respects your correspondence. It seems to me you can well afford to leave it just where it is. Your position is secure and impregnable. As a prophet of God, in the name of the Saviour of the world, the Carpenter's putative Son, the workingman's companion and friend, you have delivered your message in His Spirit. Nothing need now be added to it or taken from it. Any bitter or harsh or cruel thing said about it will not hurt you."

That this really godly bishop is in complete sympathy with the pure and lofty principles of Socialism is shown by another expression in a letter to the Rev. Byron-Curtiss. Speaking of the confusion between Socialism and Anarchy in the minds of so many, he said of Socialism—"If kept clear of this misleading alliance, I have no doubt thousands of minds would accept and perhaps express the views which you and I hold and have received from God's word." It might be added that the Bishop is President of the American branch of the Anglican society known as the "Christian Social Union."

The Rev. Mr. Byron-Curtiss, who has so stirred up such a "mare's nest" by his Paper, is the "Priest-in-charge" of St. Joseph's mission church at Rome, N.Y., having been appointed in 1894. His congregation of some five hundred souls is composed of the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water" in the industrial world. They are mostly operatives of mills and large manufactories. This, and the fact that his sympathies had always been with the working people, caused him to study the industrial and economic problems of Society, and he arrived finally at the conclusion that Socialism was the only solution. He cast his first Socialist vote in 1900. He was one of the original members of the Rome Socialist Party. In his preaching he seldom refers to Socialism, but, as he expresses it, preaches the Gospel, which he declares is purely Socialistic in its principles. He constantly laments the fact that the Church has permitted the present pernicious social conditions to come about, but declares that the advent of Socialism will be the salvation of the Church, freeing her from the present thralldom to the world and the flesh. He believes profoundly in the Church as a Divine institution, and says there will be a greater demand for a Church, purified, under Socialism, than now. During the last campaign he made many speeches in the central part of New York. But here again he found reason to lament the failings of the Church of God. The very fact that he was a clergyman and represented an institution that has "winked" at the sins of the rich, and neglected the necessitous poor, made many of the working people he addressed more or less suspicious of him and his honesty in his espousal of Socialism.]

TO H. G. W.

ETHELBERT D. PITT

I.

THE MAN. I see you now, as when, soul meeting soul,
We walked the quiet city's streets; the night
Close-drawn about us, and the sense of sight
In life and heart grown clear from Day's control,
I met your spirit face to face; the toll
Of life's strong years was shadowed there; the might
Whereby his tireless hours and days have flight:—
The mystery and mastery of goal.
But, Oh! how tired your spirit was; the sense
Grew on me deep and still, if I could reach
My hands to yours—could touch your soul, and teach
The oft unquiet strings new tones, from thence
The harmony of life would throb, intense
And more invasive than the soul of speech.

II.

IIIS SOUL. Beneath the shadow of the cleaving years,
Below the mist of things that seem, I see
Your spirit's life as made by God to be,
In strength and silence, nor beset with fears.
Keener than quivering dawn, more deep than tears
Or faith may know, and as the brooding sea,
Your soul beneath the wind of destiny
Thrills and responds to all your spirit hears.
To all the things your life has won, the deep
Eternal peace seems far away; for life
With you leaps to the shock and rush of strife,
Quickened at every pulse; until in sleep
Alone, and some still hours that come, the sweep
And consciousness of rest and peace seem rife.

III.

THE GOAL. What is this power that broods about your soul,
Holding your feet upon the arduous way
Whereby the dawn-fire of the World's New Day
Shall come, and wake all life to Love's control?
The dissonance of Death, the cringing dole
Of Fate oft-times has held your spirit's sway;
But naught of Fate or Death has power to stay
Your footsteps from the World's Immortal Goal,
From life to birth—from birth to life, the One
Who made your soul to live, left naught undone
To make your faith as strong as life could see;
And till that hour that knows the goal as won,
His sense shall hold your own; His destiny
Shall mark the splendor of the Day to be.

THE TRUSTS AND PROTECTION

YVES GUYOT

Answer to "The Significance of the Trust." (Translated from the French by Richard Kitchelt.)

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, with a liberality which I regret I do not observe him extend to economic questions as well, has requested my opinion of his pamphlet—"The Significance of the Trust;" I thank him for it.

On the first page Mr. Wilshire indicates clearly, the proposition he intends to sustain. "The point I care more to dwell upon is not the inevitability of the trust, which will be generally agreed upon, but upon the impossibility in an economic sense, of the permanence of the trust." But as he is careful to immediately relieve the classical economists of the illusion that he would "propose to show that, trusts must fall to pieces of their own weight, and that competition must be restored owing to the entrance of fresh capital into the field attempted to be monopolized by the trust." I doubted it at first.

Mr. Wilshire takes the position sustained by Karl Marx in his Communist Manifesto of 1847. The trusts represent the concentration of enterprises. Thus the Trusts are a natural gradation "of our industrial system from competition under private ownership to monopoly under private ownership, and from monopoly under private ownership to monopoly under public

ownership," and the logical consequence of their institution is the "nationalization of industry."

In order to arrive at this conclusion, Mr. Wilshire invokes the following arguments:

1. The Trusts are the result of competition and not of protection.
2. The Trusts have for their object the limitation of production which is in excess.
3. In the United States capital is in excess and the unfortunate capitalists do not know how to employ it.
4. The United States can be all-sufficient for itself.
5. Wages are based upon the cost of living and not upon the productive power of the wage-worker.

I am going to examine these various postulates; for if they are not correct, there is some chance that Mr. Wilshire's conclusions are not.

II.

Trusts are the inevitable result of the competitive economic system.

Mr. Wilshire affirms that "the trusts are now admitted to be the inevitable result of our competitive economic system." To discover whether this assertion is well founded, I read the "Financial Report of the United States Industrial Commission," and found that the great development of the trusts arises from the monopoly of the railroads.

The final report (p. 597) explains that "large shippers often succeed in obtaining special concessions, in receiving either special rates or rebates from the published rates. Among the most active of such shippers favored by rebate arrangements, was the Standard Oil Co. The Standard and these earlier companies not only received rebates upon their shipments over certain lines of railroad, but in some instances, were paid a percentage upon all shipments of oil over the road, including even those of their rivals."

Thus the great power of the Trusts arose from the favor granted them and which is still granted them by the railroad companies.

Mr. Wilshire seems to consider that there is no relation between the Trusts and Protection. The final report says (p. 627) "In some instances the protective tariff may have furnished occasion for combination, when, for instance, a new industry, like the manufacture of tin plate has been started under the direct stimulus of the tariff. If profits are exceptionally high for a time since capital is called into that line of industry, and the strong competition which naturally ensues reduced profits so low that competitors saved themselves by combining."

The report further says—"Witnesses before the Industrial Commission advocating free trade have contended that prices of products in protected industries were higher than imported articles of the same kind would be in the absence of protection.

Competition instead of being generally diffused, is limited to the borders of countries. The final report, far from contesting the consequences of this restriction says—"It is clear that this domestic competition has lost its free power to lower prices. The

United States Steel Corporation, which is said by its officers to control something like 80 per cent. of the Lake Superior ores, and most of the coking coal thus far discovered, is cited in illustration. It is contended that such ownership is monopolistic, because the ores in various southern and western states, on account of their distance from the leading markets, are of comparatively little effect in promoting competition throughout the country. It is also contended that the tariff of 40 cents a ton on iron ore effectually prevents the establishment of iron and steel plants on the Atlantic coast, which might use ore from the Canadian Lake Superior country.

* * * * *

Some protectionists frankly admit that the free admission of raw material might tend to revive the heavy iron industries of the coast, but they say that protection is a national policy, calculated to develop our own natural resources and that to secure equitable adjustment involves the necessity of some concessions."

If the final report does not insist further upon this it is because "from the first, the Industrial Commission has considered the subject of the tariff as belonging outside the realm of its investigation." But since I have not the same motive for reserve, I recall the interesting studies of the reflection of the tariff on prices, and the profits of the Trusts, published by the American Free Trade League of Boston.

The manufacturers of New England are reminded that "iron and steel billets are the chief materials of their industries," and, in a statement it issued in May 1901, it declares that "protection is nothing except support given by the government to monopolies and Trusts."

The producers of iron and steel state that they produce cheaply. "If iron and steel are produced cheaply they are sold dear," replies Mr. J. B. Sargeant, manufacturer of hardware in New Haven, Connecticut, "and this is the condemnation of the tariff." In May, 1902, before the Industrial Commission, Mr. Edward Atkinson and Mr. H. W. Lomb, President of the New York Free Trade League, showed that between the prices demanded in the United States, and those asked in foreign countries, there were differences of sixty and even ninety per cent.

Mr. Schwab has said to Mr. Joseph Lawrence, Member of Parliament, that he could sell steel billets at \$16.50 per ton. Why, then, does he sell them for \$26 in the United States? Or actually for \$30?

Before the Industrial Commission he said he exported steel rails at \$23 per ton; then why does he sell them at \$26 and \$28 in the United States, a difference of twenty-one per cent?

Mr. Byron W. Holt has furnished the following table of the part played by the Tariff in the profits of the United States Steel Corporation:

PRODUCTS	VALUE	TARIFF	TARIFF BENEFIT
Steel Rails (tons) . . .	\$ 1,500,000,000	\$ 7.84	\$12,000,000
Structural Steel(tons)	350,000,000	11.20	4,000,000
Tin Plate (boxes) . .	7,000,000,000	1.50	10,500,000
Nails (kegs)	8,000,000,000	.50	4,000,000
Barbed Wire (lbs.) . . .	660,000,000,000	.002-5	2,600,000
Other Wire (tons) . . .	900,000,000	.01½	9,000,000
Tubes(tons)	500,000,000	8.96	4,000,000
Plates and Sheets(tons)	1,000,000,000	13.44	10,000,000
Other Steel (tons) . . .	2,000,000,000	.01	20,000,000
Total			\$76,100,000

The tariff, then, accounts for more than two-thirds of the 111 millions profits

of the United States Steel Corporation. Without the tariff it would not have exceeded 35 million dollars of which the interest on the 304 millions of five per cent. bonds would have absorbed more than 15 millions. There would remain then, 20 million dollars for interest on the 850 million shares of stock valued at 1,100 million dollars. These 20 million dollars would represent on this stock an interest of 1.70 per cent. With the conversion of 200 millions of preferred stock into 200 millions of bonds, voted April 19, 1902, and an increase of 50 millions of bonds, there would remain only 2½ million dollars, that is to say, nothing, with which to pay not alone interest on the common stock, but on the preferred as well.

The "Portland Oregonian" thus aptly characterizes the United States Steel Corporation. "Abroad, it is a formidable colossus; at home, it is a baby crying for protection pap."

From these facts I return to the postulate of Mr. Wilshire, and I say: The Trusts are the result of protection and not of competition.

III.

USEFULNESS OF TRUSTS IN LIMITING AN EXCESS OF PRODUCTION.

Such is the second postulate of Mr. Wilshire; but here appears immediately the relation between protection and the Trusts. The right to protection immediately inspires this idea in a capitalist. Thanks to it I am sheltered from foreign competition and may take the profits which it guarantees me. But if there is one capitalist who reasons thusly another does so too; and there are ten, a hundred, a thousand who do. The protection which prevents foreign competition develops domestic competition and

national overproduction. This national overproduction is the spectre which haunts the dreams of Mr. Wilshire. He cites authors who justify this terror.

"Chauncey Depew says we are producing 2,000 million dollars worth of goods every year more than the home market can absorb." He declares that "in normal conditions the machinery of production will produce more in three days than we can consume in a week. Man's material wants are limited."

I am not quite sure whether these facts, cited by Mr. Wilshire refer to Canada or to the United States or to all the inhabitants of North America. I am pleased to learn that all these happy mortals are possessed of such an abundance that it exceeds the limits of their requirements. I have some difficulty in believing it. I am sure that, were I to question a house-keeper, she would tell me that she has not sufficient linen, that she is obliged to economize on dresses and hats, and even on her shoes and those of her children; that her rooms are a trifle too small. All Americans do not wear silk dresses, and are not covered with lace. I admit that the majority of the inhabitants of Canada and of the United States have at their disposal good beef and good bacon; there are numbers of Frenchmen who would not find such diet sufficiently varied and who would require wine in place of water. Beyond doubt, of all the cereals, wheat is the best.

The wheat crop of 1900 in the United States was 522 million bushels, which, divided among 76 million inhabitants, allows 7 bushels per head. From this must be subtracted 122 million bushels exported during the fiscal year 1900-1901; leaving 5 bushels per head. Now, the consumption of

wheat in France is 120 to 130 hectolitres for 39 million inhabitants, which is more than 3 hectolitres per head or nearly 9 bushels. Thus the consumption of wheat in the United States is little more than half as much as that in France. The ability to consume wheat has not, therefore, reached its extreme limit in the former.

When the production of iron in the United States reaches 16 million tons, it allows 200 kilos per inhabitant, whilst the English product of 9 million allows 214 kilos per inhabitant; and in fact, the enormous consumption of iron in the United States, the 1,200,000 tons of rails ordered from there last June, shows that the requirements increase rapidly. The consumption would be still greater were not so large a part of the purchasing power of the people absorbed by the increased prices due to the import tariff.

Mr. Wilshire declares that "Europe will soon be unable to sell anything to the United States." Within three months, England has sent them iron and steel, and at the moment I write these lines, is forwarding them 200,000 or 300,000 tons of coal. In the year ending June 30, 1902, Europe exported 449,604,000 million dollars worth to the United States. This is something, but it is only seven per cent. of her total exportation. Consequently she could lose that market without going bankrupt. Mr. Wilshire may reassure himself on this score. But there are certain things produced by old Europe which the United States will always be obliged to buy of her; such as the silks of Lyons, the costumes of the tailors of the rue de la Paix, feathers and artificial flowers, jewelry and precious stones and champagne. A people can no more be sufficient unto itself than can an individual.

"The wants are limited" repeats Mr. Wilshire. It seems to us that the nineteenth century proves the contrary. It has expanded the limits of comfort to a degree our fathers never dreamed of. If one had spoken to them of trains travelling seventy miles an hour they would have called him a fool who would have dared to make such an assertion. Had one spoken to them of crossing the Atlantic in five or six days in a complete suite of apartments including a bath-room, they would have declared that only some prince could enjoy such a luxurious arrangement. Without doubt every one cannot yet enjoy these. There are emigrants who, lodged in the common compartment, have at their disposal only a mattress and a blanket; but, if they put up with these, they would none the less desire the saloon. It is not the desire which they lack, but the price.

Of the 1,600 million persons who exist on the earth there is only a minute minority, perhaps a sixteenth, whose standard of life is above misery. Mr. Wilshire says: "The Trust being the only producer in the field, produces exactly what the market needs."

The Trusts can, in effect, reduce production by artificially raising the price of their products; but should the consumers felicitate themselves on this manner of regulating the market?

IV.

"SATURATED WITH CAPITAL."

Mr. Wilshire is afraid not only of overproduction, but he is also terrified at the richness of North America. "We are saturated with capital," he says, "and can absorb no more" (p. 14). What a happy country where no one says, "O, that I might be rich!"

Mr. Wilshire continues:

"The present immense flood of capital in the United States is shown by the treasury balance the banks are overladen with money. Interest was never known to be at such a low rate" (p. 14).

The actual facts show the mistakenness of this enthusiasm of Mr. Wilshire about the riches of the United States. At the end of September the rate for money in Wall street rose to thirty-five per cent. Mr. Morgan had, before the end of the stringency, put 14 million dollars into the market; but he borrowed them in Europe. The Secretary of the Treasury was obliged to accept, as guarantee for deposits not alone United States bonds, but also various securities upon which the banks conduct their immediate exchanges; he was obliged thus to release 40 millions of dollars in treasury bonds and the banks consented to a new loan of 130 million dollars. But this did not suffice to bridge the gap; the Secretary of State believed it necessary to have an interview with the Bank of Austria-Hungary for the purpose of borrowing of it 100 million crowns for reserve. Finally, America borrowed of the Bank of England, to an extent that the Bank again raised its rate of discount to four per cent.; and it negotiated also with the Bank of Berlin. The excess of exportation over importation of the United States has been during the following years:

	NET EXPORTS (Including silver) millions of dollars	NET IMPORTS	GOLD EXPORTS
1897 . .	317.6	44.6	
1898 . .	639.6	104.9	
1899 . .	555.5	51.4	
1900 . .	565.9	. .	3.6
1901 . .	692.8	11.3	
	2,741.4	212.2	
		3.6	
		208.6	

Up to 1897 exportation of gold was in excess; during the five years from 1897 to 1901, the total excess of exports of merchandise rose to 2,741 million dollars, though the total importation of gold did not exceed 208 million dollars. Consequently when the excess imports of gold equalled 100, the excess exports of merchandise equalled 1,319.

Let Mr. Wilshire feel at ease. Not only is the United States not so saturated with capital that it must seek to place it in Europe and China; but it even has need for European capital. Mr. Pierpont Morgan has the reputation of being an importer of British capital for the United States. Neither is Canada quite sheltered from financial and industrial crises; and the 7th October, 1902, "the Dominion Steel Company's shares had declined 28 dollars from the highest recent prices." Mr. Wilshire need not be so prodigal of his condolences to the capitalists when he says, "Let us cast a broad, sympathetic look over the surface of the United States, with the perplexed eye of a man with a million of dollars or more looking for a promising and safe investment." Mr. Wilshire says, "If one bridge is sufficient to carry me from New York to Brooklyn, then two will be a surplus." But is this one bridge the last word of civilization? Will we not tomorrow demand means of transport which will make the journey more and more rapidly? Does Mr. Wilshire believe that the tools of production in the United States are so perfect that nothing further can be added to them? Yet its railroad system represents only 3.4 kilometers per square myriametre, while that of Belgium represents 21.5, that of England 11, and that of France 8.

Mr. Wilshire wonders, "Would he care to build another transcontinental

railway? I think not?" Does he believe, then, that the present roads are perpetual? That they will never need rebuilding? That they will never be doubled? And does he imagine that travel will never be great enough to warrant the construction of another line, traversing other territory?

He represents Mr. Rockefeller as compelled to absorb everything in order to use his capital. There is a limit to this absorption. His investments cannot always result profitably. Finally, Mr. Rockefeller is only mortal, like everyone else. True, he has a brother as his partner. "Who's who in America," does not tell whether either are married and have children; and if they have none, then their fortune stops with their lives. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is married; he has no children; and actually he is seeking means to dispense his millions so as to benefit future generations. These examples may reassure Mr. Wilshire.

V.

THE WEAK POINTS OF THE TRUSTS.

Mr. Wilshire holds the idea that the constitution of a Trust is sufficient to insure it profits. It insures above all, profits for the financial syndicate which forms it. The Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin of New York, published Dec. 29, 1901, a very interesting study of the profits of the syndicate which formed the United States Steel Corporation. The operation left them \$67,300,000 of preferred stock and \$59,000,000 of common, by means of the payment of 25 million dollars in cash which they were able to secure by selling a sufficient quantity of their stock. The difference, greater or less according to the price at which it sold them, they received.

Most of the thirteen companies which

formed the nucleus of the United States Steel Corporation, were already majority holders.

According to the Investors' Supplement to the Commercial and Financial Chronicle of March 2nd, 1901, the hundred dollar common stock of these companies was worth from 12 to 79 dollars, the last figure being the highest to which their shares had ever attained. The Engineering and Mining Journal of New York, shows that for seven of these companies Mr. Morgan paid 531,000,000 dollars, although the original capital was but 457,000,000 dollars. The common stock of the United States Steel Co. has fallen to 37. They oscillate at present a little above 40 and the preferred stock is at 90½ and has never reached par.

The common fault of Trusts is their overcapitalization; but this overcapitalization, far from increasing their power, weakens them. The common stock is generally considered pure water; and rightly.

The Final Report of the Industrial Commission says, "Most of the organizers of large combinations are of the opinion that earning capacity, as well as tangible assets, is a proper subject of capitalization. The common stock is broadly said to represent good-will and opportunity."

Large concerns can establish themselves with more economy than small ones, and minimize their general expenses with a larger output. They can profit further in transportation; they are able to economize on freight charges and on advertising; but, on the other hand, the members of their executive boards may have divergent interests and ambitions; their directors have not the same degree of personal interest that the proprietors of industrial concerns have; it is difficult to vary the

nature of the products; purchases can be made only in large quantities; and lastly the great industrial combinations are crushed by the high capitalization.

In his enthusiasm for the Trusts Mr. Wilshire says, "The Trust is not only a protection against undue competition but is a labor-saving device of the highest possible efficacy. Every argument in favor of combined production on a small scale is redoubled for production on the largest possible scale."

The Final Report of the Industrial Commission does not consider this postulate as evident. It remarks that, "Since the organization of the United States Steel Company many of its competitors have increased their capital stock and facilities. Even a small establishment of \$200,000 capital, whose raw material is largely scrap steel, claims that it has no reason whatever to fear the power of the great combination, owing to its special line of work."

VI.

THE DIFFUSION OF CAPITAL.

The formation of Trusts does not procure great profits for some financiers except on the condition that they permit the diffusion of their holdings. Now, this diffusion dispenses their capital among numerous holders; it makes more and more capitalists; it thus destroys the assertion of Karl Marx that capital must concentrate in fewer and fewer hands and that the number of proletarians, living only by their labor, must increase. The formation of stock companies, be they small or large, aids this result which, far from bringing on a social revolution, makes it more distant.

Most of those who most ardently desire the nationalization of the property of others, intend to guard their own private ownership. Thus the

Trusts are not a preparation for "the nationalization of industry."

VII.

WAGES AND THE TRUSTS.

As a consequence of the overproduction which he foresees, Mr. Wilshire says, "The capitalists are sooner or later to be forced to face the insoluble problem of finding work for men when there is absolutely no work to be found." And then he pictures the workingman seeking out the capitalist and saying to him, "If you cannot give me work I will take your raw material and your machinery and will work on my own account!" But, as Mr. Wilshire is very careful to note, each workman in search of work would be unable to go about it in this manner without throwing the industrial system into a state of anarchy, he requires that the State provide work for the unemployed. This is "the nationalization of industry."

Mr. Wilshire has neglected to prove that during half a century the improvement of machinery has decreased the number of workmen in the United States, in England, Germany, Belgium, France, etc.

In the United States the population increased between 1890 to 1900, from 62,800,000 to 76 millions. The total increase was 21 per cent. though the rural population increased only 12 per cent., from 35,800,000 to 40,300,000. Therefore the increase has been chiefly of the industrial population.

Mr. Wilshire says that wages are based on the cost of living. Then the Trusts which raise prices must increase the cost of living and consequently wages.

But, in fact, wages are determined by the consumers. The manufacturer merely advances money and his customers reimburse him. He does not

care whether coal comes from a rich or from a poor mine. He buys the cheapest coal, quality being equal. When an increase in wages is reflected in the price of products, the consumers have this alternative: to stand the increase or do without. If they quietly strike, without prearrangement, but persistently, no strike of the wage-workers can establish nor maintain the price of a product above that to which the consumers will consent.

Mr. Wilshire says in conclusion that Democracy must, industrially as politically, replace Autocracy. I am of his opinion; and that evolution will be accomplished when the contract of labor is considered as a simple business contract. In reality it is not labor which is paid by the employer; it is the products of labor or certain services, which he remunerates. When the notions of economic science have penetrated the minds of the wage-payers alike with the wage-earners, there will come a time when these latter will be no more than furnishers of products; they will be sellers by the same title as are sellers of raw materials or of machinery.

The manufacturer will buy at wholesale its products of the labor organizations, just as he buys at wholesale his raw material and his machinery.

The only difference is that he will provide his workmen with the machinery and the raw material for work. This will be the commercial organization of labor which will insure the reciprocal independence of wage-worker and wage-payer.*

Does Mr. Wilshire believe, then, that if work were distributed by functionaries, if all economic life were subordinated to governmental

* See "The Commercial Organization of Labor" by Yves Guyot.

authority, establishing, in place of the commutative justice which results from exchange, the distributive justice which flows from authority it would not degenerate into the worst of tyrannies? Are there many Americans who would consent to endure the life of a Russian commune?

VIII.

CONCLUSION.

1. "The Trusts are not a result of competition, but they are monopolies resulting from the railroad monopolies, and have been able to establish themselves under the shelter of the protective tariff.

2. "Excess of the production is brought about by the protective tariff.

3. "Trusts limit production only to the detriment of the consumers.

4. "When Mr. Wilshire alarms himself about the excess of capital in the United States, he is mistaken as is proven by the crisis on the Exchange in New York, the end of September 1902. No people has too much capital."

Mr. Wilshire concludes with this metaphor: "The ship of state already is in the cataract of a great social Niagara; the only question is, shall we go over the falls or through the canal?"

In reality there is neither ship, nor fall nor canal; there are economic facts which appear as a result of the political economy of the legislators of the United States. In seeking to protect industry they have guarded it from foreign competition, but developed internal competition. In decoying capital toward the protected industries, they have provoked an overproduction. The Trusts may cause local and ephemeral crises; they do not tend to monopolies concentrating all industries in a few hands. If it is permitted some Americans to make enormous fortunes, thanks in part to the absence of guarantees of publicity which all legislation should require of corporations, they at the same time redistribute capital into many hands; and thus, far from preparing the nationalization of industry, they render it impossible.

October 8th, 1902.

YVES GUYOT, THE GREAT FRENCH ECONOMIST, CRITICIZES WILSHIRE

YVES GUYOT is probably the most distinguished economist in France, if we pass over the Socialists, and in fact it is quite possible that he would be classed by some as the most distinguished classical economist in Europe. The article herewith appearing from his pen, was especially written, as he says, in answer to my own article on the "Significance of the Trust," published two years ago, and which is reproduced in this number. It will be noticed that M. Guyot, while making a fairly good superficial statement of my position, really does not touch fundamentally my argument at all. My contention is that our present competitive wage-system, by limiting the laborers to the minimum of subsistence, inevitably creates a condition by which the capitalists are left with a large surplus on their hands over and above what the laborers are able to buy with their wages. This surplus, I contend, has hitherto been transformed largely into new machinery of production, *i. e.*, capital. I further contend that the evidence today is all to the effect that the further investment of this surplus is soon to become impossible owing to the practical completion of the machinery of production. I instance the formation of the Trust as indicating that this stage has about arrived, because every Trust has for its

object the elimination of competition, which is the result of over-production.

M. Guyot does not take up my position regarding the competitive system creating this overproduction, but insists that the Trusts result from a protective tariff, or by reason of the advantages afforded them by preferential railway rates. I do not deny at all that certain Trusts have been favored and built up very much by both the tariff and the railways, but I also insist that whatever may have been so accomplished by the railroads and tariff has only hastened the appearance of what was anyway an inevitability. The Standard Oil Trust, the greatest of all Trusts, certainly has no protection from the tariff, although it had great favor from the railroads; but it would be generally admitted that it could be deprived of all preference of every kind and still be able to dominate the oil markets of the United States.

As far as the United States Steel Corporation is concerned, it is true that this corporation is helped by the tariff. At the same time, the mere fact that it is in a position to dictate terms to the steel manufacturers of Europe, and to form an international combination, shows that the tariff only assists in increasing its profits, and by no means affords the basis of its monopolistic position.

M. Guyot points out that the American laborer does not consume as much wheat as the French laborer, and he assumes from this and from the fact that the American laborers' wives don't wear silk dresses and lace, that I am mistaken in thinking that we Americans have such an enormous amount of wealth that we cannot get rid of it. As a matter of fact, his facts simply are corroborative of my theory, viz., that our wage system limits the laborer to the mere necessities of life, so that in the midst of wealth they live in poverty.

M. Guyot gives away completely the whole position when he admits that the American laborer does not eat as much bread as the French laborer. M. Guyot seems to think that when I point out what the Trust means I am delighted at everything it does. He might as well say that when I see the thermometer is at the zero point, I should be satisfied to freeze to death because I know such a temperature must naturally produce such a result.

M. Guyot also claims that America cannot be as rich as I say because the rate of interest on money has recently gone up to such high figures. The rate of interest normally depends upon the rate of profits. A man will borrow money at 10 per cent. if he knows he can invest it at 12 per cent., because he can make two per cent. profit. On the other hand, he won't pay two per cent. if he cannot see a way of investing it at say three per cent. In the United States at the present time there are not only opportunities of investing money in a number of enterprises that will pay a handsome profit, but also the money supply itself is short, which causes the rental of money to rise beyond the legitimate interest rate. The great demand for money which exists, notwithstanding my theory that business

is overdone, is accounted for by the fact that there are great industrial transformations taking place, which are temporarily affording a good investment for capital, but this era will soon be ended. We are like a fever patient, where the temperature runs very high just previous to the final collapse.

Money has a value not only according to the profits you may make from it, but it also has a scarcity value of its own which may force you to pay a very high rate of interest for it during the times of stringency or panic. You may not be able to make over five per cent. by borrowing money, and ordinarily you would not pay over four per cent. interest, but if any necessity arise by which you are threatened with bankruptcy, or even a great loss unless you get cash, you would be willing to pay 20 or 30 per cent. or even 100 per cent. for a temporary loan. It is the same as the proposition that a man will not give anything for the air he breathes as long as it is to be had without price, but if it ever becomes a question of suffocation he will give up everything he has in the world for a breath of it. We in the United States have a very stupid, awkward financial system which forces us at times to pay absurd interest rates for money simply because we must have it at any price, and not because we want it to reinvest at a higher percentage than that which we pay for it.

M. Guyot also has the old theory that the question of the distribution of capital depends upon individuals. He thinks that when Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie die it means that their money will be distributed. He overlooks entirely the fact that the great fortunes of today are a result of the system and not the individual. We have a system which piles up more

wealth than can be distributed to the workers, and merely solving the question of which capitalist shall own it does not solve the general problem of a case where the system itself is overburdened with surplus capital, which it cannot rid itself of and which certainly presages a great unemployed problem.

M. Guyot also speaks about the Trusts being over-capitalized. I have before treated this subject and shown that the over-capitalization of a company has nothing to do with its industrial situation; that is purely a financial question. The stockholders may not get as much dividends as they expect from the watered bonds and stock, but that has nothing to do with the Company as an industrial monopoly. If the United States Steel Company does not pay dividends as is expected, it simply means that the stockholders will get less money. It does not mean that the Trust will disintegrate. No separation of the United States Steel Company into its component parts would ever be thought of unless the stockholders were sure the aggregate earnings would be enhanced thereby, and certainly M. Guyot is not arguing that this would be the case; for he himself says: "Large concerns can establish themselves with more economy than small ones and minimize their expenses with a larger output."

M. Guyot says the formation of Trusts does not procure great profit for some financiers unless they diffuse their holdings themselves, a statement without any basis in fact. How would he show that Mr. Rockefeller would make any more money by selling his Oil Trust stock to the public than by holding it? The only reason capitalists ever have for diffusing their stock holdings in a monopoly is that they can

use the cash to form some other monopoly.

M. Guyot seems to think that I say that machinery has decreased the demand for workers. I expressly stated that I have no such idea at all. I admit at once that the introduction of machinery has enormously increased the demand for workers by increasing the demand for the production of still more machinery. The machine primarily discharges men, but immediately the man that is discharged is set to work building another machine, and not only is he so set to work, but still other men are set to work helping him who were formerly engaged in other occupations, such as agriculture. This explains how it is that agriculture, having become so much more productive per man on account of machinery, needs the help of a continually increasing portion of the population in its ranks. Hence the reason why the industrial population of the country is continually increasing, and proportionately the agricultural population is continually decreasing. This, however, is evidently a condition which cannot last forever. We cannot expect to have one man out of every hundred working in the fields, and the other ninety-nine working in the city producing machinery for that lone farmer to operate in his field. Some time or other we are going to get more agricultural machines and other kinds than can possibly be utilized by the small number of men who will be left on our farms.

M. Guyot wishes to know if I believe in the distributive justice flowing from authority, and if so if I would not think it would degenerate into the worst of tyrannies. M. Guyot and myself are both undoubtedly theoretically opposed to any autocracy. We both believe in

democracy, both political and industrial. However, I say that the people themselves can arrange their industries democratically by public ownership through the State. M. Guyot seems to think that the best way to do is to let Mr. Morgan own these industries, and then by some method of thought transference we will make Morgan do as we think he ought to do. His argument would hold the same regarding the Czar of Russia and his subjects. I feel that in the light of the experience we have had with autocrats, we had better keep the power in our own hands rather than to rely upon hypnotism as a medium to enable us to control our industrial world.

THE BUILDING THE BUILDERS BUILT

On a hill, where the builders built
 A costly building of marble,
 Studded with onyx and beryl,
 And stones from the garden of Eden;
 There I sought to abide
 In the cool of the vaulted chambers,
 But as I approached, the sunlight
 Hissed at the dazzling jewels,
 And the winds that travel from heaven
 Groaned through the empty chambers.
 Affrighted I rushed to the warden
 Standing with sword in the doorway.
 "Who groans?" I cried "and hisses
 Or mocks at this temple so fair?"
 "The stones cry," he said, "and the marble
 And the blood that was mixed with the mortar;
 And the groan you hear is the groan of the dead
 Who died to garner these jewels."

And as he spoke, the bones of the dead
 Rattled their hatred and clattered;
 And a moan, the moan of untimely souls
 Filled the vaults of the temple,
 And all who lurked in the cool of the shade
 That leans on the walls of the building,
 Fled, like me, with a curse on their lips,
 Cursing the builder who built it—
 And only the warden was left behind,
 Flashing his sword at our cursing.

—RABBI JOSEPH LEISER.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TRUST

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE



THE real danger of the Trust exists not in what it is today, but in what it promises to be tomorrow. Most writers on the Trust have confined themselves too much to expatiating upon the most palpable features of the Trust. Anyone can see the menace to our institutions involved in the change from industry conducted on a democratic competitive system to that conducted on an autocratic monopolistic system. Anyone can see the menace to labor when there is but one employer instead of a hundred. Anyone can see that when the production of a commodity is controlled by a Trust prices may be put up to exorbitant figures. I say all these facts are so evident that it is a waste of time to point them out.

Not only is it a waste of time to run over and over again these manifest dangers of the Trust, but the remedies proposed for their elimination are usually so absurd that their proposal is merely another waste of time.

It is the indication of what is to come that constitutes the dangerous significance of the Trusts.

The Trust signifies the near approach of a tremendous and insoluble Unemployed Problem, and it is upon this point this article proposes to dwell.

A great change in public opinion regarding the Trust issue has occurred in the last few years. It is not long since all our public men and newspapers had but one solution for the problem: "the Trust must be destroyed." Today nobody in his right senses looks to the possibility of the *destruction* of Trusts. Trusts are now admitted to be the inevitable result of our competitive economic system.

I do not purpose devoting any great attention to a demonstration of this inevitability of the Trust, as I regard such a task wholly superfluous.

The point I care more to dwell upon is not the *inevitability* of the Trust, which will be generally agreed upon, but upon the *impossibility*, in an economic sense, of the permanence of the Trust. Let me say at once, before I raise false hopes in the breast of any classical economist, that I do not mean to show that Trusts must fall to pieces of their own weight, and that competition must be restored owing to the entrance of fresh capital into the field attempted to be monopolized by the Trust. That would be an extremely silly position for me to take after having asserted the inevitability of the Trust.

Neither am I attempting a glittering paradox by first asserting the inevitability of the Trust, and in the next breath its impossibility. The theory which I

shall attempt to clearly demonstrate is that the natural and inevitable evolution of our industrial system is from competition under private ownership to monopoly under private ownership, and from monopoly under *private* ownership to monopoly under *public* ownership. In proclaiming the impossibility of the permanence of private monopoly, I speak merely from the viewpoint of the political economist, and I leave out of consideration political and industrial changes that might or might not be brought about by the voluntary uprising of a long-suffering and indignant people.

Public ownership of industry might be brought about next month if the people had a sufficient desire to effect it. It is not to the "might be" I appeal, but to the "must be." I shall endeavor to prove that public ownership, otherwise Socialism, is not inevitable because it is desirable, but because it comes into the category of the inexorably necessary. My first task is to prove the necessity of the Trust. My next is to prove the necessity of Socialism.

The Trust arose from the desire of the manufacturers to protect themselves from over-production, and the consequent mad and suicidal struggle to dispose of their surplus stock.

Over-production arises because our productive capacity has been developed to the highest degree with labor-saving machinery operated by steam and electricity, while our consumptive capacity is crippled by the competitive wage system which limits the laborers, who constitute the bulk of our consumers, to the mere necessities of life. I will not tire you with long statistics exhibiting the enormous strides that have taken place in the productive capacity of men due to modern machinery, nor will I

harrow your souls with the well-worn details of the narrow, sordid life of squalor lived by millions of our workers. It is patent that the day worker of today consumes but little if any more of the necessities of life than did his grandfather of fifty years ago.

The consumption of beef, flour, potatoes, coffee, tobacco, wool, etc., has varied little, if any, per capita in the last fifty years. Every student of history knows in a general way that the ordinary laborers of this country fifty or even one hundred years ago lived in a fair degree of comfort, were warmly clad in their homespun and comfortably housed in their log cabins. The best proof of their comfortable condition was their notoriously fine physical development, longevity, and freedom from disease. The average family was from ten to fourteen, and neither the husband nor the wife felt the dread of an addition to the family that is so characteristic of today.

I do not think any fair-minded person can but admit that the modern day-laborer on his \$1.50 a day, and very uncertain of that, living in a city, wearing shoddy clothes, breathing sewer gas, eating tuberculous beef, drinking typhoid bacilli in his milk and fusel oil in his whiskey, and absorbing intellectual sewage from his yellow journal, has had any great augmentation in the pleasures of life through the inventions of the marvelous nineteenth century.

But it may be pertinently asked, "Where has disappeared this immense stream of products that is the result of the labor of the nation applied to modern machinery?"

Taking the product of labor as a whole, it flows into two broad channels, one to the capitalists, the holders of wealth, and one to the workers. The ordinary workers must be given enough

to keep them in efficient condition. Part of the workers, the aristocracy of labor, the trade-unionists and skilled labor generally, the proletarians who sell their brains rather than their hands, may get something above the mere necessities; but, broadly speaking, competition prevents any great augmentation of the share that goes to labor beyond that of the mere necessities.

The whole of the remainder of the product of labor falls into the lap of the holders of wealth merely as a rent, with no economic necessity on their part of doing anything in return for it.

Witness the enormous income of the Duchess of Marlborough and the Countess Castellane, representing abroad the Vanderbilt and Gould wealth, and discover if you can any return they may make to the American people. It is possible that somebody might strain his imagination into believing that the Astors, the Rockefellers and the Vanderbilts, who among them have an income something like \$200,000,000 a year, perform some economic good in return, but I doubt that their most generous retainer would say that a hundred thousand a year each would not be sufficient compensation, considering that our college professors average less than \$1,000.

The stream of wealth flowing into the coffers of the rich is itself again divided into two streams, one of which goes to satisfy what they are pleased to regard as their necessities of existence, a wonderful conglomerate of beefsteaks, truffles, champagne, automobiles, private cars, steam yachts, golf balls, picture galleries, food and clothing for their servants, etc., all classified under the general head of consumables and denominated by the general term of "spent" money.

The other division of the stream of wealth flowing to the rich is what is termed "saved" money, which goes into the building of new machinery of production, new railways, canals, iron furnaces, mills, etc. It is this latter channel for the "saved" money that has been the great sluice-way for carrying off the surplus product of labor, and so avoiding the constant menace of a money plethora in our industrial system.

Notwithstanding that the prodigality of the American rich in unbounded luxury is the wonder of the age, still the percentage of the very rich is so small that all their efforts in lavish "spending" have had little effect economically compared with the wealth they have been forced to "save," owing to lack of ingenuity in discovering modes for "spending." There is a grim satisfaction in the reflection that the "saving" capacity of the nation is increased by this concentration of wealth. Thrift is no longer a difficult virtue when it requires more labor and pains to "spend" than it does to "save," and this is the predicament of the very rich Americans.

No man cares for two dinners, and when Mr. Rockefeller with his \$100,000,000-a-year income "spends" more than a thousand dollars a day on himself and his household, he finds it probably both pleasanter and easier to "save" the remainder than to lie awake nights devising bizarre ways to "spend" it. However, as the condition of affairs now is in the business world, it must be admitted that it is about as difficult for him to discover channels to invest his savings as it is to invent ways to "spend" it. I pity him. Some thirty years or more ago when Rockefeller first went into the business of refining oil, he was not bothered with the problem of investing his profits. First,

because they were not then so large as to be cumbersome; and, secondly, because the oil business itself was a fairly profitable one, and he had a natural place there to reinvest his earnings.

Others in the business, his competitors, did likewise. Finally, the capacity for refining oil became greater than the market demanded. Each refiner was bound to get rid of his surplus product at any price, and the price of the surplus determined the price of the whole. Ruin stared them in the face. Over-production must be curtailed. The Standard Oil Trust was born.

All this has been brought out time and again in the many federal and state inquiries into the Standard Oil Trust. Rockefeller completely proved his case in the Congressional investigation of 1888, that competition was ruining his business and that combination had become an absolute necessity. In fact, there has never been any questioning of his testimony establishing these facts. The politicians, however, thought it was a chance to make political capital, and urged the destruction of the Oil Trust, not attempting in the least to controvert Rockefeller's statement of facts showing that combination was an absolute necessity. However, notwithstanding the efforts of the politicians to overturn the laws of Nature and make water run up-hill, Rockefeller persisted in combining and making money instead of following their plan of competing and losing money.

The only reason that capitalists in the oil business over-invested in that business was because the opportunities for the investment of capital in other industries promised no better returns.

Capital, like water, seeks its own level. When no Trust is on guard to intimidate investors, abnormally large profits will induce the flow of fresh

capital to any business until profits are reduced to the normal. Hence, as may be inferred, if capital was investing in oil refineries, notwithstanding the unpromising outlook, it was doing so because other businesses were in the same state of plethora and could offer no better inducements. That this was true is fully proved by the subsequent formation of Trusts in other branches of manufacture to prevent the very same plethora of capital that had been affecting the oil business. The great industrial undertakings of the world are practically finished as far as present developments indicate.

As the late David A. Wells says in his "Recent Economic Changes":

"It seems indeed as if the world during all the years since the beginning of civilization has been working upon the line of equipment for industrial effort—inventing and perfecting tools and machinery, building workshops and factories, and devising instrumentalities for the easy communication of persons and thoughts; that this equipment, having at last been made ready, the work of using it has, for the first time in our day and generation, fairly begun; and also that every community under prior or existing conditions of use and consumption, is becoming saturated, as it were, with its results."

There is no country in which the industrial machinery is not only so thoroughly completed, but actually over-completed—if I may coin a word—as in the United States. We are saturated with capital and can absorb no more. In normal conditions the machinery of production will produce more in three days than we can consume in a week. The present boom is recognized by all as destined to be of a most ephemeral nature, and existing conditions are no criterion to judge by. While over-production makes manifest the desirability

of combination, yet desirability does not necessarily mean practicability.

As a general law in economics it may be stated that the tendency to combination increases as the number of competitors decreases, and the amount of capital for each competing plant increases. The tendency of both these conditions to manifest themselves in our industrial world is too well known to need mention.

In 1890 there were 910 establishments manufacturing agricultural implements, with a capital of 145 millions. In 1900 we have but 715 establishments, although the total capitalization has increased to 157 millions.

In establishments manufacturing salt the number has decreased during the past ten census years from 200 to 159, while the capitalization has increased more than 100 per cent., from 13 millions to 27 millions.

Slaughtering establishments have decreased in number from 1,118 to 921, while their total capitalization has increased from 116 millions to 189 millions.

Woollen manufactories have fallen off from 2,583 in 1890, to 2,465 in 1900, yet their capitalization has increased nearly one-third, from 300 to 398 millions.

Perhaps the most striking of the returns is that from the carriage and wagon factories. These have fallen in number from 8,614 to 7,632, while at the same time their capitalization has increased from 104 millions to 118 millions. But this is not the point that is so especially noteworthy. The number of wage-earners has decreased from 64,259 to 62,540, and the number of "salaried" employees—clerks, salesmen, etc., is now actually less than one-half what it was in 1890. They now number 4,311 as against 9,194 in 1890. This cutting off of salaried employees

means a saving, according to the census, of \$3,459,289 a year to the carriage makers.

The figures from the flour mills show the same trend toward the elimination of superfluous employees. The total capital employed in flour milling has increased in the last ten years from 208 millions to 218 millions, but the number of wage-earners has decreased from 47,403 to 37,073. "Salaried" employees have been reduced from 16,078 to 5,790, and the millers are paying out \$3,492,590 *less* per annum for salaries today than ten years ago.

As has been delineated, the volume of production has been constantly rising owing to the development of modern machinery. There were two main channels to carry off these products; one channel carrying off the product destined to be consumed by the workers, and the other channel carrying all the remainder to the rich. The workers' channel is in rock-bound banks that cannot enlarge, owing to the competitive wage system preventing wages from rising pro rata with increased efficiency. Wages are based upon cost of living, and not upon efficiency of labor. The miner in the poor mine gets the same wages per day as the miner in the adjoining rich mine. The owner of the rich mine gets the advantage—not his laborer. The channel which conveys the goods destined to supply the rich is itself divided into two streams. One stream carries off what the rich "spend" on themselves for the necessities and luxuries of life. The other is merely an overflow stream, carrying off their "savings." The channel for spending, *i.e.*, the amount wasted by the rich in luxuries, may broaden somewhat, but owing to the small number of those rich enough to indulge in whims it can never be greatly

enlarged, and at any rate it bears such a small relative proportion to the other channel that in no event can much hope of avoiding a flood of capital be looked for from this division. The rich will never be so ingenious as to spend enough to prevent over-production. The great safety everflow channel which has been continuously more and more widened and deepened to carry off the ever-increasing flood of new capital is that division of the stream which carries the savings of the rich, and this is not only suddenly found to be incapable of further enlargement, but actually seems to be in the process of being dammed up.

And why not? Man's material wants are limited, no matter how unlimited may be his spiritual ones. If one bridge is sufficient to carry me from New York to Brooklyn, then two will be one too many. When one car line is built in Broadway, there is no room nor necessity for more.

It is superfluous to point out that with wages determined by competition a workingman can create no effective demand for the satisfaction of his spiritual wants. He is lucky enough to get the necessities of life, and is not fool enough to refuse a wage because it does not afford luxuries when he sees a man over his shoulder only too willing and anxious to accept it if he should refuse the offer.

Let us cast a broad and sympathetic look over the surface of the United States, with the perplexed eye of a man with a million dollars or more looking for a promising and safe investment. Would he care to build another transcontinental railway? I think not. There are too many already. Would he care to go into wheat-growing? Not if he be not in need of a guardian. One year it pays, then for the next three

years there is either no crop on account of drought, or there is low price owing to over-production, and the wheat-grower has no chance of forming a Trust. Too many farmers to combine; it is difficult enough to get ten men into an industrial combination, but to get 10,000 is manifestly an impossibility.

Is there one single industry which he could find that is of a nature to warrant a large investment that is not palpably overdone? As for smaller industries, there is a consensus of opinion in the business world that there are practically none promising good returns, and that the only ones that seem to be good are of a parasitic nature which live like the mice in a granary, escaping competition of large capitalists owing to their insignificance.

The channel which carries off the surplus wealth for the upbuilding of new industries we can imagine subdividing itself into a many-branched delta, each mouth furnishing the needed supply for each particular industry. When there was no over-supply of capital in an industry the capitalists controlling that particular branch of the delta flowing to their industry used all efforts to widen and deepen that particular channel. When finally they had received all the capital they wished, and they had formed their Trust, the process was reversed. It was as if they had thrown a dam across the entrance of their delta and diverted their small stream back into the main stream to be distributed through the other mouths and into other industries.

With the closing of successive deltas by successive Trusts so much the greater becomes the supply for the other mouths, and so much the sooner does it become imperative that the capitalists in other industries throw across their protective dam. As in a real river, so

it is with our imaginary river. When a number of mouths are dammed up, the river can no longer find a sufficient exit through the remaining mouths, and it has a strong tendency to overflow the first dams put up, which will require strengthening if they are to remain secure. This is seen in our industrial world when a Trust is submerged either by outside capital in general or by the concentrated wealth of some other Trust making an onslaught upon it.

Rockefeller, with his enormous surplus income, which he is bound to "save," and cannot from the very nature of things find room to invest in his own confessedly overdone oil business, is constantly forced to seek new industrial fields to conquer. He is the modern Alexander the Great of our industrial field, sighing for more worlds to conquer. He has already taken possession of the electric light and gas plants of New York City. He is fast coming into control of the iron industry. He already owns the Lake Superior mines and the lake transportation service, and his only competitor in the manufacture of iron is Carnegie, who is simply waiting to make terms of surrender.* He will soon be in complete control of the railways of the United States. He is about to control the copper mines of the United States. He has control of the largest banks in New York. When Rockefeller gets control of an industry the temptations for outside capital to enlist against him are not overpowering.

The proof that Trusts are inevitable as a protection against the rising flood of capital is overwhelming, in both theory and fact. It seems most palpable that every industry in

this country must in time fall into the power of the Trust. The Trust with its enormous capital not only gives our domestic capitalists better opportunities for competition with foreigners in foreign neutral markets, but it is itself, by damming up the old and natural domestic channels for investment, actually forced to cut out new channels for its overflow.

The present immense flood of surplus capital in the United States is shown by the treasury balance showing the greatest stock of gold on hand ever known. The banks are overflowing with money. Interest was never known to be at such a low rate. All this, too, with industries in a most healthy condition. What money will be worth when the "boom" is over is indeed a problem. For the first time in history, American money is entering into the world's markets as a buyer of bonds of foreign nations. Recently, when England had to borrow \$50,000,000 to defray the expense of the Boer war, America took half of the loan, and would have taken it all if she had been allowed. The American gold now building railways in China would never be there if there were opportunities for home investment. Is it not significant that Mr. Yerkes has left Chicago in order to build electric railways in London, or that Pierpont Morgan is buying English steamships?

Chauncey Depew says that we are producing 2,000 million dollars' worth of goods every year more than the home market can absorb; that we must extend our foreign markets if we wish to avoid a great Unemployed Problem arising from our domestic manufacturers being unable to hire men to make goods that cannot be sold. That American capitalists fully realize this is shown by their aggressive entry into

* This article was published as a tract in 1889, a year or so previous to Carnegie's surrender. I let it stand as it read.—H.G.W.

foreign manufacturing fields. Here is a specimen despatch:

Special Cable Despatch to The SUN.

LONDON, Sept. 23, 1901.—The latest American invasion of England is the report of a syndicate in NEW YORK, which is negotiating to obtain control of one of the largest insurance offices in Great Britain. It is understood that the terms offered are generous enough to win the approval of the shareholders of the company.

Mark Hanna says that we are producing one-third more than we can consume. We must have foreign markets, says he.

The late President McKinley only a day or so before his assassination made a speech declaring that foreign markets must be obtained by reciprocity treaties, and that this was absolutely essential to our further industrial progress.

President Roosevelt also has declared that we must have an outlet for our productions abroad, as the domestic market no longer suffices. All this is exactly in keeping with my argument, as to premises, but I disagree as to remedy. In the first place most of the goods that the foreigner formerly gave us in exchange for our domestic productions can now be made both cheaper and better at home than abroad, and therefore we do not find any advantage in trading. There was a day when we traded off our wheat for English steel rail, but we can now make steel rail cheaper than England can. We still have our wheat to sell, but we no longer find it profitable to take steel rail in exchange. As may be seen from the following circular, recently issued by the Silk Association of America, the United States is no longer dependent upon France or any other country for its silk goods, and hence another important item of foreign exchange is about to lose its power as a purchasing agent of our products.

The Silk Association of America has recently issued a carefully prepared review of trade conditions for the silk season of 1900-1901. Among the features of the review are the following:

"Silk manufacturing in the United States in the year now closed has been more prudently conducted than in the previous season. The quantity of raw silk imported for the mills was 8,836,670 pounds, as contrasted with 10,965,098 pounds for the previous twelve months, or say a reduction of 19 per cent. Prices of raw material have been more uniform, and in this respect manufacturers have not been subject to such losses as those of the previous season. Competition has been keen, however, in the products; in fact, it grows more so month by month and day by day, and a very small margin of profit must be reckoned on as a permanent factor in this branch of the textile industry. The great equipment of the silk mills in machinery now, say 36,000 broad looms and 7,000 ribbon looms and all run by power, is evidence sufficient that the domestic silk manufacturers are fully up to the demand of the consuming markets of the United States. There are now one million 'throwing' spindles in the country, and a proportionate number of accessory spindles, such as winding, doubling and reeling.

"If all these facilities were in constant use throughout the year the supply of manufactured products would be in excess of the demand from consumers."—N. Y. Sun, Oct. 10.

In fact, the foreign goods that may be profitably imported into our country is getting narrowed down to agricultural productions from the tropics. It is evident that the importation of such goods cannot offset our balance of exports. Last year we exported 600 million dollars' worth of commodities more than we imported. After taking away the money spent by American tourists abroad, remittances for interest on foreign loans and freights paid foreigners on ocean transportation, there is evidently still a heavy credit balance in our favor. Now the foreigner may go into debt for our goods for a certain period; but it cannot, on the face of things, be a permanent method of trading to give a man more than he gives you. There must either be a

settlement some day or the other, or the trading will be stopped by one party's going bankrupt. In this instance it is Europe that is going bankrupt, and when she confesses she cannot pay America, then America herself, with her heaviest customer a bankrupt, will not be very far from bankruptcy.

We will not take European goods to settle our trade balance, and she cannot give us gold. How then can foreign trade be any solution of our problem of over-production?

However, for the moment suppose our manufacturer, burdened with his surplus of American goods, as a last resort, to get rid of them, exchanges them for, say, French goods. He now has on the docks in New York 2,000 million dollars' worth of French goods instead of his 2,000 million dollars' worth of American goods. Will Mr. Depew now tell me what better off he is? How is he going to get rid of those French goods? Send them back again for the American goods? Exchange them for German goods? Well, suppose such absurd trading did take place. Time flies on apace, and while Chauncey is trading jack-knives with himself another year rolls by and he finds still another 2,000 million dollars' worth of American goods piled up before his bewildered eyes. What will he now do?

Foreign trade is but the most ephemeral solution for the problem of American Over-Production.

American capitalists are today more in need of foreign fields for investment of their capital than are European capitalists. Within the past two years the international financial market has reversed itself, and America is now the creditor instead of the debtor nation. This explains the sudden craze for "imperialism" and its advocacy by the

Republican party—which is the political exponent of the organized wealth of the country. The "Trusts" are a dam built to prevent the swamping of domestic industries by the rising flood of surplus capital. The "Trusts," however, do not prevent the rising of this flood.

"Imperialism" is a means of diverting to foreign shores this threatening deluge of domestic "savings."

"Trusts" and "imperialism" are both inevitable results of competition and clear indications of its culmination.

It is impossible to dam up all the mouths of the Mississippi, no matter how high the dams. A flowing river must find the ocean somehow, and if not by one channel, then by another. The Trusts will afford but a temporary breastwork for our captains of industry. It will, however, be a flank movement rather than a frontal attack that will finally dislodge the captains from their fortress. The Trust is not only a protection against undue competition, but also a labor-saving device of the highest possible efficacy. Every argument in favor of combined production on a small scale, is redoubled for production on the largest possible scale. The Trust pursues its end in a perfectly sane and scientific manner. No longer do the old planless methods of competition prevail. The Trust being the only producer in the field, it produces exactly what the market needs. There is no more danger of either an over-supply or a shortage of Standard Oil in any city than there is of water, gas or postage stamps. The Trust no more needs canvassers and advertisements to sell its goods than does the government to advertise the postoffice. This increased industrial efficiency of the Trust, together with its prevention of waste of capital in unnecessary

duplication of machinery, hastens by so much the completion of the world's industrial outfit.

Capital will in vain seek profitable investment. Interest, which is determined by the amount of gain received by the last amount borrowed, will fall to zero and money will remain unlent in the banker's hands. The last incentive for the poor man to be "thrifty" will perish. The workers now engaged in producing new machinery of production will join the unemployed army in regiments. The Trust will be as defenceless against this new phase in the industrial strife as was the armored knight of old against hunger and thirst. Political autocracy is possible, but industrial autocracy, no matter how benevolent, is impossible. At present the Trust is an invaluable and absolutely necessary weapon of defence for the capitalist in the industrial warfare, but when the enemy to be fought is not competing capital, but a complete cessation of demand for products owing to unemployed labor having no wages to buy with, it no longer protects the owner. On board ship in mid-ocean if I have control of the water supply I can demand everything in exchange for the indispensable fluid, but when at last I have gathered everything into my possession then my monopoly becomes of no more value, as there is nothing left to be given me. If I am wise I shall then peaceably give up control of the water and let it be taken over by the crew. I shall be in great luck if they do not get the fever of co-operation and come back after me for the good things they have already given up for the first water they were forced to buy. It is thus in the United States. The monopolists have unwittingly run both themselves and the workers into an industrial *cul de sac*.

The capitalists may possibly see the danger first and make a turn that will give them a short and precarious lease of life in their present position. An eight-hour law, old-age pensions, etc.; a general increase of the rate of wages, all such reforms might possibly extend the capitalist system.

The best device of all, however, to bolster up the capitalist system would be a rattling good war among the great powers, followed by a prolonged civil war with great destruction of life and property. If the principal industrial plants, railway shops and bridges, etc., of this country were destroyed, the upbuilding of them would give labor unlimited employment and capital great scope for investment of savings. Witness the boom after our late civil war, also following the late Spanish war.

However, wars cannot last forever. The capitalists are sooner or later to be forced to face the insoluble problem of finding work for men where there is absolutely no work to be found. It is absurd to hire men to build oil refineries when half of those already built are standing idle. The workmen cannot blame the capitalist for refusing to employ him at a loss. But his stomach may be a better reasoner than his brain—in an emergency. It will demand food. He will say, "Here is plenty of machinery to produce food, now why is it I can't get any? You say, Mr. Capitalist, that you can't hire me at a profit. That may be so, but why can't I take the machinery myself and run it and take the product and feed myself? You say you can't run it unless at a loss at present. You will lose nothing by letting me run it. Anyway, I don't care what you wish; I know I am starving. You admit you can't give me work. Now I know and you

know that my labor will produce enough to feed me if only I have the machinery. I propose to take it and use it for that purpose.

"You say I produce too much. If that is true, then so much the less fear of my starving when I produce for myself."

The capitalist may reply: "Why, John, you can't by yourself run a flour mill that takes a thousand men to run. You cannot transport that flour on a railway by yourself when the railway takes another thousand men to run it. You need associated labor; that is just what a private corporation is today. You will be forced to run the country just as it is run today." "Oh, no," will say John, "I will run the flour mill and railways by a public corporation, and I have that corporation all ready formed. It is the United States government. We will all be shareholders and we will pay the workmen upon the basis of what they produce and not by a competitive wage determined by how little they can live upon. We won't have any over-production to scare us again. When we nationalize all industry that bogey man of over-production will die a natural death."

Free trade is sometimes suggested as a remedy for monopoly by those who do not recognize that Trusts are a natural evolution of industry. When a Trust in a protected industry is formed to prevent destruction of that industry by domestic competition and then, having complete control of the domestic market, it raises prices abnormally, it is but natural that there will be a suggestion to allow domestic consumers the benefits of foreign competition by striking off the tariff. If this is done it means that one of two events will follow: 1st. The foreigner will destroy the Trust by his ability to sell at a lower

cost. 2ndly. The Trust will destroy foreign competition by lowering its price. Even the most rabid of the Trust destroyers would hardly be willing to destroy the industry to carry out his ends; yet if he cannot do this he cannot destroy the Trust. Most of the Trusts in this country are abundantly able to take care of themselves, not only in the domestic market, but, as the export returns show, they are able to compete successfully with the foreigner in his own country, so that the tariff today is of no use to the Trust unless as a means of allowing it to charge higher prices to Americans than to foreigners. Free trade would certainly abolish this absurdity, but it would as certainly not accomplish the end set out for, viz., the destruction of the Trust. Instead, the very fact that foreign competition had to be met would be an additional reason for the Trust's existence, as the additional concentration of capital makes it that much better a fighting machine.

The protective tariff is, so far as it goes, a supporter of the present industrial system, inasmuch as it prevents labor and capital from operating at the point of greatest advantage. A protective tariff gives better employment to labor exactly as inferior machinery requires more men to operate it than superior.

A change in the money standard from gold to silver or paper would also possibly extend the time for the final collapse of the capitalistic system by reason of the industrial derangements it would cause. At best all the advocates of silver may hope for is a little longer life for the small capitalist who is inevitably doomed, under our present competitive system, no matter what money standard we may have. Personally I have never been able to see

how, for instance, the farmer could get more profit through silver coinage when the railway stands at hand to take it away if he should get it, by merely raising railway freight charges.

Then, if Mr. Vanderbilt overlooks anything, the poor farmer still has a long gauntlet to run, with Mr. Rockefeller reaching for his surplus when he buys oil, Mr. Havemeyer when he buys sugar, &c., *ad infinitum*.

Some have suggested that equality in freight rates obtained by government ownership of railways would destroy Trusts. The slightest investigation, however, would show that many Trusts do not in the least depend upon favors from either railways or government. The taking over of the railways by the government would, however, have far-reaching and revolutionary results. The immense labor-saving that would result from a centralized management would of course serve but to accentuate the unemployed problem. This would be the least of its effects.

The capital invested in railways is half the whole industrial capital of the United States. A transfer of ownership to the State would mean the payment to the present railway owners of an enormous sum of money that would naturally seek investment in other industries.

These industries are already about at the point of crystallizing into monopolies owing to plethora of capital, and the advent of such an enormous flood of money set free by the expropriation of the railway owners would not only complete the process, but would cause the amalgamation of Trusts into one huge Trust, the coming Trust of Trusts. Nationalization of the railways would be letting free such a flood of capital that the Ship of State would be immediately floated into the calm sea of Socialism.

During the last twelve months, nearly \$100,000,000 has been paid in dividends by the Standard Oil Trust. It may be noted that the investing public pay no attention to the intrinsic value of a stock, *i.e.*, to what the property owned by a corporation cost. Nor is the "face" value of stock of any moment. A share of stock may be nominally worth \$100—as is Standard Oil stock, but as it pays such enormous dividends investors are willing to pay \$700 for each \$100 share. On the other hand there are some corporation stocks where each \$100 share actually represents \$100 invested, yet owing to various conditions dividends do not amount to 2 per cent. a year, and hence the market value of the stock is not \$50 a share. There is no remedy to be found for Trusts by prevention of stock-watering.

Rockefeller could just as well capitalize the Standard Oil Trust at \$700,000,000 instead of the present \$100,000,000, but he would derive no increase of profit, as it would merely mean that while he would have seven times as many shares, yet each share would have only one-seventh of its former value. Shares do not sell upon a basis of the figures printed upon the stock certificates, as some of our Populist friends seem to think. The dividends determine market value.

Neither would publicity of accounts avail. Everybody knows that the Standard Oil Trust is making profits of more than fifty million dollars a year, and the Carnegie Iron & Steel Company (now the U. S. Steel Co.) nearly as much. Yet what good does the knowledge do the public? Admitting that oil sells at double what it should, what are you going to do about it? Why has not Mr. Rockefeller as much right to the unearned increment derived from his monopoly of the oil business as has

Mr. Astor to the unearned increment from his monopoly of land in New York city?

To resume: We are confronted by a fact and not a theory. The Trust is here to stay as long as our competitive system of industry endures. Democracy has been ousted from industry by autocracy, and as our political institutions are but a reflection of our industrial institutions, we should not pretend that anything but a sham democratic political state remains. When we see imperialism, which is really political autocracy, expressing itself in the Philippines or in the bull-pen for the Idaho miners, we should not stultify ourselves by striving to prevent a result without first attacking the cause that has produced it.

The trade-unionists pure and simple, the anti-imperialists, the would-be destroyer of Trusts, are all right enough sentimentally, but are too limited in their vision. This nation has the mightiest task cut out before it that the world has ever set itself to perform. The Ship of State is already in the

cataract of a great social Niagara. It is not too late to save her if we but have the patience and brains to cut our political Welland canal and let our ship float gently into the Lake Ontario of Socialism. Delay is most dangerous. That we shall finally get into our metaphorical Ontario—Socialism—is absolutely certain. The only question is, shall we go over the falls or through the canal? Now is the time, if ever, when this country needs earnest men who know the truth, and are not afraid to cry it from the housetops. Once let us get into the rapids and nothing can save us from the terrors of a violent revolution. Democracy must be established in industry and re-established in politics. There is really no first step to nationalization of industry; that time has passed. A half-way policy is impossible industrially, unrighteous ethically, and unsound politically. Revolution and not reform must be our battle-cry. The main plank, and in fact the only necessary plank, in our political platform should be: "We demand The Nationalization of Industry."

From J. A. Hobson, the distinguished English economist, now lecturing in the United States, author of "The Evolution of Modern Capitalism": Your article, "Significance of the Trust," which I have just read, is the straightest, strongest, most convincing, and most scientifically accurate account of the relation between capital and imperialism that has yet appeared. For many years I have been striving, in vain, to drive into the dull or biased brains of our economists this analysis of "over-production," or "under-consumption," which is the connective tissue of these two cancerous growths upon the body politic. I wish you better luck in addressing the open ears of the people.

REMINISCENCES OF ARCHIBALD FORBES

WM. LODTMANN, PH.D.

IT HAS been my good fortune to come in personal contact with war-correspondents of all civilized nations. Of all these the late Mr. Forbes impressed me as being the best informed, the most truthful, and, what is of great importance at military headquarters in wartime, the most tactful. Besides, Forbes was a brilliant writer, which is more than can be said of most of our latter-day war-correspondents, and was kind and considerate to his associates.

I first became acquainted with Forbes on the battlefield of Gravelotte, August 18th, 1870, soon after the close of that eventful battle. My horse had been killed under me, and had fallen so suddenly that I had no time to extricate my right leg. The accident occurred in the midst of a cavalry charge, which carried my squadron away from me to

an entirely different part of the battlefield. The fall had dazed me, and when I awoke from the stupor it was about 8 o'clock p. m. I cried lustily for help, but there did not seem to be any human beings in the neighborhood, not even wounded soldiers, as far as I could discern in the darkness, but any number of wounded horses, to my great dread, pranced frantically about me. I finally espied a cavalry bugle a few feet away from me and managed to draw it towards me with my sabre. The tunes I enticed out of that bugle were

ARCHIBALD FORBES

ear-rending enough to awaken the dead and to terrify the living; but they brought to my assistance a comrade and a civilian in slouch hat, Scotch checkered suit, high riding boots and a field glass. This latter individual was Archibald Forbes. Unfortunately, the

combined strength of these two did not suffice to lift the horse from off my leg, so my comrade, a lieutenant of dragoons, went to summon help, while Forbes stayed with me, stayed full six hours, till at last my comrade came back with four men and a stretcher, which latter I stood sorely in need of. Forbes and I, meanwhile, had become fast friends. I could speak English—not very good—but it was a little better than his French, and much better than his German. Forbes accompanied me to the nearest field-ambulance, and did not leave me until I was well cared for. That was the last I saw of him in that campaign. His journalistic achievements in that war, and the many important services he was able to render to both Germans and Frenchmen, have been described too often to need further comment.

Seven years later I met Forbes at the headquarters of Grand-Duke Nicholas, of Russia, before Plevna, and I have always considered it a great privilege that then I was enabled to repay him the kindness and courtesy he had extended to me on the bloody field of Gravelotte.

At Plevna I was, like Forbes, a war-correspondent, writing for the Vienna "*Fremdenblatt*." In this war, it will be remembered, the sympathy of England was strongly on the side of Turkey, and, consequently, the lot of the English correspondent in the Russian camp was by no means enviable; and no privileges, not even common civility, were shown them by the Russians. The Austro-Hungarian correspondents fared but little better; for their country, also, sympathized with Turkey. I, however, made an exception, for I did not tell them that I was writing for an Austrian journal, but

had introduced myself by presenting my German military papers. This, and the fact of being an ex-officer, brought me on a quasi-equality with the Russian officers. In this way I enjoyed unusual privileges, while Forbes was heavily handicapped. To make it short, I placed all my notes at Forbes' service and, at the latter part of the siege obtained for him an introduction to King Charles of Roumania, whose headquarters he then joined under much more favorable conditions.

It was years later before I had an opportunity to read Forbes' reports on this celebrated siege. They were colored slightly in favor of Osman Pasha; but they were withal so accurate and intelligently compiled that I do not hesitate to pronounce them by far the best reports of all the many correspondents before Plevna. How he managed to get all the material, while laboring under the above described disadvantages, has always been a riddle and surprise to me.

Many readers will remember Forbes' "Ride around Plevna," which appeared some nine years ago, and which is considered a masterpiece of descriptive war-journalism. The ride, itself, is a fiction, and I could not help quizzing Mr. Forbes about it when I met him in New York in 1894. He laughed and said he had gone amongst the poets and, as such, had taken poetic liberties.

In 1883 during the Egyptian war, both Forbes and myself were in Alexandria while that city was bombarded by the English fleet. Again, Forbes' descriptions of the scenes in and around Alexandria surpassed all others in correctness and vividness of detail.

From a military and statistical standpoint the best article ever written by

Forbes was "The Outlook for War in Europe," which appeared in the North-American Review, April, 1893. In this article Forbes proved himself a strategist of no mean order. He avoided the mistakes of most writers by judging the war-strength of the different nations solely by the number of the trained soldiers each nation could dispose of. He took into consideration every detail appertaining to efficiency, transportation, armament, equipment and quickness of mobilization. From those he drew his conclusions, which were, probably, more correct than the statistics on file in many a war office.

Comparisons are not to my taste, but I wish to cite the acts of two of our war-correspondents of the late war with Spain, merely to show what such correspondents have to avoid. Poultney Bigelow and Richard Harding Davis, both writers of merit in their respective spheres, but without military experience of any kind, were employed by the New York Herald. Bigelow, I believe, never set foot on Cuban soil, but managed, on his way to it, to make himself extremely unpopular by his severe criticism of American army methods. There can be no question, but that everything Bigelow wrote was strictly true and to the point; but the publication of such matters at that stage of the war was inopportune—to use a very mild expression. As soon as Davis saw Bigelow's article he wrote a

long and scathing contradiction for the Herald, and so made matters worse. Besides, Bigelow, though his article was in bad taste, knew what he was writing, which Davis, evidently, did not.

Davis went to Cuba on the same transport with Gen. Shafter, and asked the General to allow him to be landed in advance of the other correspondents, claiming that his work was of a "higher order" than that of the other writers. This Shafter refused to accede to. To revenge himself for this supposed slight, Davis now commenced to abuse the commander-in-chief in the most ridiculous and unwarranted manner in all his reports. I do not wish to refer to these matters further than to say that both these correspondents would not have been tolerated by any European army after writing as they did, and, most likely, would have been punished for it.

A war-correspondent is not allowed to criticize the actions of an army, or the commanders, during war-times. In fact, even if he is a military man of ability, he is hardly ever in a position to judge the correctness or incorrectness of the movements, because he cannot know the motives.

Archibald Forbes, in his long and honorable career, never brought himself or his paper in discredit at any of the many headquarters to which he was attached, and will long be remembered as a war-correspondent *comme-il-faut*.

I would recommend those who wish to get their Socialism in the French language to send a dollar for a year's subscription to L'Union des Travailleurs, 730 Washington Ave, Charleroi, Pa.

SOCIALISM NOT MATERIALISTIC

G. E. ETHERTON, Kansas City, Mo.

A PROMINENT minister of this city recently characterized Socialism as materialistic. The apparent inability of the professionally religious to comprehend the spiritual genius of the labor movement tempts us to more impatience with this class than with any other. It is the same moral blindness that characterized the professional classes of Palestine in their attitude toward the carpenter of Nazareth and His movement. I have never read anything on Socialism—and I have been a Socialist student for some time—that advocated “a full dinner-pail” as the essential good to be realized through the collective ownership of the things the people collectively use. No Socialist writer or speaker anywhere, or at any time, makes such a definition of the object of Socialism. Any man, who has investigated, knows that Socialism advocates the establishment of a Co-operative Commonwealth because the wage-system under which we live is a form of economic slavery, and as such is unfair, immoral and inhuman. Were it even possible—which, of course, it is not—for the worker under the wage-system to receive the whole product of his toil, he would still be deprived of that which it is the essential mission of Socialism to give him—his economic liberty. The economic ideal of Socialism is such a democratic organization of the industrial system as will give all men equal access to the means of living a complete life. The collective ownership of the means of production is the only way of realizing equal opportunity to live in our complex society.

But Socialism does emphasize the material basis of all life. Nature was intent for ages on perfecting the physical body for the dawn of the spiritual consciousness in man. Until society is economically organized the spiritual development of the human whole is impossible. Economic co-operation means surplus time and energy for every producing man over and above keeping one's-self alive. It is because the worker is seeing that under the present system he and his children are doomed to an enforced materialism that they are turning toward Socialism. They do not believe that it is the will of Nature that those who produce the wealth of the world should be deprived of it. They do not believe that the life of any man should be a monotonous round of eating and sleeping and working. The Socialist is the only man who stands for an order of things that will make material things a means of life instead of a means of superiority. The man who will not consent to a system that makes it possible for some to have while others have not, for some to take

what others make, is the only man who is not a materialist. Is it materialistic for the worker to desire that all men have the chance to live the life of a human being, a chance to breathe and love, and think, and dream, and serve humanity; and not materialistic for the preacher to be contented with an order of things that makes it possible for his children to be happy by making it impossible for thousands not to be happy?

The Socialist movement is an earth-growth. Not many wise and religious comprehend it. They did not understand the proletarian movement in Palestine some nineteen hundred years ago, except to realize that it was subversive of their private interests. The most living and spiritual thing in the earth today is the Socialist movement. True, it has nothing in common, nor concerns itself with any professionalized religion, but Christ, the teacher of life, it knows, and seeks His kingdom of universal brotherhood. But many of the most sincere of the younger ministry are finding their way down into the human current and are beginning to preach the living gospel of labor.

The growing faith in the actualization of a Co-operative Commonwealth is the same faith that Jesus had in the historical advent of a Kingdom of Heaven on earth. And Jesus was always concerned, not about getting people away from the earth, but about getting heaven to earth. The infidelity and hypocrisy of the religious consist in their denying the possibility of such a thing while professing themselves followers of Jesus.

We know that the people are not ready for Socialism until they want it, and have developed a social consciousness sufficient to unite them for

collective action at the ballot-box. Were it even likely it would be a misfortune for Socialism to be given to us by the Capitalists. There grows among us the realization that all human interests are identical, that the welfare of each is bound up with the welfare of all; and out of this develops that social solidarity of the producers which is the spiritual preparation of the world for Socialism. The apostle John represents Jesus as teaching that upon such a social unity alone could a system of social righteousness be realized. When all who could receive His teaching should "be made perfect in one," the victory would be complete over the false force system. "The proletarian movement," says Marx, "is the self-conscious, independent movement of the immense majority in the interest of the immense majority."

Socialism stands for such an application of the social principle of Christ's Christianity to the production and distribution of wealth as will make it possible for all men to live and work without being anxious about what they shall eat and wear tomorrow. Is that materialistic? Is it materialistic for men to wish to organize society so they can give their first thought to the soul and the second to the body. Is it materialistic to destroy the war of competition with its survival of the brutal and destruction of the humane? Is the passion for liberty and comradeship and social service materialistic?

The Socialist agitators whom Rev. C. characterizes as "street fakirs," may be found to be more truly representative of the labor-teacher of Galilee than he who makes soul-saving a profession at a charge of a few hundred or a few thousand a year. Like the early apostles he goes speaking his message upon the open highways, not

only because it is often his only opportunity, but because the compulsion and importance of his mission will not allow him to wait for men to come to him; he must go to them. He has gladly surrendered a life of ease for the greater joy of pioneering through trials and hardships a new and despised cause. There is a large and growing body of workers among Socialists who devote

practically their whole strength and means to the movement, and do it knowing that they may never live to enjoy for themselves the fruit of their labor.

It is true that laboring men are not over pious. Many of them have bad habits, for the modern Pharisees are the sinners that caused Jesus to lose his reputation; but with them, as He believed, is the hope of the world.

OLD PARTY ISSUES

MURRAY SCHICK

I—THE TARIFF

FOR nearly a generation Democrats and Republicans have rung the changes on the tariff and it would seem that nothing could remain unsaid on the subject. But I have never seen a thorough analysis made in the clear light of the philosophy taught by Carl Marx, and I shall attempt to apply some of his reasoning to this mooted question.

We have only to do with the protective tariff—the duty imposed to give a home manufacturer an advantage over the foreign manufacturer.

On the protective side it must be assumed that it is desirable for the home laborer to receive a larger reward for his work than the foreign laborer. If the foreign laborer received what the tariffite considered a sufficient wage, the extra cost of transportation from the foreign factory to the home market would be all the protection

needed. This is, in fact, the protective argument. They say that wages are lower and the standard of living lower abroad than at home, and that to maintain the home wages and the home standard of living at the higher level, the tariff added to the foreign product must equal the difference between the home and foreign wage scale. This means, of course, that the amount of the duty shall be added to the selling price of home-made goods in order that the home manufacturer shall be able to pay the higher wages.

The protectionist looks at the American laborer only as a producer; the free trader looks at him only as a consumer. The free trader sees that the tariff makes prices higher, and argues that if the tariff were taken off the laborer could buy more.

As the laborer is both a producer and a consumer each school is right as far as it goes. The protectionist

says, however, that if the goods are manufactured abroad and sold at a lower price here the reduction in price will do the home laborer no good, because he will have no work in the factories and no money to buy anything be it ever so cheap.

The free trader retorts that American goods are now being sold in the foreign markets more cheaply than foreign goods, and argues that if the home manufacturer can do this he can keep his factories open, pay the present wages and still sell goods at a lower price than his foreign competitor.

In these arguments both are unanimously wrong. In order to explain why, we must consider the mechanism of foreign exchange. We have only to consider the balance of trade—the excess of goods imported over those exported, or vice versa. If exports and imports exactly balanced each other it would be an even trade and no one would gain or lose. Up to the point where they do balance there is no gain or loss. If all the excess were paid for in money they would always balance, for the gold exported would represent approximately the same amount of labor as the goods imported. But the differences between nations are not paid for in money. Europe has no more desire for our gold and silver than for our manufactured products. Her banks are bursting with money whose owners are seeking investment for it.

International balances are paid in credits. The American money paid for English goods never leaves the country at all. The sellers of the goods either invest it in this country or sell it for English money to some other Englishman who invests it here. Not many years ago there was a great deal said about the

purchase of American farms, American railroads, American breweries and American mines by British capitalists. The money with which they made these purchases was the American money paid for British goods. Now that the balance of trade is turning the other way the Americans are using their European coin to buy the titles to American property held in Europe.

Since the American money paid for foreign goods must be invested in America, and since all investment means a demand for labor, the American laborer is as sure to get wages out of the profits of the foreign exporter as he is to get wages out of the American manufacturer. So the protective argument that the tariff is necessary to provide work is a fallacy. The only truth in it is that the tariff makes more work in American factories while foreign investments tend rather to increase the production of raw materials, food products and transportation facilities.

Equally fallacious is the free trade theory that the cheapness of American goods in the foreign market proves that they could be profitably sold as cheaply at home. The fact is that it is the excess of profits in America that enables the manufacturer to sell so cheaply abroad. Rather than cripple the purchasing power of his own public by closing his works, the home manufacturer could well afford to sell goods in the foreign market at the actual cost of production.

No one will question the value of a foreign market to the capitalist, but to the workingman it is of value only because it consumes a part of the goods he makes and gives him work making more. If the goods instead of being exported were dumped into the

sea it would be just as well for him ; even better, perhaps, because the home manufacturer would not be accumulating money in foreign lands with which to start factories there. Already we can see that the American is doing the same abroad as the English capitalist did here a few years ago—investing his profits in the foreign market in foreign industrial establishments. It is true that he is merely displacing another capitalist, but he is introducing American methods, which will increase the efficiency of the foreign laborer. The American capitalist abroad is a more dangerous competitor to the American capitalist at home than was the foreign capitalist.

The key to the entire situation is supplied by the discovery of Marx that high profits make good wages, and low profits low wages.

It is self-evident that when industry is highly profitable, the capitalist is constantly adding to his fund for investment ; the investment of this fund in productive enterprises creates a demand for labor, and the demand for labor makes higher wages. But when we reach this state the increased supply of commodities causes prices to decline and the demand for labor makes wages higher and higher. Thus the profits of the capitalists are cut down on each side ; profits fall off, re-investment halts, the demand for labor declines and the laborer is crowded toward a lower standard of living and a lower wage scale without any foreign competition. The panics that the protectionists delight to lay at the door of free trade are really inherent in the system of production for profit and do not depend on tariff schedules.

If for a time panics seem to have

ceased to act but because war or some other temporary cause has prolonged the period of re-investment and so postponed the crash. Under ordinary circumstances the greater the prosperity the more rapidly output and wages will increase and the nearer is the reaction at hand. This explains why panics burst on us so unexpectedly in the midst of the greatest prosperity.

It has been pointed out that the opportunities for investment are being greatly narrowed through the completion of the world's industrial equipment. As reinvestment is the source of labor's prosperity, lack of opportunity for investment will have the same effect as lack of capital for investment and the result will be the same.

Under this reasoning I arrive at the following conclusions regarding the tariff :

1. A high tariff gives a greater profit to the protected capitalist and creates more money for re-investment.

2. More money for re-investment creates a greater demand for labor.

3. Greater demand for labor causes higher wages.

4. Higher wages involve smaller profits.

5. Smaller profits mean less capital for investment.

6. Less capital for investment means a decreased demand for labor.

7. Decreased demand for labor means lower wages and, for many, no work at all.

8. The same process is enacted under free trade, but the operation is less acute because the rate of accumulation is lower and the advance of wages more gradual.

9. High tariff tends to build up manufacturing enterprises, and free trade tends to encourage investment in

the production of raw material and in transportation.

10. Neither high tariff nor free trade abolishes the causes that must inevitably bring about panics, and the workingman who chooses between them must make his choice between low wages for a long time and high wages for a short time, followed by more or less protracted periods of idleness.

The remedy is to remove production from its dependence on the profits of the capitalist and regulate it entirely by the consuming capacity of the nation. This can never be done so long as the means of production are privately owned, and operated only when a profit is forthcoming.

Salt Lake, Utah, Nov. 28, 1902.

[Mr. Schick's analysis of the effect of the tariff is faulty, inasmuch as he does not recognize that as the tariff raises the cost of goods consumed by the laborer, it necessarily must increase his wages in order that he may get enough to live upon. Wages depend largely upon the standard of living demanded by the laborers. If a laborer demands a new suit of clothes every six months, and the clothes cost \$10, he must get enough wages to pay for them. If a tariff is put on and the clothes cost him \$20, then he must get an additional \$10, in order to supply himself with the same suit of clothes. The mere matter of the tariff increasing the demand for labor is only incidental in raising his wages. Marx's theory is not correctly interpreted by Mr. Schick, for Marx very clearly held to the theory throughout that wages were determined by the cost of living.—H.G.W.]

LIFE

All the world is full of beauty,
Full of happiness and sunshine;
But we miss it looking backward
O'er the past of wasted lifetime.

All the hope and love we cherish
For the future, soon take wings,
If we stop for one vain moment
To repent for undone things.

Close it then forever from you,
Live today and for the morrow,
Love the world and all that's in it;
Then your life can have no sorrow.

THE GOD OF GREED

O turgid and sodden usurper,
 O ravening scourge of the land,
 Thy breath is a vapor of poison,
 And leprous the touch of thy hand.
 Thy raiment is clotted and reddened
 With blood 'of the people, who cry
 And writhe 'neath the knout of oppression,
 That thou mayest triumph on high.



With slime-dripping jaws far distended
 And yawning, insatiable maw,
 Thou rendest the heart of the Nation,
 And mockest its God-given law;
 Thy pathway is blazon'd with corpses,
 The dying make moan at thy feet;
 Thou art gorged with the flesh of thy brother;
 Thou art God in thine own conceit.

JOHN BURROUGHS AND WALT WHITMAN

JOEL BENTON.

THERE are not many writers in America, I am sure, who have won both the affectionate and the literary regard that has come to John Burroughs. There are other authors whom we admire perhaps without qualification; but, when we think of them we find that, for the most part, they touch us solely or dominantly through the intellect. The personal equation presented in their case is mostly that born of mentality. The reader's hold upon Burroughs, however, while it is firmly fixed in the intellect, is also warmed by a distinct thrill of the emotions. As I have never heard this trait of difference mentioned or explained, I shall venture to go a little farther in my preamble and suggest two reasons for it.

Burroughs, in the first place, does not detach himself from his work. He gives you through his pen his rounded personality, and the reader discovers that he gives him what he might have thought himself, if the necessary spark of genius and keenness of observation had been the reader's own. It is therefore a warm, human personality that his readers feel they are confronted with, and that makes the book or essay they have in hand enticing—so enticing indeed that it warms the heart.

The second thing to be noticed in this account is the fact that Burroughs

began his writing, which reached the large public, with topics of Nature—topics that are at least half human, and, at any rate, wholly humanizing. Nowhere is this seen more plainly than in his first book, well titled "Wake Robin." I do not have it before me, but I remember that in the opening pages he details for us at once his own ecstatic rapture over our winged brother, the bird. Some one has said that "God had a beautiful thought when He first thought of making a tree," and it might be added a second not less beautiful when he thought of making a bird. From birds as a beginning, Burroughs went through all the departments of Nature, its floral and faunal delights, extorting their remotest and most hidden secrets, and making poetic and idyllic the most obvious, though frequently unnoticed phenomena.

A shower of Nature writers has followed the work of Thoreau and Burroughs, but these two, with White of Selborne, and Richard Jeffries across the sea, stand in the fore-front. They more than any others, twined Nature with literature and their own personalities. Some others, to be sure, have done good and worthy work on not dissimilar lines, and even those who have followed Nature study, as a fashion, deserve credit for rendering

the path to out-of-door wonders easier.

I do not forget that this author has also written a body of purely literary and critical essays and, if he had written nothing else, he would have been sure of high distinction. While I am writing this he has just finished his small book upon "Audubon," and is now reading the proof-sheets (though the book itself will be ready before this article gets in type) of a wholly literary volume, which he titles "Literary Values."

Without naming all that he has done, it will seem sufficient for the purpose of this article to recall his connection and acquaintance with Walt Whitman. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" appeared in 1863, and became at once necessarily famous. It was thought by many, not so much a literary value, though, as it was a literary portent. It was as if a new species had arrived on land or in water, or as if some monstrous saurian had emerged alive from a presilurian epoch. The conventions of poetic expression were here set at naught, poetry was offered without rhyme or melody, and a wild stampede over social rules as adamant as the Laws of the Medes and Persians was a part of the spectacle presented. A few persons, however, of which number Burroughs was among the first, picked up the book to make a candid study of it. It was a rough chestnut burr in its appearance, but if the simile should hold further, there might be sweet meat within. Emerson, who had seen some of the less blamed passages, applauded certain thoughts in them, and the book's general attitude still more, writing to Whitman among other things this sentence: "I greet you at the beginning of a great career."

No author could have possibly coveted a more wonderful compliment, though Emerson, when he saw later the unparalleled frankness of expression on a few pages of the book, was afterwards ominously silent on this topic. Burroughs, I believe, did not at first see the broad synthesis which Whitman felt and designed, and which Whitman thought, in the spirit of the comment on the creation in Genesis, made all things "good." But he continued his study. Noticing soon that no attack on morals was intended, and that the only assertion implied was that nothing was made for naught, and all is right in its place, the development of these large and inclusive vistas interested him. He became soon an expounder of the new viewpoint and an eloquent interpreter of its artistic and moral meaning.

Out of this examination came, in 1864, that small thin volume of Burroughs', now so rare and little known, titled "Notes on Walt Whitman." It was printed by the American News Company, but cannot now be found except by accident; and even its author, I think, not long before he wrote his later book upon Whitman, was without a copy. In this little book Burroughs put forward a fervor and splendor of advocacy that was fairly unparalleled. It was vastly instructive, too, and this, together with W. D. O'Connor's very able book on "The Good Gray Poet," lifted up Whitman, not only at home, but gave helpful reverberations on his behalf across the sea.

The methods of Whitman's poetry may have assaulted all the canons of criticism, but they triumphed so far that the long rhymeless verses got at last, by piecemeal, into the magazines, and arrested in England Tennyson's

attention as well as winning his praise. W. M. Rossetti, and many other notable authors there, were soon attracted to "Leaves of Grass" and to Whitman's personality, Rossetti making an edition of the "Leaves," though not quite complete, which he prefaced for the English public.

I think Burroughs made Whitman's acquaintance when they were both living in Washington, during the period of the Civil War. I first met Whitman there in 1868 and at Burroughs' house. He had a habit of walking out at night-fall, and never missed two successive nights making a call upon Burroughs, who lived near to O'Connor, who was an author of great force and brilliancy. As I sat by the window after tea, I said to my host, "Are you sure Whitman will come to night?" "There is no doubt of it," he replied. "He failed to come last night." This confident forecast was correct; for within a few minutes' time a tall figure, very erect then, surmounted by a sombrero, and showing the open bosom and flowing collar of the portraits—and with cane in hand—was seen turning toward the gate from the sidewalk.

I did not ask who the newcomer was. That would have been a work of supererogation. When he came in his manner disappointed me. I was looking for something loud, and a trifle brusque—something, at any rate, more assertive. Was this really the bard who boasted of pouring his "barbaric yawp" over the roofs of the world? If it was, he had the gentlest of manners, and a voice with pleasant accents. He was deferent, and did not dominate the conversation. But, when he made a remark, it was graceful and touched with clear thinking. I remember no reference on his part to his own work, or even to authors and literature, though

Dickens had just had the New York farewell dinner, which I had attended, and other occasions for literary reference were not lacking.

Whitman I saw afterwards a few times, but never when he was in that superb health. The last time I met him was on the occasion, near the end of his life, of his appearance at the Madison Square Theatre in New York, and I think his very last appearance in that city. He always took to the patriarch's role easily, and with much liking apparently, after he had passed forty-five, but on this occasion his feebleness, and long gray hair, made the representation in that capacity real enough without artifice or additions. As I stood at the close of his speech—which he read, seated—in the box occupied by Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton, Lowell said to us something like this, though I cannot now quote his exact words: "Does it seem as if he were three months younger than I am?" Of course it did not. Lowell then looked fairly well, and was straight in stature, having only streaks of gray hair among the original brown or dark. And yet Whitman outlived him one year by the calendar—Lowell dying in 1891, and Whitman in 1892.

It probably was natural, but it is deeply deplorable, that a writer with so much ethical purport, whose broad expressions have such an oriental and pictorial sweep, should be saddled with, and made responsible for, all the pitiable little philosophies afloat—whether they be true or false. And especially is it sorrowful that a few who pose as his interpreters tag him with their labels. But, the truth is, he had no system—no hard and fast creed, and was too free and inclusive, and orbic, to reduce the universe to the size and flavor of a pig-sty. If what all

these small hierarchs say of him could be true, he would be more pied and patched than any conceivable cornfield scare-crow. Mr. Burroughs also laments this frequently repeated performance. Let any of us believe, if we choose, that the moon is made of green cheese, but don't let us insist that we are supported in this tenet by the "Leaves of Grass," or by its author.

One who begins to read Whitman would do well first to read what Bur-

roughs has said of him, and to read at the outset such poems as "My Captain," "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," and his other brief and wholly disconnected lyrics. When the beginner later finds that the capital I, so often used, means the reader also, and all humanity, what seemed "colossal egotism" in this author to Bayard Taylor, will vanish, new horizons will emerge, and illumination of a strange force and magnitude will make itself felt.

WHAT I SAW IN A COAL-MINING TOWN

P. P. AYER

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of a man the country turns out.—EMERSON.

SOME years since while listening attentively to the intellectuals of the Single Tax Club in Chicago, proclaiming their belief in the efficacy, when in operation, of the Single Tax philosophy as a remedial agent for the many industrial ills to which human flesh is heir, I noticed one speaker with more eagerness and aggressiveness than the rest, state that the solution of these ills depended entirely upon education.

Wonderful talismanic word—Education—a word to conjure with—a word which practically decides everything which seems to hang in the balance and which seems to need elucidation. This grand thought, which strange to say, at that time, had not occurred to me, rejuvenated me, so to speak, and caused me to go on my way rejoicing that, at last, the key to

the solution of all our industrial and economic evils had been discovered, and that from now on our path would no longer be obscured and obstructed, and be what it had been in the past, the "calf path," but would be the path of steady improvement until the millennium had obtained.

After considerable study and reflection on this subject, in the course of time I found myself one of the many active workers in a coal-mining town, where I had ample opportunity for studying the wage workers, their good and bad qualities, and their fitness to become co-operators in the new system of industry now dawning upon the world, and which is much nearer a complete realization for the whole of humanity than most of us think it to be.

With an especial reference to coal-miners or "diggers" as they are called at the mines, I had read extracts from the writings and speeches of Mr. Eugene V. Debs, where with Ingersollian eloquence he described the sufferings of the unfortunate "diggers," under what he was wont to term "the Satanic rule and crimes of Capitalistic Operation."

It therefore became a matter of much surprise to me to find that the "diggers" had obtained the advantage of an eight hour day, and that their interests were carefully looked after, not only by their unions, but by the labor papers representing the interests of the "diggers." In this connection I desire to mention the United Mine Workers' Journal published at Indianapolis as being a stanch friend of the "diggers."

Article I, Section I of their constitution says—"It is the aim of this Union to improve the material, intellectual and moral conditions of the toilers in mines. We hold that these ends may be attained by securing better conditions in the mines, better compensation for the miners' labor and by interesting them in the study of industrial and economic questions. We extend to all miners and mine laborers, without regard to race or color, an invitation to unite with us, that these ends may be attained."

The reader will do well to notice that there is a qualification to the effect that these ends may (?) be attained. Whether they are attained I leave to the reader to decide after a perusal of this descriptive article. As to "interesting them in the study of industrial and economic questions," that is not to be seriously considered, the soil being barren to such an extent as to render it impervious to cultivation.

In the mining of soft coal the minimum rate for "diggers" is 85 cents per ton of 2,000 pounds, and the maximum \$1.10, but the average rate is practically 85 cents, and at this rate such of the "diggers" who are willing to work hard and are favored with a good run of coal, which means a three feet vein, make what would be considered in large industrial centres very big wages. Cases came under my observation where "diggers" with the use of a "buddy" (boy twelve to eighteen years old) made five dollars a day continuously for weeks.

By the following is shown some of the results for the last half of October, 1901, working the full time of fourteen days of eight hours each, with the quantity mined and amount paid to each separate "digger" with a "buddy":—

70	Tons mined.	Amount	paid	\$63.00
70	" "	" "	" "	63.58
75	" "	" "	" "	66.47
77	" "	" "	" "	69.30
78	" "	" "	" "	70.20
86	" "	" "	" "	77.40
86	" "	" "	" "	77.40

Some single "diggers" mined 40 tons and others 30 tons during the above time in somewhat inferior locations. It must not be inferred, however, that the above results can be maintained as an average throughout the year, as September, October, November and December are the months in which the output is the greatest, and the demand the most urgent for the year, in the soft coal trade. For instance, during the summer months mining operations are limited to three and four days a week. Apart from this there is also much loss of time, due to various causes, such as the breaking down of machinery and repairs, cancellation of

orders curtailing production, non-delivery of cars owing to scarcity, flooding of mines, etc. And it must also be understood that the above results only obtained where the run of coal was unusually good, for I noticed that where \$1.10 per ton was paid, the run was so poor that few "diggers" averaged \$1.50 per day.

There is a weighing system, and both the operators and the "diggers" have check-weighers to watch their interests as is done in British mines.

After the coal has been weighed the Capitalist system performs the feat of advancing the price from 85 cents to \$2.00 a ton at the mine, which is the price all mine workers have to pay for the coal, as it would be unbusinesslike to allow them to buy back a small portion of what they produce at the same price they were paid for producing it. This, however, is a privilege only accorded to mine workers, as those who do not work at the mine have to pay \$2.50 a ton at the mine.

The difference between cost and selling price is called profit, and being resorted to from day to day, week to week, month to month and year to year, is finally christened and takes on a new dress and a new name—capital.

Its proper name, however, is accumulated past stealings.

At a depth of 250 feet the mines are ventilated, and the air, it is claimed, is kept as pure as at the opening of the mines, by a system of powerful fans, which force the air downward from one shaft and pump it upward through another shaft, producing at all times a current of air, which gives every minute the equivalent of 100 cubic feet of air to every man and 500 cubic feet of air to every mule. Thus no gases can be accumulated, they being continually

forced to the surface. Yet, in spite of precaution, coal mining is a dangerous occupation, and attended with many accidents in the course of a year, for every mine operated.

The mining operations are carried on day and night, with the exception of coal digging, which is not done at night, and it is necessary to employ a large force of men both day and night to do what is called "dead work" designated as Track Work, Face and Back Brushing, Cleaning Roads, Opening Road Heads, Timbering and Retimbering Entries, Putting in Cribs, Handling Water, Work on Water-pipes and Air-pipes, Entry Driving, Labor on Air Courses, Moving Rocks, Pushing, Driving, Caging, Oiling Cars and Trapping. These men receive wages varying according to the Union scale of wages of \$1.60, \$1.75, \$2.04 and \$2.25 per day.

There was practically no friction between the pit bosses and their men and I will say that, as a result of frequent personal association with these bosses, they were without exception a just and humane class of men and not at all given to the exactions which we usually associate with that class of men.

They invariably spoke well of the working capacity of, and seemed to be on good terms with the men under them.

The Company operate a supply or store house where the men can get most everything they require, and, contrary to the general impression which prevails, the writer has not been able to discover aught but what was fair and above board in the Company's methods of dealing with their men under the present system. In their anxiety to sell the men, so as to have less cash to pay them, the Company frequently overstep the bounds of

prudence and extend a credit, which, when the men leave, remains unsettled, resulting in an accumulation of worthless accounts.

As might be expected the element of profit enters into this account and, in the absence of any competition, the Company having a monopoly, the miners are robbed a small matter of twenty-five per cent. more than they should be and they are left to ponder among themselves as to whether their capitalist master and robber is a common or a hostile interest. The remedy for this state of things is the abolition of the wage system of slavery, and the capitalist system of private ownership in the machinery of production; this machinery to be made the joint property of the people.

The frame dwellings in which the men live are of the most flimsy character. Constructed by the Company at little cost and with the apparent aim in view of obtaining income by rentals, they afford poor shelter during the winter season. Indeed, it is a surprise how the wives and children can survive the severity of winter in such dwellings, which, though consisting of but two rooms, require a large consumption of coal, and in extremely cold weather the requirements are more than one ton a week, which, at \$2.50 a ton delivered, constitutes quite an item of expense against the men's weekly wages.

These dwellings are all built alike and consist of two rooms, each about fifteen feet square, and a garret with a slanting roof. The rental for each dwelling is \$5.00 a month. There is no attempt made in the direction of sanitary conditions.

It becomes my painful duty to record, without which this description of coal mining life would be incomplete, the

fact that while many of these miners are sober, industrious and thrifty so far as their means will permit, others are addicted to the use of strong drink to an extent that is debasing. This class are also given to gambling and with the cultivation of these two vices, the welfare of the wives and children of such as are married, is imperiled. Although the greater part of these men contribute much to humanity and humanity gains much in material prosperity from this collective force, yet viewed from any standard of intelligence and education, they represent a poor type and are completely bankrupt educationally and intellectually. They are as poor a type as I have seen as the result of thirty years' observation of the wage slaves of this earth, and although without any knowledge or enlightenment on any subject pertaining to their well being, yet many of them possess the cunning usually associated with man in his savage state. In this motley collection are to be found Americans (white and colored), English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Russians, Swedes, French and Italians about equally represented, and it is worthy to note that centuries of Kingcraft, Priestcraft, Feudalism and Capitalism have done their work but too well.

It was a custom of mine to scrutinize the faces of the children as they entered the school house, and the expression photographed on the faces of many of the little boys left upon my mind a most painful impression. It was clearly a case of being electrotypes of their parents. Many of the faces of these little boys looked old enough to be centenarians, and in placing one hand on their heads and looking into their faces one might well abandon hope for the future safety of a Republic's ideals with such material for citizens. I

ascertained they had little capacity for learning and were disinclined to learn the little tasks allotted to them during school hours. While the little girls reflected a higher type of intelligence and refinement in their countenances than the boys, yet they were rude in behavior and impertinent to the verge of insolence to their elders, and it was quite apparent that their moral training was sadly neglected.

I want to say that this is in theory a prohibition state, but it might be well for the Prohibition Party to look into the administration and enforcement of a law enacted, and the jurisdiction and execution of this law conferred by the votes of the people. It is necessary to obtain the permission of sixty-five per cent. of the voters of a County to obtain a license to open a saloon, yet in this mining district, neither the voters' consent, nor the license is obtained, and saloons are run in open defiance of law and order both day and night.

This state, which is one of the most productive of the agricultural states in the Union, seems to be afflicted with that moral bankruptcy and decay which prevails everywhere, proceeding from the economic order of society. Its cities are teeming with vice and crime and the only remedy it has is to inflict fines and punishments, which brutalize the community more than the crimes actually committed, and which punishments do not in the least diminish crime. In some respects, however, it is not lacking in vigor, and it must be stated to its everlasting credit that it recently passed a law making school attendance compulsory on the part of all children of school age.

This was found not only expedient but imperative, as the school attendance for the past year averaged less than one-half of the children enrolled.

The next thing on its programme should be to exact a high standard of efficiency on the part of its low grade teachers by paying them twenty-five to forty per cent. more than is now paid them. One of its counties recently advertised for seventy-seven teachers and obtained thirty-five, the wages ranging from eighteen to twenty dollars a month for the term of nine months. As board and lodging costs \$16.00 a month this would not leave much margin above a bare subsistence.

Reverting to the miners and their desperate intellectual condition, this is a matter well worthy the attention of every earnest man and woman engaged in the reconstruction of society, in view of the approaching co-operative commonwealth. As at present constituted, this branch of the great human family is not available for any good purpose and would be a menace to the aims and purposes of a co-operative state when established.

Owing to their superlative ignorance, they would be liable to be found upholding the present infamous order of enslavement and exploitation of labor, just as the starved peasant of La Vendee, at the time of the French Revolution, voluntarily went out to fight and die for the hideous cause of feudalism.

Therefore, while the Unions are doing a great work in organizing and perfecting the solidarity of the powerful forces of labor at their command, which it will be found necessary to maintain in order to fight the Devil's Dance of Capitalism, until such time as co-operative principles prevail in operation, yet it seems to me the Unions should establish reading rooms in all places outside of industrial centres and see to it that labor papers and Socialist papers are kept on file.

**THE FUTURE MAY YET BE AN OPEN
BOOK TO MAN**

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

PROBABLY a mere nothing, the displacement of a cerebral lobe, the addition of a slender network of nerves to those that form our consciousness, any one of these would be enough to make the future unfold itself before us with the same clearness, the same majestic amplitude as that with which the past is displayed on the horizon, not only of our individual life, but also of the life of the species to which we belong.

A singular infirmity, a curious limitation of our intellect causes us not to know what is going to happen to us, when we are fully aware of what has befallen us.

From the absolute point of view to which our imagination succeeds in rising, although it cannot live there, there is no reason why we should not see that which does not yet exist, considering that that which does not yet exist in its relation to us must necessarily have its being already and manifest itself somewhere.

If not, it would have to be said that where time is concerned we form the centre of the world, that we are the only witnesses for whom events wait so that they may have the right to appear and to count in the eternal history of causes and effects.

It would be as absurd to assert this for time as it would be for space, that

other not quite so incomprehensible form of the twofold infinite mystery in which our life floats.

Space is more familiar to us because the accidents of our organism place us more directly in relation with it and make it more concrete. We can move in it pretty freely, in a certain number of directions, before and behind us. That is why no traveller would take it into his head to maintain that the towns which he has not yet visited will become real only on the moment when he sets his foot within their walls. Yet, this is very nearly what we do when we persuade ourselves that an event which has not yet happened does not yet exist.

But I do not intend, in the wake of so many others, to lose myself in the most insolvable of enigmas. Let us say no more about it, except this alone, that time is a mystery which we have arbitrarily divided into a past and a future, in order to try and understand something of it.

In itself it is almost certain that it is but an immense, eternal, motionless Present, in which all that takes place and all that will take place takes place immutably, in which to-morrow, save in the ephemeral mind of man, is indistinguishable from yesterday or to-day.

One would say that man had always the feeling that a mere infirmity of his

mind separates him from the future. He knows it to be there, living, actual, perfect, behind a kind of wall, around which he has never ceased to turn since the first day of his coming on this earth.

In our days the science of looking into the future no longer has the splendor nor the hardihood of old. It no longer forms part of the public and religious life of nations. The present and the past reveal so many prodigies to us that these suffice to amuse our thirst for marvels. Absorbed, as we are, in what is or was, we have almost given up asking what might or will be. However, the old and venerable science, so deeply in man's infallible instinct, is not abandoned. It is no longer practised in broad daylight. It has taken shelter in the darkest corners, in the most vulgar, credulous, ignorant and despised environments. It employs innocent or childish methods; nevertheless, it, too, has in a certain measure evolved, like other things.

I have followed it into its dark retreats. I wished to see it, not in books, but at work, in real life and among the humble faithful who have confidence in it and who daily apply to it for advice and encouragement, but I found nothing conclusive, nothing decisive, and yet I must say that it is almost incredible that we should not know the future.

I can imagine that we stand opposite to it as though opposite to a forgotten past. We might try to remember it. It would be a question of inventing or rediscovering the road taken by that memory which precedes us.

I can conceive that we are not qualified to know beforehand the disturbances of the elements, the destiny of the planets, of the earth, of empires, peoples and races. All this does not

touch us directly, and we know it in the past, thanks only to the artifices of history. But that which regards us, that which is within our reach, that which is to unfold itself within the little sphere of years, a secretion of our spiritual organism, that envelops us in time, even as the shell or the cocoon envelops the mollusc or the insect in space; that together with all external events relating to it, is probably recorded in that sphere. In any case it would be much more natural that it were so recorded than comprehensible that it be not.

There we have realities struggling with an illusion, and there is nothing to prevent us from believing that here as elsewhere realities will end by overcoming illusion.

Realities are what will happen to us, having already happened in the history which overhangs our own, the motionless and superhuman history of the universe. Illusion is the opaque veil woven with the ephemeral threads called yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, which we embroider on those realities. But it is not indispensable that our existence should continue the eternal dupe of that illusion.

To-day all this appears to us so profoundly impossible that we find it difficult to imagine how the certain reality of the future would refute the objections which we make to it in the name of the organic illusion of our minds. We say to it, for instance: if at the moment of undertaking an affair we could know that its outcome would be unfortunate, we should not undertake it; and since it must be written somewhere, in time, before our question has been put, that the affair will not take place, seeing that we abandon it, we could not therefore foresee the outcome of that which will have no beginning.

So as not to lose ourselves in this road, which would lead us whither nothing calls us, it will be enough for us to say that the future, like all that exists, is probably more coherent and more logical than the logic of our imagination, and that all our hesitations and uncertainties are included in its provisions.

Moreover, we must believe that the march of events would be completely upset if we knew it beforehand. First, only they would know the future who would take the trouble to learn it, even as only they know the past, or a part of their own present who have the courage and the intelligence to examine it. We should quickly accommodate ourselves to the lessons of this new science, as we have accommodated

ourselves to those of history. We should soon make allowance for inevitable evils, and the wiser among us would lessen their total, while others would meet them halfway, even as now they go to meet many certain disasters which are easily foretold. The amount of our vexations would be somewhat decreased, but less than we hope, for already our reason is able to foresee a portion of our future, if not with the material certainty we dream of at least with a moral certainty that is often satisfying; yet we observe that the majority of men derive hardly any profit from this easy foreknowledge. Such men would neglect the counsels of the future, even as they hear, without following it, the advice of the past.

HOW TO HELP WILSHIRE'S

I have a great many subscribers who write and tell me that they are only too willing to do anything to help along this magazine but that they cannot find a good channel for their activities. They are often too occupied to obtain new subscribers.

There is one way by which anyone can help us. Write a letter of enquiry to advertisers. This magazine depends for its success upon advertising patronage. The price obtained for subscriptions does not pay for the white paper.

I don't ask you to spend money buying what you do not want simply because a man advertises with us, but do suggest that there are goods adver-

tised in our columns that might interest you if you knew more of their merits. It cannot hurt you to investigate. Write to the advertiser and find out about them. Send for his circular, etc. Even if you never buy you have lost only a postage stamp. The advertiser will credit Wilshire's Magazine with a dollar in advertising value for every cent you may spend in making inquiries. A dollar spent on postage stamps by our friends may be worth a hundred to us. If you wish our advertisers to pay for the spread of Socialism, don't economize your stamps. A word to the wise is sufficient.

EDITORIAL NOTES

AN ECHO FROM THE ELECTIONS

THE following from the Leader, of Des Moines, Ia., struck me as one of the most philosophical articles I have read for a long while in a Republican newspaper. Capital is so palpably cornered that we don't need to have Morgan slung before our eyes every minute to realize it. For the Leader to say there is nothing new in the apprehension which has alarmed every generation since Utopia was written is absurd. Socialism is based upon the evolution of industry, and certainly if there has not been a revolution in our industrial conditions during the last few years in the United States, then every man who writes about what is going on is mistaken in his judgment. The Leader says it behooves the Republican Party not to assume a defensive attitude. The trouble is that the Republican Party will soon be unable to take anything except a defensive attitude. The Socialists are always aggressive and it would be impossible to conceive of any position which would put them on their defence:

One of the important features of the last election, attracting attention now that the results are being reviewed, was the growth of the Socialist Party. As a political organization it has not heretofore been a factor, for it has never commanded votes enough to hold the balance of power in any one of the close states, but its gains this year have significance. Two

years ago the vote for Eugene Debs was only 86,000 in the United States, but at the recent election the party cast about 400,000 votes. In Ohio its vote will make it third on the official ballot next year.

The growth of the party was uniform over the country, showing that it was not accounted for by the candidates or peculiar political conditions of any one locality, but must be attributed to a general trend of popular thought. The success was as large proportionally in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa as it was in the manufacturing districts of the east where the Socialistic doctrines have been more systematically propagated.

The same drift of opinion developed in the recent convention of the Federation of Labor at New Orleans, where an attempt to commit the organization to the principles of Socialism failed by the very close vote of 4,344 to 4,744, with the influence of such leaders as Gompers helping against it.

Undoubtedly the massing of capital that has been going on, the impressive growth of corporations, and the apparent dwarfing of the individual, as an independent factor in the industrial world, have caused this awakening of Socialistic sentiment. The public has been prepared by these developments to receive the doctrines of state ownership of utilities and state management of industries more readily than ever before, and the Socialistic teachers have improved their opportunity.

There is so much that is plausible and attractive in the theories of state ownership and management that the wastes and weaknesses of such a system are overlooked, and it seems to people of hasty judgment the natural and only refuge from the domination of the "trusts." They have the erroneous idea that capital can be cornered, that the owners of capital are rapidly coming to an understanding, and will

soon have the non-capitalistic class at their mercy. There is nothing new in the apprehension which has alarmed every generation since "Utopia" was written and a good many before, but the movements of the time give it special potency just now.

He is a dull observer of events who does not see in this swell of Socialistic sentiment a force that must be reckoned with in the future. The conservative democrats who are congratulating themselves that they have escaped from the leadership of Bryan, and are hoping to get the party back to its old lines, are doomed to disappointment. Marion Butler, chairman of the populist party, boasted in 1896 that the democratic party was "being educated from the inside," and so much truth was there in it that the democratic party can never again be the same party it was before the two Bryan campaigns. It is no longer a conservative party. It no longer opposes every extension of the functions of government and proclaims the largest liberty for the individual citizen. It no longer holds that that people is best governed which is least governed. The democratic party of tradition and history has passed out, and a new democratic party which believes in having the government do everything has come on the stage. The democratic party which declared in New York for government ownership of coal mines will not stand out against the demands of its Socialistic members. If it does it will be hopelessly divided.

The republican party must be the dependence of all who believe in conservative policies, who are opposed to having the government embark in all the impracticable undertakings that the radicals contemplate, who realize that the millennium cannot be inaugurated by a legislative declaration, and that it will be reached only through individual development and by slow stages. The men who left the democratic party when Bryan came to its leadership will never be at home in it again. The political alignment of the future is to be with radicals in the democratic party and the conservatives in the republican party.

The republican party will be wise if it appreciates the new conditions and adapts its course to suit them. It must be conservative without being unprogressive. It must protect industry and property and enterprise and at the same time be mindful of the interests and rights of the humblest members of society. It must protect itself from the charge that it is controlled by wealth. It must scrupulously guard its policies

from possible criticism of that character, and from even the appearance of granting governmental favors to a few at the expense of the many. When the point of attack is known it is wise to prepare there for it. This is no time to be fighting for tariff schedules which are notoriously obsolete, or to be voting public subsidies to any private interest on sea or land, even though incidental advantages are possible. This is no time to advise men who believe in tariff changes and oppose ship subsidies that these questions are paramount and that their place is in the democratic party. In the New York campaign the republican party could not have lost all who hold those opinions and still carried the state. In the campaigns that are coming the republican party cannot afford to be on the defensive in these respects. The country cannot afford to have it on the defensive. The issues are too broad and momentous.

Such articles as the above from *The Leader* are sooner or later going to have a great effect upon the thought of the people of the United States, and as soon as they begin to think and reason about matters the day when the change will be made is near at hand. The reason that Socialists have not made as much progress as they should have made in the past is simply that our opponents have hitherto been able to take the best means of defence available, viz., silence; but the tremendous vote of the Socialist Party and the economic development is now forcing them to come out in the open and fight for their lives. This is the last stage of the conflict, and it cannot be long hidden that the Utopia which the *Leader* speaks of is at last to be realized.

MADDEN NOT YET MADE JANITOR

I notice my friend Mr. Madden has had another one of his numerous setbacks from the United States Courts. It is a matter of a decision against a man in Missouri who was advertising that he could cure people by magnetism.

I don't assume to know whether he could or could not, any more than I profess to know whether vaccination is a good thing or not, but I do say that people have the right to try magnetism if they please and to pay a magnetic doctor for giving them what they think is magnetism if they want to. I agree fully with the following from the Chicago Chronicle :

As the supreme court justly observes, it is none of Assistant Post Master General Madden's business whether people believe in magnetic healing or not. It is no part of his duty to pass judgment upon the truth or error of people's beliefs. It is not within his province to exclude from the mails on grounds of alleged fraud publications which advocate or which advertise theories to which he does not subscribe.

In other words, Mr. Madden is a hired man, not an autocrat. This has been made pretty clear to him in the decision referred to. If he still fails to comprehend the situation the court will no doubt take measures to further enlighten him.

The curse of the postoffice department—and about the only thing that can be charged against it—is the practice which has grown up of intrusting to some trumpery two penny official the wholly illegal and irritating censorship of printed mail matter. This is not Russia, but America, and any policy which excludes from the mails matter which is not clearly incendiary, fraudulent or unclean is a Russian, not an American, policy.

It may be necessary to get some jacks in office into the street in order to secure the acceptance of this doctrine by the postoffice department, but the decision of the supreme court shows that the doctrine is going to be enforced whether the jacks in office like it or not.

I hope some day the Circuit Court of the United States will make a decision to the effect that Mr. Madden will have no more right to prevent people from buying "ideas" from Wilshire than he has to prevent them from buying "magnetism" from the Nebraska man. This Magazine is still being published in Canada for the reason that Mr. Madden thinks I am perpetrating a

fraud upon the postoffice in advertising Wilshire under the guise of publishing ideas.

TOO LATE

Senator Clark of Montana, in reply to some queries of the New York Evening Post, while admitting that the Sherman Anti-Trust law in his opinion exhausted the power of Congress to regulate Trusts, said that he would be in favor of giving Congress additional power, but feared that it would take so long to secure a constitutional amendment that it would be "too late." Evidently Senator Clark imagines that the United States is going out of business in three or four years. What else he can mean by an amendment's being "too late," even if it took a decade to put it through, it is difficult to guess.

The above is from the Pioneer Press of St. Paul. I am not sure that Senator Clark knew just what he meant by using the words "too late," but if he doesn't know I can tell him. The whole amount of it is that we have long passed the stage where any attempt at regulation of Trusts is possible, and it is simply too late now to talk about any such thing as regulation. Senator Clark and Mr. Morgan and the other great capitalists understand this perfectly well. The pigmy politicians of the Roosevelt stripe, not having had any experience in real life, do not understand this, and they are now attempting to bring in legislation which, if enforced, would be disastrous to the progress of industrial development and absolutely futile from whatever aspect we may look at it. There is only one remedy for the Trusts : Let the Nation Own the Trusts. Senator Clark does not know this, but he does know that any attempt at regulation is sheer Rooseveltian stupidity.

EXTREMES MEET

It is striking how after all the difference between extreme conservatism

and extreme Socialism is not so great as some people would think. The German Kaiser recently made a speech as follows :

"We stand" said he "on the threshold of the development of new forces; our age demands a race which understands it. The new century is dominated by science—which includes technical skill—and not, like the last century, by philosophy. We must be men of the age. Great is the German in scientific investigation; great is his capacity for organization and discipline. The freedom of the individual, the strong tendency toward development of individuality which is inherent in our race is conditioned by subordination to the whole for the good of the whole. May the future, therefore, see the growth of a generation which, in the full recognition of these facts, develops in the course of joyous labor individuals who subordinate themselves to the good of the whole, to the good of the people and of the fatherland. Then, and not till then, will the ideal be realized upon which I touched at Aix-la-Chapelle—'outwardly limited, inwardly boundless.' . . . Freedom for thought, freedom in the further development of religion and freedom for our scientific investigation—that is the freedom which I desire for the German people and would win for them, *but not freedom to govern themselves as badly as they please.*"

Except for the wind up all the above is really quite in line with the entire Socialist philosophy; and even where he says that he does not believe in the German people having "freedom to govern themselves as badly as they please," I would hardly disagree, if we were only sure that the Kaiser was any better judge as to their ability to govern themselves than are the people themselves. If the Kaiser were only a

little more diffident in his insistence on his own omniscience in running the German nation, there would be very little difference of opinion between him and the Socialists.



A LIKELY GUESS

For a great many years I have been promulgating the theory that American capitalists would sooner or later be forced to invest their surplus earnings in Europe. The correctness of this theory has been proved time and again; but the following note from the New York Commercial of Dec. 26, while it may be untrue, yet indicates the general acceptance of the theory by the public :

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 25.—Reports are circulating that a company is being formed, with a capitalization of \$1,000,000,000 to sell gas and electric illumination in European cities. It is said that the People's Gas Light & Coke Co. of this city is a factor in the scheme.

It is asserted that John D. Rockefeller will be sponsor for \$300,000,000 of the stock.

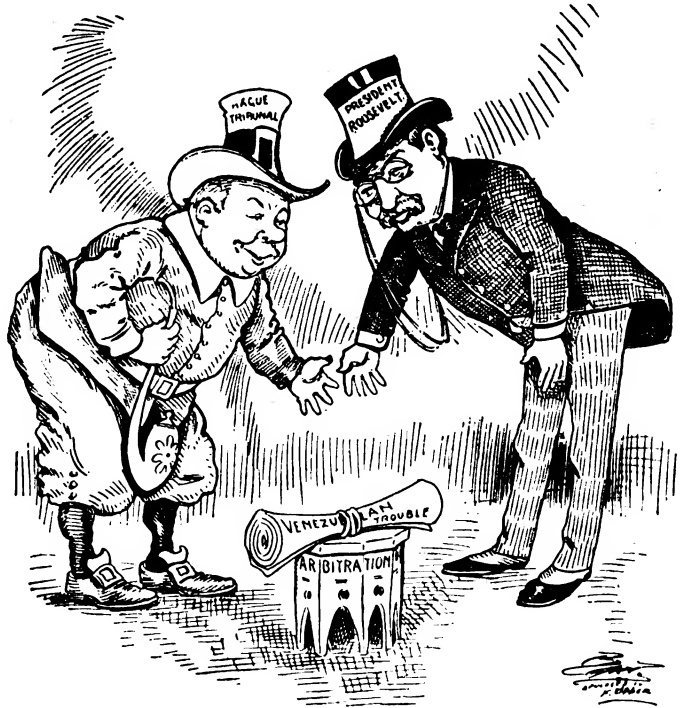
A few years ago such a story would not have been given admission into the Commercial, as it would have borne upon its face indisputable evidence of being a canard. Today it is put in because the public will think it very probably true, even though there should not be a foundation in fact in this particular instance.

A newspaper will often print a likely lie where it will fear to publish an unlikely truth.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE foreign creditors of Venezuela played a trump card when they demanded that if this country was not satisfied with what they were doing with Venezuela, they would be glad to have President Roosevelt arbitrate the matter and decide what they should do. Certainly, if their claims are just, and I have no doubt they are, viz., that the Venezuelans have swindled people out of money which was lent to them in good faith and have insulted and outraged foreigners residing there, President Roosevelt would have a very difficult situation to face. He is an upholder of the rights of property and the rights of a nation to protect its

and raze her capital, or to institute a blockade about her harbors. This latter is apparently all the European powers propose doing. The Munroe doctrine is all right in theory, but in practice, in this instance, it is found to be merely a shield behind which a South American republic finds opportunities to swindle and insult Europeans.



A POLITICAL ALPHONSE AND GASTON
ALPHONSE ROOSEVELT—You arbitrate it, my dear Gaston.

—Minneapolis Journal.

The old idea of the possibility of colonizing South America by Europeans is now thoroughly exploded. We know that its colonizing days are over. In the first place the birth rate in Europe is diminishing so rapidly that there is no longer the need to hunt new lands. In the next place, most of the people in most of the European countries are now satisfied to stay in them. Of course in the case of the Russian Jews there are political reasons which force them to leave, and economic

the Trust question. Roman Circuses were all well enough if they were accompanied by bread, and just now there is sufficient prosperity to allow a certain distribution of bread; but there is no use in giving circuses, without bread, when there is a necessity for bread, and it is highly probable that before Roosevelt gets into his second term the people are going to demand something more substantial than mere promises.



There was some sensational testimony in the Coal Mining investigation in which it was said that miners getting \$1400 a year were driving their little daughters of eight or nine to work the mines. Some of the newspapers went into lengthy denunciations of the miners who were getting so much money and yet were forcing their children to work. The Baltimore Herald gives a good picture of the idea which the Lehigh Coal Co. would present to the public of how a miner lives.

As a matter of course all this ridiculous testimony about the \$1400 a year salary is brushed aside by the explanation that

HOME OF A COAL MINER.

From description given by the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co. —Baltimore Herald

conditions exert great pressure upon the Italians, although many Italians return home after making sufficient money here to allow a return

The New York Herald has nailed at its mast-head, for its next presidential candidates, Roosevelt and Dewey, and calls them Anti-Trust candidates. I fear that poor Admiral Dewey's political future is such that we will never hear much more of him. As for Roosevelt he is making more or less spectacular play before the public on the man who receives it has to divide it up with four or five others. Judge Gray administered a scathing rebuke to the mine-owners for allowing such testimony to go in without explaining exactly why it was that a man received such an apparently large wage. We had the same thing in the Carnegie steel strike. Men were represented as receiving thousands of dollars a year as salary, when as a matter of fact hundreds would have better expressed it, as they had to pay

out of the sum they received a large proportion to their helpers.



The price of silver seems never to stop falling, and, as the Denver News pictures it, the Bryan silver dollar will

is sound theory, but at the same time it must be admitted that when the cost of living rises, wages are slow to respond. This would seem to be the case in this country. Wages certainly are higher now than they have been for some years; but, at the same time, the cost of living is so much higher, that the real wages—that is, the amount of beef-steak and potatoes a man gets—is con-

What the Dollar of Our Dads is Getting to
Look Like.

—Denver News

soon be down to thirty cents. The lapse of silver serves as an excellent text for the Socialists, who wish to direct attention to the fact that the reason of our economic troubles lies not in the color of the money we use but in the private ownership of the means of production. There is no doubt that eight years ago, if this silver heresy had not been trailed across the path of the voters by Mr. Bryan, we would have had a much larger Socialist vote today. However, it may all work for the best, and I look for Mr. Bryan to be as great a Socialist as he was a silver man before many years roll by.



The Socialist theory is that wages depend upon the cost of living. This

They're Both Growing, But——!

—Philadelphia Record

siderably less than it was three years ago, owing to the high price of food.



The New York Herald represents the Trusts as being built as inverted pyramids. This is not altogether the case, because the Trust has a perfectly logical basis. At the same time, our condition of trade to-day is such that it may be at any time upset, and the cyclone which the Journal predicts may set in.

Certainly when we have our next period of industrial depression and there is a huge unemployed problem, Mr. Morgan will be in a most perilous

position, he being nominally head of the universe and supposedly in a position to feed everyone, yet being bound by conditions which he cannot control and which will threaten starvation on withstand natural law, and the day will come when Mr. Morgan will find that even he, with all his brains and power, will not be able to find a method of feeding the people under our present

THE HOUSE THE TRUSTS BUILT.

—New York American

This is the Cyclone that some fine day
 Will sweep all the greedy Trusts away ;
 'Twill go hard with the Elephant, Bolivar, who
 Submissively did what they told him to do ;
 'Twill astonish the Man with the Giant Purse
 Who bossed the entire universe.
 But 'twill be a grand and glorious sight
 For the honest Man of Muscle and Might,
 Whose patience was exhausted quite.
 'Twill shake up the Officer sleepy and slow
 Who up and down his beat did go,
 And firmly and faithfully guarded the Dough
 Piled up in glittering heaps and stacks
 And bags and barrels and kegs and sacks
 That lay in the House the Trusts built.

an enormous scale. As I have said competitive system. Each new combine that is formed seems to be headed repeatedly in these columns Morgan is as good a man as could have been by this same wondrous Morgan, and picked out to fill his position. I regard each one that is merely attributed to him as a marvel, but no man can him on suspicion or is really under his

domination, makes his position more of vapor in the air which must present conspicuously perilous, because attention itself in material shape. Morgan has been a cloud with it is true a certain the central figure of the universe, and the world will one day demand that he shall properly regulate things or abdicate.

We are constitutionally such hero-worshippers that we like to think that great industrial conditions depend upon the agency of one particular man; and, as the Minneapolis Journal suggests, we think that if we could send Mr. Morgan to Jamaica for a year or two's holiday every thing would right itself. As a matter of fact, Mr. Morgan is simply the chief agent

of our industrial forces, and no more responsible for them than is the cloud responsible for shutting off the sun's rays. The cloud is simply the result

degree of activity within himself, but we think he is doing much more toward shaping our industrial progress than he really is.



A CURE FOR THE TRUSTS.

Congress might send Mr. Morgan on a Long Vacation if it is Really Desirous of Curbing the Great Trusts.

—Minneapolis Journal

THE SELIGMAN-WILSHIRE DEBATE

Owing to the time of going to press we are unable to give any particulars of Mr. Wilshire's debate with Professor E. R. A. Seligman, which took place January 16th. A full account will appear in the March number. The

debate was of especial interest owing to the commanding position in economics occupied by Mr. Seligman. He is Professor of Political Economy at Columbia University, and President of American Economic Association.

NEW BOOKS

REVIEWED BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

A DAUGHTER OF THE SNOW. Jack London. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company. Philadelphia. Price \$1.50.

We are so much under the influence of mere external nature, that when we find ourselves in a place where civilization has not as yet set its metes and bounds, and where the pressure of the social atmosphere (unknown millions of moral pounds to the square inch) is relieved, we swell up into our natural savage proportions. Unexpected sights are seen, in consequence. A man's real self is commonly so unlike the self which his fears, traditions and prudences cause him to show to his similarly intimidated friends—which is not, of course, his self at all, or even a self of any sort, but a ghastly puppet and simulacrum which his notion of what is becoming and expedient and expected prompts him to fashion out of who can say what odds and ends and rags and tatters of time-serving and hypocrisy—as to be utterly unrecognizable for the most part; even the physical man often undergoes transformation, and there appear a strange beard, long hair, loose hat, shirt and boots, such as would raise a mob about his ears if displayed in his own birthplace.

The rapid development, so-called, of this country of ours has made this spectacle so common that we have almost ceased to notice it; and our writers, beginning with Bret Harte, have so assiduously painted the portrait of it that it has entered into our literature, and we have come to regard these transmogrified persons, these renegades from the orthodox, these failures and waifs and revealed blackguards, as, somehow, a new race of men, who first began to exist as we now find them. These writers, and their readers too often, go so far as to make heroes and figures of romance out of the tatterdemalions; they give them the one quality which only by the rarest chance do they ever possess in reality—distinction. They

render their vices and crimes dark and splendid and desperate—instead of painting them in their native baseness and vulgarity; and they arbitrarily and against nature combine them in unholy and impossible marriage with beautiful virtues, delicacies and self-abnegations, such as would be looked on with suspicion even in a convent, but which, on the frontier, are positively ludicrous. The real frontiersman is not the dregs of the human race, for at least he had gumption enough to get out on the frontier, instead of remaining to pick pockets or keep white slaves in the cities; but he comes from a very low stratum as a rule; he sometimes possesses animal courage, sometimes persistence and a certain measure of intelligence; but all his finer virtues could easily be written out on his unmanicured thumb-nail, and leave room and to spare. It is true that the man who flees to the wilderness generally "finds himself," as the phrase is; but the self that he finds has only one advantage over the self that he leaves behind him in civilization—it is the real thing, and therefore it is in most cases a thing one would prefer to turn one's eyes away from. This is an indictment of civilization itself. For if civilization were a wholesome and desirable thing, as at present administered, then its subjects would appear to better and better advantage the more they uncovered themselves. But inasmuch as, when the fine trappings and liveries are taken off, the thing underneath appears diseased and disfavored, the meaning is that civilization and not the wilderness is to blame. Civilization is a broadcloth coat, a silk dress, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood by stealth and carry round the contribution plate in churches in public. The wilderness simply brings the facts to light, and is deserving of our hearty encomiums for that service. But we do not care to contemplate the facts, unless we are psychologists or

reformers, or cynics who deny the possibility of good in man. For others, the deception is preferable; for we have learned to make it very smooth, flattering and plausible: and if shocking things do not improve us, we would better ignore them, and continue to be deceived.

But this is an apologue. It was suggested by a novel written by Mr. Jack London, who is a young writer only lately heard of, but already achieving, in the enormous competition of modern literature, a measure of favorable reputation. Mr. London is obviously young; and he still wears upon him the marks of the newspaper reporter; and of by no means one of the most skilful newspaper reporters; either. But he is also more than a newspaper reporter, in that he is beginning to have ideas of his own, and ambitions, and, perhaps, hopes of reconstituting society and mankind. These aspirations still welter unformed and dim in his mind; but there is the promise of growth and sanity in them, by the aid of experience, self-control, and common-sense—of that loyalty to simple nature and truth, too, which, in the end, are found to be so much better than the fine writing and highfalutin in which at present he so frequently indulges. The fact is, Mr. London has not yet digested himself. Hitherto he has restricted himself to short tales, in which he has described with vigor and with a good eye for scenery and the rough outlines of character, the sort of renegade life to which I have referred; taking his cue, one would suppose, from Bret Harte, Owen Wister, and even from Kipling, though at some distance behind the least of these worthies. But, meanwhile, he has been having thoughts of higher things; he has been scrutinizing the foundations of human society and character, has found them not all they should be, and has been inspired by an impulse to indicate what, in his opinion, they ought to be. It is a generous impulse, and it may lead to great things; but at first, the result of his cogitations, as illustrated in this novel or romance, must be pronounced crude and incoherent. The only cure for these shortcomings is to keep on thinking, and observing; and not to make up dialogues and characters from the resources of one's notion-counter, but to trust exclusively to adaptations of what he has heard and seen. It will be a long time, perhaps, before he becomes competent to write such a story as "A Daughter of the Snows" as it ought to be written; but he can always be attempting something towards that end—working systematically up from the less to the more difficult. The time will undoubtedly come when Mr.

London will be very sorry he did not wait before doing what he has here done; and he will criticize it far more severely than I care to criticize it; but, after all there is no better teacher than failure, if only we do not allow ourselves to be discouraged by it. Mr. London, I think, has too much vitality and good sense in him to make twice the mistake he makes in this first long story of his; so that, in the long run, he may be said to gain as much as to lose by having perpetrated it.

His object in the story is clear enough; he wanted to draw a woman unhampered by the absurdities of modern conventions; one who had the courage to think and act according to her own views of what was right; who should dare to break with all manner of traditions and orthodoxy and proprieties, and yet should remain pure, clean and lovable. The thing has often been attempted before; Mr. London's attempt differs from most others in his having made his girl the possessor of a thorough education on orthodox lines; having got that, she then goes back to the home of her childhood (which happens to be Alaska), and there conducts herself by the light of nature and healthy impulse—as we are asked to believe. She is beautiful, athletic, and morally as well as physically brave; and she has at her fingers' ends all modern and classic literature and philosophy. Her father, an industrial and commercial power in the raw country, had fears that she would be "spoiled" by her long educational experience in Eastern schools and colleges; but she soon shows him that she is as primitive as ever, in spite of her learning. This is something, by the way, that would not occur in real life; a person, and especially a girl, cannot be subjected during the most impressionable period of her life to years of contact with the machine of civilization, without showing the effects of it in every manifestation of her existence. Mr. London tries to account for her by insisting at great length upon the power of "race"; she has the Scandinavian blood in her; is a sort of Brunhilda brought down to our times; but the explanation does not convince. In spite of all that her creator can do, the young lady betrays at every step the most wearisome self-consciousness and affectation; I cannot recall a single act or word of hers that has a genuine ring to it. She is, indeed, as much a monster—a thing contrary to nature—as the phenomenon constructed by the philosopher Frankenstein. After all the labor lavished upon her, she remains at the end

of the story utterly incredible and even inconceivable; she never materializes—or precipitates, as the Theosophists say. Though she is talking all the time, we never hear her voice; or so much as see her face, though she is always before us. And it must be confessed that the things she is said to do and say are unpleasant, and actually vulgar. Mr. London probably thought to help the matter by adducing the Alaskan background; but this was a misconception on his part; it is in a sense a primitive background, but it is very far from being an ideal one. The only primitiveness is that of nature; the men, as I said before, are degenerates or renegades. It is true that the father of the girl is represented as being by nature a king of men; but in so far as he is this, he is unnatural; we cannot believe in him. There is a whole chapter of dialogue between him and his daughter which is entirely preposterous. It might pass in a book all conceived in the same highfalutin, transcendental key; but it is sandwiched in between passages of the most uncompromising realism. This incongruity is fatal to the book as a work of art; it is weaving cobwebs and tow in the same fabric. The fabric looks absurd, and the value of both its constituent parts is lost.

Frona Welse—such is the simple every-day name of the heroine—is placed between two men, one a villain, the other a hero, who are in love with her; and she is in company with other men who admire her, but do not quite pretend to be suitors. There is also a prostitute who is sought after by Frona, with altruistic and humane views, of course, but with an utter absence of reason and motive. The two women embrace each other, and talk much nonsense; and the upshot is that the prostitute marries an American army officer. Frona herself is much freer in her manner than the prostitute; she handles every man she comes across, and kisses many of them “on the mouth” as Mr. London is careful to mention. When she cuts her foot on the ice one of her lovers strips off his shirt to make footwear for her; and in that condition occupies the thwart in front of hers in the canoe; and she rejoices to see the sun making his back red. When her other lover, the villain, is arrested and tried for murder, she forces herself into the room where Judge Lynch is holding his court, undertakes the defence of the prisoner, cross-examines witnesses, listens complacently to stories of his amatory exploits among Indian squaws, and kisses him good-bye at the foot of the gallows. She thinks nothing of sleeping all night alone

with a man in a hut. She grasps a French Baron by the hair, exclaims, “What a ridiculous, foolish, lovable fellow it is!” turns his face up and kisses him on the lips—though the baron was not in the least expecting it. One of her lovers kisses one of her bare toes; she tells him, that if he cares for her in a big-brotherly way, he may kiss “all my toes.” “He grunted, but did not deign to reply.” This is a virtuous, pure-minded American girl with an Eastern college education! If she is like this in her virgin condition, what will she be when she has been admitted to the free-masonry of married life? Which would you prefer to be:—her husband, or her lover? Or would you not rather give her a wide berth, and avoid nausea altogether? There is not an atom of femininity in her; and if she were physically ugly, nothing could prevent anyone from regarding her as an impudent trollope.

But when Mr. London turns aside from the hopeless enterprise of rendering this phenomenon amenable to human proportions and comprehension, his work is forcible, picturesque and interesting. He knows his scenery well, and can draw it vigorously; he understands his frontiersmen, and can make them credible. He is still inclined to extravagance and caricature; and does not know that a thing which might actually occur in real life is not therefore necessarily possible in fiction, which should be true in a manner and degree which nature often fails to compass. Again, he lacks the judgment or intuition which should tell him when to leave off; he fatigues us with too much of a good thing—as in the prolonged description of the canoe trip across the half-frozen river. Instead of grasping the essential elements of the adventure, and grouping them succinctly, once for all, he strings the story out till it expires for absolute lack of further material. The story of the murder is another instance of prolixity; it is pulled over and over like a mass of tangled string; there is no imagination shown in the treatment. One of the best, and best told episodes in the book is the interview between St. Vincent (the villain) and the old Irishman, McCarthy. It is a little extravagant and sentimental, but not beyond the bounds of possibility; and the point made is a good and new one. Such collisions of inner character are among the best material of novelists; they are seldom improved, because failure is so much easier than success in the handling of them; but Mr. London may be said to have succeeded, in this instance.

Upon the whole, this writer is to be welcomed; for it is much better to fail in doing a difficult

thing than to succeed in doing a trifle. There is bone, fibre and sinew in Mr. London. If his good angels screen him from popular success, during the next few formative years of his career, he may do something well worth the doing, and do it well. But if he is satisfied with his present level of performance, there is little hope for him.

OUR BENEVOLENT FEUDALISM. By W. J. Ghent. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

It is with a feeling of weariness that I take up economic books nowadays. It is so rarely anything is produced that is original in treatment or contains information of value that most of them can be passed by without opening and the world be no loser. However, although I do not agree with Mr. Ghent's conclusions, I must say at once that I regard his book as the most valuable contribution to economic literature that has yet appeared in America. This is a broad statement, but I feel that those who are interested in the evolution of industry will be quite ready to endorse my position when they have read this remarkable book. The wealth of illustration and the multitude of facts he adduces to prove his contention that we have passed into the age of industrial feudalism are simply marvellous. It is a book which I hope no reader of this magazine, who can afford to buy it, will neglect to purchase.

My main difference with Mr. Ghent is, as expressed in my criticism of his *Industrial Feudalism*, which appeared in *The Outlook* some time ago, that while he lays his premises very well he does not seem to see the impossibility of the continuation of our industrial feudalism owing to the impossibility of our continuing to employ men in making machinery when it is not needed. Under the feudalism of the middle ages the serfs produced goods which were consumed from year to year.

Our industrial serfs to-day produce machines, which are not only not consumed, but which enable them to produce still more machines every year, until we finally come to a point when there will be absolutely no use for more machines, and we will then be face to face with a tremendous unemployed problem, which can only be solved by the abolition of our industrial feudalism, which Mr. Ghent presents so strikingly.

Possibly Mr. Ghent, with whom I have no personal acquaintance, may have the same views that I have, and may feel that it is better to state the case without drawing the conclusion that the change to Socialism is inevitable. He may think it judicious to make people see that they must do something for themselves, if they do not wish to fall into perpetual slavery, even though he may see that this slavery is an economic impossibility. Of course, this is a view of Mr. Ghent's mind which is not satisfactory, but it is difficult to have any other view when otherwise he seems to see the whole economic situation so clearly.

I give a few extracts from Mr. Ghent's book indicating his grasp of the general subject:

The tendencies make not only for combination in specific trades, but for unification—for complete integration of all capital which is susceptible of organization. Capitalistic atoms of low valency—to use a term from chemistry—such as those invested in some of the hand trades, custom and repairing and the like—may continue their course, but those of a high valency are sooner or later brought into association. From this fundamental grouping comes integration, the concentration of the material units which go to make up an aggregate. The lesser gravitates to the larger. It needs no modern Newton to proclaim that in finance, commerce and industry, as in the physical world, all bodies attract one another in direct proportion to their mass. Distance provides a limitation, it is true, to the action of this law in the physical world; but less so in the economic world, for such is the perfection of our means of communication that they provide a

more transmissible medium to capital than is the pervading ether to light and gravitation.

The separate trade trusts are not sufficient unto themselves, but move steadily toward unification. A glance at the directorates of the leading combinations shows many names repeated through a long list of varied industries. The combinations themselves reach out and acquire new interests, often distinct from their primary interests. In Pennsylvania coal is mined and railroads are operated by practically the same companies, and in Colorado and West Virginia nearly as complete an identity is discovered. The steel corporation owns coal lands, limestone quarries, railroads and docks; it is allied with the great Atlantic shipping trust; it is related, not distantly, to the Standard Oil Company; and the beginnings of a public opinion trust are indicated, for already its chief magnate has acquired several newspapers and a prominent magazine. Bishop Potter's prediction, it would seem, is in fair way of fulfilment. "We must fully realize," he said to the Yale students last April, "the danger that mind as well as matter will be at some time in the future capitalized, and that the real thinking and planning for the many will be done by a mere handful." Beet and cane sugar are soon to be joined, we read; paper and lumber, if not already wedded, are at least on excellent terms. Oil and gas on the one hand, coal and iron on the other, have a "common understanding," and each of them holds morgantic relations with one or more of the railroads. All the great combinations recognize a growing community of interest; they tend more and more to a potential, if not an actual coalescence; and in the face of popular agitation, legislative aggressiveness, or the formal demands of labor, they develop a unity of purpose and method. Their support is thrown, in general, to the same candidates for governors, senators, judges and tax assessors. In brief, they tend to the formation of a state within a state, and their individual members to the creation of an industrial and political hierarchy.

Most of the magnates show a frugal and discriminating mind in their benefactions; but it is a prodigal mind indeed which governs the expenditures that make for social ostentation. It is probable that no aristocracy—not even that of profligate Rome under the late Cæsars—ever spent such enormous sums in display. Our aristocracy, avoiding the English standards relating to persons engaged in trade, welcomes the industrial magnate, and his vast wealth and love of ostentation have set the pace for lavish expenditure. Trade is the dominant phase of American life—the divine process by which, according to current opinion, "the whole creation moves"—and, as it has achieved the conquest of most of our social institutions and of our political powers, that it should also dominate "society" is but a natural sequence. Flaunting and garish consumption becomes the basic canon in fashionable affairs. As Mr. Thorstein Veblen, in his keen satire, "The Theory of the Leisure Class," puts it:—

"Conspicuous consumption of valuable goods is a means of reputability. . . . As wealth

accumulates on his (the magnate's) hands, his own unaided effort will not avail sufficiently to put his opulence in evidence by this method. The aid of friends and competitors is therefore brought in by resorting to the giving of valuable presents and expensive feasts and entertainments. Presents and feasts had probably another origin than that of naive ostentation, but they acquired their utility for the purpose very early, and they have retained that character to the present."

The conspicuous consumption of other days was, however, as compared with that of the present, but a flickering candle flame to a great cluster of electric lights. Against the few classic examples, such as those of Cleopatra and Lucillus, our present aristocracy can show hundreds; and the daily spectacle of wasteful display might serve to make the earlier Sybarites stare and gasp. Present-day fashionable events come to be distinguished and remembered not so much on the score of their particular features as of their cost. A certain event is known as Mr. A.'s \$5,000 breakfast, another as the Smith-Jones' \$15,000 dinner, and another as Mrs. C.'s \$30,000 entertainment and ball.

I might mention that there is a limit both to methods of ostentatious display of wealth which Mr. Ghent does not seem to recognize; and I also might point out that to-day Mr. Morgan makes quite as much ostentatious display of wealth when he buys an Atlantic fleet for his profit as when he buys a steam yacht for his pleasure. In other words, where at one time ostentatious display was indicated only in the purchase of useless or merely ornamental things, to-day the rich man can make an ostentatious display of wealth in purchasing industries which pay for themselves, so to speak. This, of course, has again a tremendous economic effect in hastening the termination of our present industrial feudalism. If the great capitalist could spend his income every year upon commodities which would be consumed during the year, then the process would be perpetual; but when he buys a railroad, which not only does not consume itself, but on the contrary earns enough to purchase another railroad, he soon comes to a point where he can no longer utilize his surplus.

BURIED TREASURE.

Ever Try to Dig It Up?

The biggest boxes of gold are dug up out of a man's strong, money-making brain. No box of Capt. Kidd's ever held the gold owned by the money makers of the present day. And those same money makers keep the brain well, strong and of the money making sort by feeding on Grape-Nuts.

Ask the next millionaire or successful lawyer, author or business man if he eats Grape-Nuts. Try the experiment on several and learn something of how they feed. They may know a secret that would make you rich.

You can't keep a strong brain down and Grape-Nuts food makes strong brains for the brain making and rebuilding elements are there and the facts will come out in undeniable form after a trial of the famous food.

The tool that makes money is the brain.

Weak, dull tools don't do the work.

Brain absolutely must be fed on the right kind of food if results are to be had — Grape-Nuts is that food.

There is a reason.

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Dig up your buried treasure.

Just Try To Get Well

Find out what I know.

Learn why my offer is possible.

Write me a postal—that's all.

Then I will mail you an order—good at any drug store—for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. You may take it a month on trial. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, *I will pay the druggist myself*, and your mere word shall decide it.

Note What That Means

No matter about your prejudice and doubts. they are natural—but put them aside for once.

Look at it this way:—If my treatment succeeds, you are well. If it fails, it is free. Your whole risk is the postal you write.

And consider this:—You see this offer everywhere, and thousands every week accept it. Don't you realize that I must be curing these thousands, else the offer would ruin me?

And can't you believe—in view of the faith I show—that my vast experience may have solved a way to cure you?

Don't be too hesitating when your health is at stake. Just try for a month to get well. Then, if you are still doubtful, let your druggist send the bill to me.

My Method is This:

My Restorative strengthens the *inside* nerves. It is my discovery—the result of my lifetime's work.

Instead of doctoring the weak organ, I bring back the nerve power which alone makes each vital organ act. I give it the strength to do its duty just as I would give a weak engine more steam.

I nearly always succeed. My records show that 39 out of each 40 who get my Restorative on trial pay for it gladly, because they are cured. The best of other treatments cannot cure one chronic case in ten.

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Dr. Shoop, Box 464,
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Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.
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Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

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Invents a Device That Guarantees Perfect Health, Strength and Beauty to Every User and Cures Without Drugs the Most Obstinate Diseases by Nature's Method of Steaming the Poisons Out of the Blood

Enormous Sales of Vapor Bath Cabinets—Getting Rich Are Hundreds of Men and Women Selling Them. Will Be Sent on 30 Days' Trial.

It has remained for a prominent business man of Cincinnati to discover that in the application of Hot Air to the skin and its resultant perspiration lies the secret of good health, vigor, freedom from disease, and beauty. He proved beyond the question of a doubt that the Romans and Greeks had

No Physicians for 500 Years

but Hot Air and Vapor Baths, and that they owed their splendid health, fine physique, strength and beauty to vaporized air or "sweat baths," and so he set to work to invent a method by which the American people could secure all the marvellous benefits of these baths without expensive apparatus, bath rooms and at smallest expense.

The now famous Quaker Bath Cabinet was the result of his efforts.

Clouds of Hot Air or Vapor surround the entire body, opening the millions of sweat-pores, causing profuse perspiration, drawing out of the blood and system all the impure acids, salts and effete matter which, if retained, cause sickness, debility, and affliction.

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improvement in your health, feelings and complexion. There is not a single person living who should not possess one of these Cabinets.

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Hundreds of well-known physicians have given up their practice to sell these Cabinets, and to-day over 27,000 physicians use and recommend them, and every well-equipped hospital and sanitarium in the world uses these Cabinets with the most wonderful and beneficial effects—curing even the worst chronic cases. It beats a trip to Hot Springs.

Thousands of remarkable letters have been written the makers from users; some referring to

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will be interesting to those who suffer from these dread maladies. W. L. Brown, Oxford, O., writes: "My father was down in bed for months with rheumatism; this Cabinet did him more good than \$50 worth of drugs. It cured my brother of sleeplessness, of which he had long suffered, and his wife of la grippe in one night." G. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., writes: "Was compelled to quit business a year ago, being prostrated with rheumatism and kidney troubles, when your Cabinet came. Two weeks' use cured me; have never had a twinge since." Judge J. O. Hutchins, Haywards, Calif., writes: "For 15 years was a confirmed invalid, baffled best doctors. Thank God the Quaker cured me without drugs, of dropsy, rheumatism, severe kidney troubles, weak heart, insomnia, catarrh, etc., after I had given up hope. Am to-day well and vigorous." Wm. Cornett, Smithville, Miss., says: "Am 72 years old. This Cabinet better than all medicines and doctors I tried. Had lung trouble 16 years, also rheumatism and neuralgia; could scarcely walk. In two weeks' treatment threw away my cane. Walked seven miles. I heartily recommend it."

Hundreds of Ministers

write, praising this Cabinet. Rev. Baker Smith, D. D., Fairmont, N. J., says: "Your Cabinet rid the body of aches and pains, and as 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness' it merits high recommendation." Rev. J. C. Richardson, Roxbury, Mass., was greatly benefited by its use, and recommends it highly, as

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Invented and patented six years ago—the demand has been so great that over 300,000 Cabinets were sold during the past year, and hundreds of men and women are growing rich selling them, as the makers offer splendid inducements to hustlers.

It is an air-tight inclosure, a rubber-walled room in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and with only the head outside, enjoys at home, for 3 cents each, all the marvellous, cleansing, curative and invigorating effects of the famous Turkish, Russian, Hot Air, Hot Vapor Baths, medicated or perfumed if desired, with no possibility of taking cold afterwards, or in any way weakening the system.

also does Hon. V. C. Hay, who writes: "Physicians gave me up to die; was persuaded by friends to try this Cabinet, and it cured me. Cannot praise it enough." U. S. Senator Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Congressman John J. Lentz, John T. Brown, Editor "Christian Guide;" Rev. C. M. Keith, Editor "Holiness Advocate," as well as hundreds of clergymen, bankers, governors, physicians and influential people recommend it highly.

Physicians are unanimous in claiming that colds, la grippe, fevers, kidney troubles, Bright's disease, cancer; in fact, such

Marvellous Eliminative Power

has this Cabinet that no disease can gain a foothold in your body if you take these hot Thermal Baths weekly. Scientific reasons are brought out in a very instructive little book issued by the makers.

To Cure Blood and Skin Diseases

this Cabinet has marvellous power. Dr. Shepard, of Brooklyn, states that he has never failed to draw out the deadly poison of snake bites, hydrophobia, blood poison, etc., by this Vapor Bath, proving that it is the most wonderful blood-purifier known. If people, instead of filling their system with more poisons by taking drugs and nostrums, would get into a Vapor Bath Cabinet and steam out these poisons and assist Nature to act, they would have pure blood, and a skin as clear and smooth as the most fastidious could desire.

Another Important Feature

is the **ASTONISHING BENEFIT IN DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN**. It removes the inflammation and congestion which causes much of the pain to which women are slaves. Heat is the greatest known relief and cure for these ailments, if rightly applied. Dr. Williams, one of New York's most celebrated physicians, says: "The best remedy for the prevention and cure of all troubles peculiar to the female sex is Hot Air Baths. Your Cabinet is truly a God-send to women." Thousands of children's lives have been saved, as it is invaluable for breaking up colds, fevers, croup, congestions, etc.

With the Cabinet, if desired, is a

Head and Complexion Steamer

in which the face, head and neck are given the same vapor treatment as the body, producing a bright, pure, brilliant complexion, removing pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions; cures catarrh, asthma and bronchitis.

O. C. Smith, Mt. Healthy, Ohio, says: "Since using this Cabinet my catarrh, asthma and hay fever, with which I have been afflicted since childhood, has not returned. Worth \$1,000 to me. Have sold hundreds of these Cabinets. Everyone was delighted. My wife finds it excellent for her ills and our children."

Whatever Will Hasten Profuse Perspiration

everyone knows is beneficial, but other methods of resorting to stimulants and poisonous drugs are dangerous to health. Nature's own method is provided by the convenient, safe and marvellous power of this Quaker Cabinet.

We find it to be a genuine Cabinet, with a real door, opening wide. When closed it is airtight; handsomely made of best durable goods, rubber-lined. A heavy steel frame supports it, making it a strong and substantial bath-room within itself. Has the latest improvements.

A splendid stove for heating is furnished with each Cabinet, also medicine and vaporizing pan,

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After investigation, we can say this Quaker Cabinet, made by the Cincinnati firm, is the only practical article of its kind. Will last for years. Seems to satisfy and delight every user, and the

Makers Guarantee Results

They assert positively, and their statements are backed by thousands of letters from persons of influence, that this Cabinet will cure nervous troubles, debility, purify the blood, beautify the skin, and cure rheumatism (they offer \$50.00 reward for a case not relieved). Cures the most obstinate cases of women's ailments, la grippe, sleeplessness, neuralgia, malaria, headaches, gout, sciatica, eczema, scrofula, piles, dropsy, blood and skin diseases, liver and kidney troubles. Reduces obesity.

It Will Cure a Hard Cold

with one bath, and for breaking up symptoms of la grippe, fevers, pneumonia, congestion, etc., it is invaluable—really a household necessity. Gives the most

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and even those enjoying the best of health should use it at least once or twice a week, for its great value lies in its marvellous power to draw out of the system impurities that cause disease, and it is truly proving a God-send to humanity.

How to Get One

All our readers who want to enjoy perfect health, prevent disease or are afflicted, should have one of these remarkable Cabinets. Space prevents a detailed description, but it will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and curative properties.

Write the only makers, The World Mfg. Co., 766 World Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and ask them to send you their valuable illustrated booklet, describing this invention and these remarkable baths. The price of these Cabinets has always been \$5.00, but the makers offer to our readers for 60 days this Cabinet for \$3.50 complete, or their \$10.00 finest and best double-walled Cabinet for \$6.10. Face and Head Steaming Attachments, if desired, 65 cents extra, and it is indeed difficult to imagine where that amount of money could be invested in anything else that would bring so much good health, strength and vigor.

Don't Fail to Write To-day

for full information; or, better still, order a Cabinet; you won't be disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet, and agree to refund your money after thirty days' use if not just as represented.

We know them to do as they agree. They are reliable and responsible; capital \$100,000.00.

The Cabinet is just as represented, and will be promptly shipped upon receipt of Money Order, Bank Draft, Certified Check or Registered Letter.

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\$150.00 a Month and Expenses

This Cabinet is proving a wonderful seller, over 20,000 were sold last month by agents, and the firm offers special inducements to both men and women upon request, and to our knowledge many are making from \$100 to \$150 per month and expenses. Don't fail to write them: by Google

COPPER CURES CONSUMPTION

New Treatment for Consumption Indorsed by Member of British Tuberculosis Congress—"Antidotum Tuberculose" (the Copper Cure), Marvel of the Medical World—Hope for All, No Matter How Bad Off.

Benefits Congressman Dingley's Son and Cures Others of Quick, Galloping and Fast Consumption in their Own Home—Any One can Receive FREE Specially Written Books Which Explain Exhaustively the Cure and Prevention of Consumption by "Antidotum Tuberculose"—Let Every Reader of Wilshire's Magazine Write the Company at Once.

Chairman Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co. (Ltd.), Member of British Tuberculosis Congress; Member International Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Consumptives need not worry about their future any more, as the long-looked-for cure for consumption has at last been found, and a cure is now just as sure as in the simplest disease. To satisfy yourself of this you have only to write the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., 227 Main St., Kalamazoo, Mich., of which the chairman is Mr. O. K. Buckhout, a noted member of the British Tuberculosis Congress, and also of the International Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, composed of world-famous men who have made consumption—its cure and prevention—a life study. This cure is something entirely new, and is called "Antidotum-Tuberculose," or the Copper Cure, and is the only discovery we know of that absolutely kills all tuberculosis germs that cause consumption, as unless this is done, the disease cannot be cured. As the name of the remedy tells, its chief ingredient is copper, which metal has at last been found to be the deadly enemy of the consumption germ. "Antidotum Tuberculose" is the original copper cure.

You can tell if you have consumption by the coughing and hawking, by continually spitting, especially in the morning, when you throw yellow and black matter, by bleeding from the lungs, night sweats, flat chest, fever, weak voice, peculiar flushed complexion, pain in chest, wasting away of the flesh, etc. Find out how the Copper Cure kills the germs, then builds up the lungs, strengthens the heart, puts flesh on the body and muscle on the bones, until the consumption is all gone, and you are again a strong, healthy robust man or woman.

Don't doubt this, for the very same discovery benefited A. H. Dingley, a son of Congressman Dingley, of Dingley Tariff Bill fame, who went West and South for relief and didn't get it, and came back with death staring him in the face, and was benefited by Antidotum Tuberculose after all else had failed.

So don't give up hope, and don't spend your money in travel. Attend to it right away, for consumption spreads to other members of your family. If you have consumption or fear you are predisposed to it, write to-night to the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., 227 Main Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you illustrated and scholarly books free of charge, telling you fully how the Copper Cure will cure you in your own home in a very short time.

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HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL - PHILADELPHIA

B. B. B. B.

"Not Like Other Magazines"

THE PILGRIM

A Magazine of Progress

EDITED BY WILLIS J. ABBOT

WHAT "THE PILGRIM" STANDS FOR

THE PILGRIM stands for the higher, freer, purer life of the individual, the state, and the nation. In so doing it becomes, in an exceptional degree, a home magazine.

The editor has avoided the tendency to specialization, and instead of making a class magazine, he makes one of interest to all classes and every member of the household.

IS "THE PILGRIM" PARTISAN?

THE PILGRIM cares nothing for parties. It does believe in certain ideas. It holds to every line of the Declaration of Independence for our people and for all others.

And it will follow its own creed, utterly regardless of the name of the party to the support of which it may thus be committed. It knows principles, not parties.

Features of "The Pilgrim" for 1903 "The Adventures of Vigorous Daunt"

BY AMBROSE PRATT

"Vigorous Daunt" is a type of the Twentieth Century American, as seen by a romantic novelist. Rich, restless, energetic, ambitious, adventurous, he travels about Europe, employing his leisure in pursuit of adventure. He is a sort of combination of Sherlock Holmes and Captain Kettle. Each adventure is complete in itself; but as the principal characters appear in each, the effect is that of a continued story.

Between Two Worlds

BY CURTIS DUNHAM

Illustrated by Oliver Herford

is the story of the adoption by the animals of a city "Zoo" of a little crippled boy, to whom they teach the tongue of the animal world, and the inmost thoughts of its denizens. The incidents are complete, each in itself, but all form a continued narrative. These stories are by no means "juvenile" in purpose, nor in execution, but one of the most interesting developments of the new "Nature Study" movement. They will interest the little folks, as well as their elders. Publication will begin with the January number and continue for six months.

Special Illustrated Features

Character Sketches of American Leaders

As a sort of protest against the tendency to land mere material success, THE PILGRIM will give a series of character sketches of men and women who, by their lives, their writings, or their oratory are rousing and guiding the moral and ethical sense of the nation.

The Patriotic Calendar

Each month a page will be given to illustrations of the scenes in the life of some eminent American, whose name is identified with that month in some way. These articles will be in a certain sense historical, as in them no living American will be discussed.

Short Fiction

Among the authors of short fiction whose stories will go to make 1903 notable in the life of THE PILGRIM may be mentioned: Hamlin Garland, author of "The Grey Horse Troop," and other novels of the west; Francis Churchill Williams, author of "J. Devil Boes;" Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, author of "A Mountain Woman," and other stories; Stewart Edward White, author of "The Blazed Trail," and other stories; Brand Whitlock, author of "The Thirteenth District;" Arthur Stringer, Herman Babson, Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, Joseph Blethen, Karl Edwin Harriman, Julian Hawthorne, Clara Morris, Shirley W. Smith, Will S. Gidley, and W. A. Curtis will also contribute their brightest and most entertaining stories to THE PILGRIM.

However, any effort to enumerate in full the attractions which THE PILGRIM will offer its readers in 1903, makes only too apparent the hopelessness of the task. Many features, not above mentioned, are already in hand; and the editorial policy of keeping abreast of the changing times and ideas renders it certain that the things which will interest our readers next July are subjects of which to-day we know nothing. Suffice it to say, THE PILGRIM will always be found in the forefront of public movements.

SPECIAL OFFER The regular price of THE PILGRIM is one dollar a year, 10 cents a single copy. To introduce it into new homes we will send it for three months for 10 cents. Send your subscription today. This offer is open to new names only.

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G. N. News
LOWVILLE, N.Y.

This \$4 Velvete made and trimmed Hat in black and colors, for only \$1.99. Has 8 ostrich feathers, fancy hat pin and buckle, and richly trimmed. Money back if dissatisfied.

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I have a truss that's cured hundreds of ruptures. It's safe, sure and easy as an old stocking. No elastic or steel band around the body or between the legs. Holds any rupture. To introduce it every sufferer who answers this ad. can have one free. It won't cost a cent. **ALEX. SPETES**, 712 Main St., Westbrook, Maine.

Lorberg's Library Chairs

Unlike the Regular Morris Chair

Every chair is made with Spring Cushions, which have proven to be more comfortable and more lasting than the old-fashioned reversible cushions. All seat cushions are 21x21 inches and are made with five springs and full metal supports; all back cushions are made with springs with metal supports which are fastened to the back frame, making it impossible for the cushions to sag or fall out of position. The back cushions can be easily removed and chair cleaned.

No. 104—Made of Solid Oak with rubbed finish, is fitted with automatic attachment in back, five springs in seat and three in back. This chair is upholstered in high-grade three-color Velours, in the latest designs of Green, Red and Brown colorings. Shipping weight, 60 pounds. **\$5.35**

No. 102—This chair has larger posts than 104, and stronger built. Solid Oak with Golden Oak finish rubbed. This chair is equipped with automatic attachment, spring seat and back cushions as fully described above, and comes upholstered in the best quality high-grade colored Velours. Shipping weight, about 60 pounds. Exceptional value. **\$5.9**

No. 308, Couch—In Rococo design. It is well made with the best springs and covered with the latest Velours. Has 5 rows of deep tufting and Golden Oak finished frame. We especially recommend this for solid comfort. 28 inches wide, 74 inches long. Weight, packed for shipment, about 75 pounds. **\$10.9**
A good, clean article at a very low price.

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This noted Chicago Oculist, known as America's most expert specialist, announces the twenty-third edition of his book—a handsome illustrated volume—and generously offers to send the same to any one who is interested enough to ask for it. It contains much valuable information as to the cause and cure of Cataracts, Optic Nerve diseases and all other causes of blindness. This book is certainly a valuable aid to all who are in any way afflicted with their eyes, as it tells them how they can cure themselves at their own homes quickly and at small expense. No leaving home, family and friends—no hospital or sanitarium, no confinement in dark rooms nor inconvenience in any way. The book contains testimonials of many who have been cured by Dr. Oneal's Dissolvent Method. Some of them had been totally blind for years. They had been given up as incurable by others; they had been butchered and blinded by the surgeon's knife, yet Dr. Oneal cured them by his simple, sure and scientific treatment. No one can successfully dispute these statements. The proof is too abundant. Dr. Oneal can refer you to cured cases in every state and territory of the union, also in foreign countries. You can go to see them or write to them.

Among Dr. Oneal's recent and notable cures is that of Rev. Peter P. Cooney, C. S. C., who for more than fifty years has been identified with that famous institution of learning, Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind. Father Cooney himself administered Dr. Oneal's treatment at home, and was cured of blindness of an aggravated nature caused by Cataracts which had been twice operated on by the knife. Cross-eyes straightened, no knife or pain, always successful.

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The art book of the century, 200 royal quarto pages filled with full-page colored illustrations of modern home interiors, and studies. Price \$2.00. If you want to keep up in decoration send \$2.00 for this book, worth \$50.

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Here is a chance to get in on the Ground Floor! The coupons sent with shares will be numbered from 1 to 3,000, and as soon as the last coupon is sold, the beans will be purchased by a committee, chosen by the majority of all contestants, each send with estimate name of person they can trust (themselves if they wish), and the three persons who receive the most votes will constitute committee to oversee count by pupils of a Saginaw Public School, under the supervision of the teachers. The committee is to receive free railroad fare, free hotel, and three dollars per day for time consumed from leaving their homes to their return to same.

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Almost everyone has soaked his feet in hot water to cure a cold in the head. Magic Foot Drafts not only produce the effect of a mild, but continuous foot-soaking, opening the pores (here the largest in the body), but they stimulate the excretory functions of the skin, enabling it to throw off the acid impurities from the system through these large pores.

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Every drop of blood in the body passes every so often through the feet, where the circulatory and nervous systems are exceedingly susceptible.

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If you have rheumatism write us to-day and we will send you a pair of Magic Foot Drafts on free trial. If they relieve you, send us One Dollar. If they don't, keep your money—the risk is ours. We know that they cure to stay cured. Write to-day to the MAGIC FOOT DRAFT COMPANY, 242 Oliver Building, Jackson, Mich. Send no money—only your name.

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Most practical, durable and accurate watch made. Heavy five-ounce **SOLID LUZON SILVER** case. Will wear a lifetime. Quick train, jeweled, nickel American movement; guaranteed for five years. Send us your name, P. O. and express office and we will send you by express for you to examine, **BEFORE YOU PAY ONE CENT**. When you find it to be exactly as described and better value than other firms ask from \$6.00 to \$8.00 for, pay express agent our special price, \$3.50 and express charges for the watch and beautiful gold-plated vest chain. This watch is three times more valuable than Silverine and equal in purpose to COIN SILVER. Best watch made for mechanics, railway men, laborers, farmers, boys, and those needing a non-destructible watch. Order to-day. (Allen & Co. are reliable)—Editor.

ALLEN & CO., Jewelers

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Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by
Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures
Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem
Like Miracles Performed—The Secret of
Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy is Free to All Who Send Name
and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty record of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 235 Boltes Block, Fort Wayne, Ind., makes the startling announcement that he has

DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

surely discovered the elixir of life. That he is able, with the aid of a mysterious compound known only to himself, produced as the result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim, and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free to anyone who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous.

Partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gout, scrofula and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy to-day. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free by mail.

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Do you wish to earn a beautiful Bisque Doll, also a lovely bracelet and ring? If so, send us your full name and address and we will send 20 cards of our jewelry novelties, postpaid; sell them at 10 cents per card and return us \$2.00, and we will send you, all charges prepaid, one of the most beautiful dolls ever given away, together with a beautiful turquoise bracelet and a gold-finished ring. This doll is nearly

One-Half Yard Tall

and has a turning bisque head, lovely curly hair, pearly teeth, natural sleeping eyes, jointed body, real slippers, stockings, etc., and is completely dressed from head to foot. Understand this is not a printed cloth or rag doll, or a cheap plaster of Paris doll, such as some concerns give, but a real sleeping BISQUE DOLL nearly

One-Half Yard Tall

together with a bracelet and ring. Positively these three presents given for selling only two dollars' worth of novelties. Take notice: We prepay all express and mailing charges on our premiums. Write to-day and be sure to send your FULL name and address, if you wish to earn one of these beautiful dolls. Address

THE BISQUE DOLL CO.

Dept. F12, Bridgeport, Conn.

The one physician
who really conquered

RHEUMATISM

FREE TEST

TREATMENT

It is difficult to realize that a single preparation will permanently cure the worst cases of chronic and acute rheumatism. *But this is true.* Dr. Whitehall's Rheumatic cure, sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents, is doing this in 95 cases out of 100. The doctor says: *"I pledge my word there is not one iota of exaggeration in this estimate; and to help you realize that this is true, I will forward on application, a free proof treatment. I do not guarantee a free cure, but I do guarantee to convince you that this remedy will cure you."* The free proof treatment will make you feel like a new being at once. No cost, remember, to be convinced of the realness of this grand fact that your rheumatism can be cured at home, easily, simply, pleasantly and at trifling cost.

A large practice, yielding from \$100 to \$500 each, for guaranteed cures, was brought to an end by success obtained in combining all the elements of this formerly expensive treatment into one single formula now selling to the public in drug stores everywhere at fifty cents a box.

Do right and write right now.

Address **The Dr. Whitehall Megrimine Co.**

125 Main St., South Bend, Ind.



The Physicians' Gazette said of him in 1892

"An astute student and sturdy character of Indiana, who reflects credit upon the medical science of that progressive state."

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\$1000 to \$1500 Annual Income For both Men and Women

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If you are in someone's employ, remember he will not continue to pay you a salary only so long as he can make profit out of your labor.

In this era every bright man and woman is looking to own a business, to employ help, and to make money.

It is just as easy to make money for yourself as it is to coin money for some grasping employer, who pays you a small salary each week.

If you are making less than \$30 weekly it will pay you to read this announcement, for it will not appear again in this paper.

If you read it and take advantage of the opportunity offered,

you will never regret it. To own a business yourself is certainly your ambition.

We start you in a profitable business. Teach you absolutely free how to conduct it.

\$20 to \$35 weekly can be made at home or travelling, taking orders using, selling and appointing agents for PROF. GRAY'S Latest Improved, Guaranteed Plating Machines and outfits. NO FAKE OR TOYS, but genuine, practical, complete, scientific outfits, for doing the finest of plating on WATCHES, JEWELRY, KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, CASTORS, TABLE-

YEARS. No experience necessary.

WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING

H. F. BALLOW, of Mass., writes: "Made \$17.00 first five days." H. BULLOCK, of Pa., writes: "Have made \$10 to \$20 a day." FRED. BLODGETT, of N.Y., writes: "Made \$105 first month." I. T. CONKLIN, of Ohio, writes: "Am teaching school, double my income by doing plating." J. L. BARRITT, of La., says: "Am making \$3.00 to \$5.00 every day I work." J. A. DEEDS, of West Va., says: "Directions so plain I did first-class work first day. Your business no humbug, but just what you claim." GEO. ADAMS, of Mass., writes: "Have made as high as \$9.00 a day." ALBERT ABRAHAM, of Minn., writes: "Must write you of my success in the plating business. Made as high as \$9.25 a day. Have more plating than I can do. Plating gives splendid satisfaction." MRS. L. M. ANDERSON, of Iowa, writes: "I have made \$3.90 to \$5.50 a day with the Royal Silver Plater. Gray & Co. have been very kind to me." J. P. ANDERSON, of Minn., says: "Have made \$2.50 to \$3.00 a day for past year plating. Big demand for plating." Hundreds of others are making money. Why not you?

ENORMOUS DEMAND

There is really a wonderful demand for replating. You can do business at nearly every house, store, office or factory. Almost every family has from \$2 to \$10 worth of tableware to be plated, besides watches, jewelry, bicycles, etc.

Every boarding house, hotel, restaurant, college or public institution has from \$5 to \$15 worth of work to be plated. Every jewelry, repair or bicycle shop, every dentist, doctor and surgeon, every man, woman and child you meet has either a watch, some jewelry, bicycles, instruments, or some articles needing plating.

Besides the above there are hundreds of patentees and manufacturers of metal goods, bicycles, sewing machines and typewriter repair shops who want their goods plated, or to whom you can sell a plating outfit, furnishing them supplies for doing their own plating.

Retail stores which handle hardware, harness, tableware and plated or metal goods all need a plating and polishing outfit for refinishing goods that become worn, soiled, rusty or tarnished.

Every Undertaker requires a plating outfit for repairing and finishing coffin and hearse trimmings which are soiled, tarnished or worn.

We allow you to set your own price for plating. Get as much as you can. You will have no competition. You know what it costs to plate the goods, and all you get over cost is profit. Some agents charge much more than the above prices, while others do the work for half and still make money.

Let us start you in business for yourself at once, don't delay a single day. Be your own boss. Be a money maker. We do all kinds of plating ourselves, have had years of experience, and are headquarters for plating supplies. We manufacture our own dynamos and outfits, all sizes, and send them out complete, with all tools, lathes, wheels, and materials; everything ready for use.

We teach you everything, furnish all Recipes, Formulas and Trade Secrets free, so that failure should be impossible, and any one who follows our directions and teachings can do fine plating with a little practice, and become a money maker.

THE ROYAL SILVER OUTFIT

Prof. Gray's Famous Discovery

THE NEW DIPPING PROCESS is the latest, quickest, easiest method known. Tableware plated by simply dipping in melted metal, taken out instantly, with a fine, brilliant, beautiful plate deposited. All ready to deliver to customers. **MAKES THICK PLATE EVERY TIME. GUARANTEED TO WEAR 5 TO 10 YEARS. A BOY CAN PLATE 100 TO 300 pieces tableware a day, from \$10 to \$30 worth of work, profits almost 1000 per cent.** Goods come out of plater finely finished. **No polishing, grinding or work necessary, neither before nor after plating.**

You will not need to canvas. Agents write they have all the goods they can plate. People bring it for miles around. You can hire boys cheap to do your plating, the same as we do, and solicitors to gather work for a small per cent. Put a small advertisement or two in your local paper and you will have all the plating you can do. The plating business is honest and legitimate. Plating on our machines gives good satisfaction. Wears for years; customers are delighted and recommend you and your work.

Travelling Outfit for Gold, Silver and Nickel Plating.

Plate a few articles for your friends, call a few weeks, a few months, or five years later, and you will find the plate satisfactory, and they will give you every article they have needing to be plated.

When you deliver the goods plated to customers they will be well pleased, in fact, delighted with the work, will pay for it promptly, and you will be given on an average twice as much work to be plated as they gave you the first time you called.

YOU CAN DO PLATING SO CHEAP

that every person can afford to have their goods plated.

No tidy housekeeper will allow worn and rusty tableware to go before a guest when it can be restored and made equal to new.

No person will wear jewelry or a watch, or ride a bicycle, or use a typewriter, sewing machine, or any machine made of metal from which the plate is worn off when they see samples of your work and hear your prices. People in this day and generation are too sensible and economical to throw away their old goods and buy new when they can have their old goods replated for so small a cost, making them in many cases, better than when new.

The best part of the plating business is that it increases fast and is permanent.

Put out your sign, secure your outfit, do a little work, and quickly you will be favored with orders. If you do not wish to do the plating yourself you can hire boys for \$3 to \$4 a week to do the work, the same as we do, and solicitors to gather up goods to be plated, on commission.

It is not hard work, but is pleasant, especially so when your business is netting you \$20 to \$35 a week for 5 or 6 hours' work a day.

TREMENDOUS PROFITS

The profits realized from plating are tremendous.

To plate a set of teaspoons requires only about 3 cents worth of metal and chemicals; a set of knives, forks, or tablespoons about 5 cents worth. The balance of the price received for the work is for the agent's time and profit.

Agents usually charge from 25c. to 50c. per set for plating teaspoons, from 50c. to 75c. for tablespoons and forks, and from 60c. to \$1.00 for knives.

Factory and warehouse of Gray & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Capital \$100,000. Employ 200 to 300 people daily.

We are an old established firm, have been in business for years, know exactly what is required, furnish complete outfits and materials, the same as we ourselves use, and customers always have the benefit of our experience. We are responsible and guarantee everything. Reader, here is a chance of a lifetime to go in business for yourself. We start you. Now is the time to make money.

FREE—WRITE US TODAY

for our new plan and proposition; also valuable information how the plating is done. Sit down and write now, so we can start you without delay. If you wish to see a sample of plating by our Outfits, send 2c postage. Send your address anyway.

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take the space, to present in full its most attractive features for rightly inquisitive adult minds.

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AMERICA'S LEADING SOCIALIST PAPER

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Cartoons by RYAN WALKER

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Send 25 cents (silver) to The Coming Nation and receive the paper for one year and a copy of Walker's "Social Hell." This offer is limited to the first of April.

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WITH PROPERTY LOCATED IN THE FAMOUS GOLDEN SAN JUAN DISTRICT OF COLORADO, OFFERS SOME OF ITS STOCK FOR PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION.

The Alta is a substantial, producing mine. It has yielded over \$100,000 in gold and silver during the past year. We have A Hundred Thousand Dollar mill and our own aerial tram system carrying the ore from mine to mill.

Conservative capital seeking safe, yet more profitable channels for investment than real estate or bank certificates, is asked to investigate this meritorious property and the integrity and standing of the men who are identified with it.

The Alta Mine is located in the famous San Juan Gold Belt near Telluride, Colorado, in the very heart of the great gold producing section, which boasts of the wonderful **Smuggler Union with a record of \$20,000,000** produced thus far.

Mr. N. T. Mansfield, for 12 years manager of the Smuggler Union and to whom more than any one else is due the credit for the magnificent showing of that property, is now in charge of the Alta.

The Company owns 28 claims, many of which have large proven ore bodies, and the most valuable water and timber rights in the vicinity. **Over 4,000 feet of development work** has already been done on the Alta claim exposing **Two Million Dollars worth of ore.** During this development work in excess of **One Hundred Thousand Dollars in Gold and Silver has been taken out within a year.**

The Company requires additional money to pay for its big reduction plant, tram systems, boarding and bunk houses and other improvements. To cancel these obligations development stock is now offered at the low price of 50c per share, subject to advance without notice. **Not a Single Share of Promotion Stock has been or ever will be issued.** Every share has been bought and was paid for at the prevailing market price. The holders of the largest and of the smallest number of shares pay exactly the same per share. There is absolutely no discrimination.

The ore taken from the mine, in doing the development work, pays all the expense. Our tunnels are run on true veins carrying high gold, silver and lead values. We are offering stock in a producing mine, not a prospect.

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For years the world has been waiting for someone to discover a system of memory-training which might be of actual benefit. Not a theoretical method requiring months or years of hard study, but a simple practical system which accomplishes the most in the least time. It has remained for Mr. D. F. Urbahns, a student-business man of Fort Wayne, Ind., to bring out such a system. It is so easy that even a child cannot fail to understand. It is so plain and attractive that one can hardly help becoming interested in it, and above all it is so intensely practical that it helps one over the rough rocks of life to success, where without its aid absolute failure would be the result. Let the reader recall his or her own experience: has there ever been a time in your life when you lost money by forgetting a set of figures or a business appointment? Did you ever lose a friend by forgetting a name or face which you most wished to remember? Did your friends ever do you an injury by forgetting you when you should have

been remembered? Did you ever forget anything which, remembered, would have been valuable to you in any way? These are questions worthy of careful thought, and when one stops to consider that a system is now being used which will overcome all these serious obstacles to success, what need is there to hesitate? Any bank, business house or minister of the Gospel in Fort Wayne will be glad to tell what they know of Mr. Urbahns. His integrity and honesty of purpose are unquestioned. He is prepared to furnish plenty of evidence as to the value of his method among those who have used it, and it does seem that anyone who feels the need of a better memory can not do a wiser thing than to investigate this new system thoroughly, coming as it does from a source entirely trustworthy. Simply send your name and address to Mr. D. F. Urbahns, 178 Bass Block, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the full information and particulars will be forwarded to you free by return mail.

Readers are requested to write without delay.

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And a Prosperous One to Everybody

I can aid you to increase your income this year and now is the time to begin. If you are a **Savings Bank Depositor**, an owner of **Municipal or Railroad Bonds** and kindred securities, can you afford to invest your money at 3 1-2 or 4 per cent? If you are working for others and have a **small income**, I bring you an opportunity to lay the **corner stone** of a fortune by judicious investments.

I recommend good dividend-paying **Gold Mining and Smelting Shares** as one of the **safest and most profitable** forms of investment. None other brings such **quick profits** and so **large income**. My clients who bought **California-Nevada** at 20 cents a share three months ago have made nearly 400 per cent. profit and have received 1 per cent. monthly dividends besides, and at 75 cents, the present price, will net 16 per cent. on the investment. I have other good ones earning from 10 to 20 per cent. This is the age of **Gold**. It is the standard of all values. It never depreciates. It is the world's money and good everywhere. So I am partial to gold-mining. Have made it a specialty with great success for my patrons. Let me put your **idle dollars** to work and I will surprise you with the result. Write for my booklet full of valuable information for the investor.

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Our remedies are free from anything that would have more than a perfectly natural effect upon the system, thus bringing into play the assistance of nature, and as a result, curing the disease with the aid of active functions which are sympathetic with one another. To systematically treat the affliction it is absolutely necessary to employ only such treatment that will preserve healthy organs to assist in driving out virus or the poisonous condition.

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DEAR SIR,—Your valued letter of the 18th of June received and will gladly give you the requested permission with signatures. I thank you for everything you have done for me in the way of restoring my health, and am willing to recommend you to anyone who will write to me.
Respectfully.

MISS ANNA SHIMIAN,
10 Harmon St.

The following with signatures are given to attest the truth of the above statement.

I hereby testify that Miss Anna Shimian has regained her health by the use of your medicines.

MARIE YOHEMKO.

I hereby testify that Anna Shimian has been restored to her health by the use of your remedies.

MRS. F. STOLEN WORTH.

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Dear Doctors,—I cannot thank you enough for your care. I doctored my sore foot for fifteen long years, but no doctor could help me. I at last noticed your advertisement in the paper, and do not need to regret it for I am entirely cured, and thank God and your medicines. I can recommend these wonderful medicines to anyone.
LOGAN, KANS., June 14, 1902.

Yours truly,

M. HERMAN.

You may publish this letter for it is the truth, which I attest with the undersigned names of neighbors, who know me personally.

B. HERMAN, CONRAD NEEHR, GEO. SHILER, JOHN HOFFMAN.

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KENT MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

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We, the undersigned, give our word of honor that the above statement is correct.

Witnesses: HENRY RATZMAN, FRANK GAFFKET, PAUL KOHLER,
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CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 2, 1902.

KARL GRENEBERG.

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Dear Doctors.—We received your letter and note from the same that you wish to know how our daughter is. We should have written before but wished to see whether the pimples would return when she discontinued the use of the medicines. She has not used any medicines for several weeks, and looks very well, and we thank you that you cured her for we tried three doctors, but they failed to help her. If we should ever be visited by sickness in our family we know whom to consult. We will also be pleased to tell anyone what you have done for us and give you the permission to refer to us.

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Mutual Rubber Production Company
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WILLIAM MORRIS

See Page 75

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 56

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YERKES—LONDON'S REAL LORD MAYOR

CHARLES T. YERKES, the American who, after making a fortune in Chicago out of building street railways, is now making a still greater fortune building the underground tubes in London, has returned to visit his brother Americans. The following is from the New York Journal of January 11th:

Charles T. Yerkes, who has just returned from London, where he has completed arrangements for the construction of the tube railways in that city, talked interestingly to an "AMERICAN" reporter last night about his plans and about the present condition of affairs, commercially, in this country.

Mr. Yerkes, on his trip away from the United States, received many new impressions regarding the menace to this country from the Trusts and their development, and was inclined to be rather pessimistic regarding the trend of affairs in the United States.

"The condition here, if continued for any length of time, will tend to promote Socialism," he said. "I do not say this carelessly nor heedlessly,

but after a careful consideration of all the conditions.

"Within a short time twenty separate systems will own all the railroads in this country, which will be an impressive lesson in the development of Socialism in this country."

Mr. Yerkes also bitterly arraigned the Trusts and like commercial combinations, and placed upon them the responsibility for the conditions tending to cut off the commercial supremacy of the United States. That the commercial supremacy of the United States is being rapidly endangered he is certain, and fears that the end may come sooner than anticipated.

"For certain combinations, I have no criticism," he said. "For instance, a few years ago it cost 10 to 15 cents to travel ten miles in New York City. Now the same distance may be covered for a nickel. This is an illustration of the benefits of wise combination.

"On the other hand, combinations have been made during the last few years which are wrong in principle and which could not have existed this long had it not been for the unusual prosperity in this country. A few

promoters bring into combination a hundred mills, paying for each mill an excessive price in cash or issuing to its owners an excessive amount of stock, or both, necessitating excessive and extortionate prices for the products of the Trust thus formed, in order to pay dividends to the stockholders, and especially to the promoters.

"For this reason I am opposed to Trusts. I have had to buy an immense amount of material, such as is furnished by the Trusts, and I know that by reason of Trust organizations, I have been forced to pay tremendous advances in price. In many cases I have been forced to pay 50 per cent., frequently 20 and 30 per cent. advance.

"For this reason I shall buy all my material in England. In the first place because I want to buy from those with whom I shall deal, and secondly because I couldn't buy at the present advanced prices in this country. *I can buy rails, cars, copper and small machinery, in fact, everything needed, in Europe much cheaper than in the United States.*

"As I have said, I am not opposed to combinations which are likely to be of benefit to the people or the country, but these combinations of capital which aid or benefit only the promoters, and indirectly the stockholders, naturally meet with my condemnation.

"The over-issue of stock, the vast watering that has gone on in every combination of the Trust sort, will be a fearful thing to deal with when values begin to shrink. Only the great prosperity of the country has enabled this great weight to be borne this long. Soon the demand for Trust materials will be begun to be satisfied, and when that time comes and the various Trusts have to get out and hustle for orders, you will see a panic among the Trust folk.

"I am not a calamity howler nor a panic shrieker; the inevitable is apparent to every shrewd observer. There will be no sudden crash in the prosperity in this country, but there will be a gradual decline in prices in Trust products, and when they have dropped as far as they can, they will have to

begin to squeeze the water out of their stocks and forego the large dividends they are paying now."

"Would a reduction in the tariff help the situation?" Mr. Yerkes was asked.

"No," said Mr. Yerkes. "The tariff is simply one of the means for providing revenue for the country, and I don't think that any alteration in present tariff arrangements would affect the situation at all. The solution of the present difficulties lies in the law of supply and demand. We have had a period of great prosperity; crops have been good, money has been plentiful, and there has been a great demand for commodities of all sorts. When this demand slacks up the remedy for Trust conditions will begin to develop."

In speaking of his London underground railroad, Mr. Yerkes said that the Baker street and Waterloo road would be completed about next Christmas, a stretch of six miles. Altogether there are four railroads to be built, covering fifty miles. All his material will be built abroad, for the reasons given.

"American steel has risen 40 per cent. in price in the past few years," he said, "and is rapidly becoming a drug in the market abroad.

"This is how our foreign market is being cut from under us. I don't think we can maintain our commercial supremacy very long unless conditions are changed quickly."

It is really amusing how the great capitalists quarrel among themselves over the division of the spoils. Yerkes thinks it all right to buy up legislatures and town councils that he may consolidate his street railways. He thinks it all right for his consolidated railways to rob the public, and he sees no lesson to be learned in Socialism from his consolidations. No; Yerkes would not teach Socialism; it is always the other monopolist who does such pernicious teaching. He may hold up the public for all the traffic will bear but when the other fellows play the same game we are going to have "troubled times."

Yerkes finds fault with our American manufacturers for raising their prices on him 40 per cent. He sees that this greed of our manufacturers betokens a cessation in our march toward the domination of the world's markets. This would be true if the high prices were to be permanent, but they will not be. Today there is a tremendous demand for home products and consequently prices have risen, but this is only temporary. It will not be three years before there will be a glut in the home market. Prices will fall to an unprecedentedly low mark.

We must then flood Europe with our tremendous surplus which we will offer at any price obtainable. Europe will not be able to withstand the deluge. Her tariff walls will be submerged. Her ruin will be only a prelude to the ruin of America. Yerkes will find that it is better to have a 40 per cent. rise in prices than a 90 per cent. fall.

However, in the meantime it is noticeable that notwithstanding the encouragement our manufacturers are deriving from low prices in this country, they are every day seen extending the field of their operations in foreign parts. Very recently American and French capitalists have joined together in the establishment in France of a great shipyard, and another American company has made arrangements to establish in Germany a factory to manufacture radiators. That Americans have gone to England and built a great plant to manufacture electrical machinery is, of course, an old story.

As soon as there is a slackening of demand in America for goods, and prices begin to fall, the tendency will be for Europeans to put up the tariff to prevent the consequent influx of

American goods. The next step in the programme then will be for the Americans to still further extend their operations in Europe by mining beneath the tariff walls, by building American plants and manufacturing goods there, finding shelter under the very tariff which the Europeans are erecting for their destruction. This transfer of American capital to Europe, and the building of American factories there, will have, to a certain extent, a tendency to prolong the capitalistic system, inasmuch as it not only gives employment to American labor in furnishing the capital to build this machinery for Europe, but it also gives employment to European labor in building such plants. Of course the great reason why Americans are going to build industrial plants in Europe is that they know how to build machinery which operates more economically than the mediæval stuff still largely in use in Europe. However, it is only a question of time when these plants will be finally finished, and the labor which they will have displaced will greatly increase the difficulty of solving the world's unemployed problem. It is true that the Socialists have made mistakes in setting too early a date for the great unemployed problem which must finally usher in Socialism. The reason is that they did not realize the many developments which capitalists would make in their machinery to render it still more effective. For instance, in the United States during the last three years there has been almost a complete overhauling of our railroads, laying down heavier rails, building larger tunnels, putting up heavier bridges, building larger cars and locomotives, etc., which has given employment to an enormous amount of labor. At the same time, all these

improvements when finished mean ultimately a corresponding economy in labor. Already the locomotive engineers upon many railroads are finding themselves out of a job, because two of the big locomotives haul as much freight as three of the older and smaller ones. Last summer when I was in some of the ports of Lake Erie, I was very much impressed with the enormous number of men who had been thrown out of employment by the use of the "clam-shell iron ore unloading machines." One of these enormous derricks will scoop up ore out of a barge and with the labor of three men do as much as 25 men did formerly. Just now this saving of labor is not noticed so much, because of the enormously increased demand for ore through the great consumption of iron going on today in the United States in the reconstruction of the industries as referred to above. Our industrial structure now is in the condition of a building which is about completed, with the scaffolding all around it which has been erected to assist the workmen in completing the structure, and we are now simply putting on the finishing touches, the cornices and the roof. We have fitted up this building with the most elaborate automatic machinery. You will simply touch a button and get what you wish, when the building is completed; that is, you may if you happen to be the owner of the building.

It happens, however, that we, the people of the United States, decide at every election that we are not the owners of the building called the

United States nation, but that it is owned by Messrs. Rockefeller, Morgan & Co. They are the ones who shall touch the button and get what they want through the automatic machinery that we have made for them. The building being completed and the machinery installed, they will have no more use for "us," and so will naturally say: "We are very sorry that you say you must go; we would like to have you stay and visit us for a while." It is quite possible that when we, the American People, start to leave our country, and find there is no place to go, we may reconsider our refusal of Mr. Morgan's invitation to remain in the United States, and tell him that we have changed our mind. We may say to him: "Well, Mr. Morgan, we have decided that inasmuch as this great United States industrial structure is now completed, and furnishes everything that we could possibly desire, if we merely touch the button, we have decided to remain with you and touch the button and get what we want." Of course, if we expect to make any permanent stay in this great National Household, we must expect to make arrangements with Mr. Morgan to have a joint tenancy with him. The best way to do this is to decide to have a joint ownership of the structure. We can own it whenever we decide that we wish to do so, and can make our decision effective by going to the ballot box and voting for the public ownership of the means of production.

Let the Nation Own the Trusts.

CLASSES IN AMERICA

WE Americans have a great advantage over other nations in our unconsciousness of classes. That we have rich and poor is not denied, but that we have classes and class feeling is almost as vigorously denied by the poor as by the rich. And this denial of the palpable has an effect upon the social consciousness that it is hard to over-estimate.

In Europe classes are a recognized institution. The peasant never thinks that he is anything but a peasant, nor does the nobleman ever think he is anything but a nobleman. Even the very rich capitalist feels that he is hardly as good as the poor aristocrat.

In America, while differences in wealth have really made very distinct class cleavages, we refuse to recognize this condition; and there is no doubt that this refusal will sooner or later have a considerable political effect. We deny that Mr. Rockefeller's money was ever given to him except for the benefit of the whole people, and we have been insisting that the wealth of such men would be distributed by natural laws in the course of time, and the sons of other men would be quite as liable to own Rockefeller's wealth as his own descendants. This, indeed, is the stock argument of almost all opponents of Socialism. They insist that while there is great wealth in a few

hands, this is simply an ephemeral condition of affairs, and that no one family will hold great wealth any length of time. So long as people generally believe this, it is not difficult to understand why it is they refuse to consider any change of society which would aim at preventing the concentration of wealth, feeling, as they do, that it will regulate itself automatically.

However, we are now realizing that this concentration of wealth, and the holding of the natural resources of the country by a few immensely rich families, not only gives no sign of being an ephemeral state of affairs, but has every indication of being a permanency. Every year the very rich are becoming more and more strongly entrenched behind their ramparts of gold, and the public are generally recognizing that under our existing social system there is no possible remedy for the inequality of wealth. It is true we have anti-Trust bills galore introduced in our Houses of Congress, having for their object the levelling of the great fortunes, but these bills are felt by everyone to be of no possible avail in that direction. Concentration of wealth is an inevitable result of our economic system, and we can no more make effective laws to prevent it than we can make laws to prevent the sun shining. However, the introduction of these

anti-Trust bills year after year in our Congress indicates strongly the wish of the people to level wealth and to abolish conditions which make classes. They are also a very reluctant confession that there is such a thing as a class cleavage in the United States. Our sentiments are too strongly democratic to allow any classes to remain if we can possibly prevent it, because we are fundamentally opposed to classes, and to this extent Socialism, which aims to abolish classes, will have a spiritual significance to the people of the United States which it has not in European countries where aristocracy is a recognized institution. There has never been a nation of free people, such as we Americans are, resolving year after year that they wished to do a certain thing, and having every reason to get their wish, and also having every means for carrying it into effect, but what finally succeeded in their desires. While we scoff at the anti-Trust laws as being ridiculous, yet we can see behind them the determination of the people to accomplish the establishment of an economic equality among the people of this country. One hundred years or more ago, in colonial days, and before we separated from England, there was a long period of time in which we kept on passing resolutions and having meetings, and even having physical encounters with her. It was with the greatest reluctance we ever finally considered the possibility of separation from the mother country. In fact, it was once considered rank treason to refer to independence as an ultimate outcome of the agitation against England's tyranny. We expected to make some sort of a com-

promise by which we would still remain colonies and yet participate in all the advantages of an independent country. It is the same today. We expect to allow the Rockefellers and Morgans to own us, and yet we expect to have all the luxuries of complete independence which can only accompany self-ownership. It will finally be found to be just as impossible for us to remain free and independent under King Morgan as it was for us to remain free and independent under King George. In fact, theoretically, as has been proven by the English colonies—Canada and Australia, New Zealand, etc.—it would have been much more possible for us to remain under King George than it will be for us to remain under King Morgan. King George did not need to have been even a benevolent despot to have kept the American colonies; he needed but to have been sane. King Morgan, with all his benevolence, can never keep his American colonies, simply because the economic system will prevent him from devising a plan which can avert the great unemployed problem. He cannot feed us. Under King George the economic problem was how we could produce *enough* to give us the luxuries and comforts of life. Under King Morgan the problem is:—How can we prevent ourselves producing too much? Our fear is that we will be swamped in a rising sea of wealth

What we must do is not to try and prevent the sea of wealth from rising, but to construct the bark of Socialism which will float us safely upon it, so that instead of wealth being a menace to us we will be borne forward upon it to the Golden Age of Man.

WHEN THE STONES CRY OUT

I. H. F.

How have you dowered me, City, my mother—
Me, a man, your child?
You who can clothe in silk have left my need to another;
You have fed me, for milk, with the gutter's waste.
Is it strange if the drinker be defiled
When his hunger bids him taste?

You have brought to my manhood's desire
The form of guilt for a bride.
Be it so; at the least she is mine, I say,
And for her I spend with a prodigal's pride
My birthright of passion, my income of unearned shame.
I am your son, recall; you will count the cost one day
Who left me unmothered, unsheltered
And mocked by a nameless name.

Yes, I am son of yours,
Son and slave to your greed.
Do your well-born children blush to see your face in my own?
They toss me a coin, perhaps—cause rather than cure of my need—
As they pass me—not too near—they who are wise and strong.
Pride profiled yellow upon it—gold is meant to be thrown.
If it cut my cheek as it falls,
Can the sting of gold do wrong?

I come to inherit my own,
Since I am born, as it seems—
The wealth that will save me my daughter, will heal my son that
is sick.
Give me the sky that my brother breathes, that my children see in
their dreams;
The right I merit of food and of fire at the coming of night.
Give me a noontide apart from fever and walls of brick,
For the streets of my life are blind
And unswept and walled from the light.

SELIGMAN : A FIG FROM THISTLES

WHILE Professor Seligman and myself are at disagreement upon our economics, I am proud to class him as my old-time friend. We have known each other for over fifteen years. This goes to show that men may have different economic beliefs and yet not lose their esteem and regard for each other. Professor Seligman is one of the few men of great wealth in this country who, instead of giving their lives to pleasure or to the making of money, have devoted them to enlightening humanity; although, as I have said, the kind of enlightenment he gives it is not exactly the kind I would give. Still, that does not interfere with a general commendation of his course. He belongs to the well-known family of bankers of that name, and in the ordinary course of events would have been accumulating bonds rather than books on political economy. He has the finest private library on political economy in the United States. A great many of those who attended the debate at Cooper Union, and lingered about the door after it was over, were apparently rather astonished to see us two march off together, arm in arm, with a dozen Socialists, to a well-known cafe and all partake of a love feast.

I have no doubt that Professor Seligman will some day be much nearer to the Socialist theory than he is at present, although it may be easily seen from the verbatim report of the debate which is given in this issue, that his position is not so far from ours as is that of most of the other professors of political economy.

His recent book "The Economic Interpretation of History" (The Mc-Millan Co.), is the most sympathetic account of the Socialist theory and of Marx's great work that has yet appeared by a man not a Socialist. It is a work of great erudition and gives a very fair and complete presentation of Marx's theory and shows up the absurdity of those shallow economists, like E. Benjamin Andrews and others, who try to detract from the lustre of that great man's fame by putting others, such as Rodbertus, above him in the mastery of economic analysis. I advise every one who wishes a concise statement of the Marxian theory, given in a fair and impartial manner by one of its opponents, to read Seligman's book.

E. R. A. SELIGMAN

**President American Economic Association.
Professor Political Economy, Columbia University, N. Y.**

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THE SELIGMAN-WILSHIRE DEBATE

THE debate on January 16 in New York was a great success, as may be seen from the following extract from the account in the New York Volkszeitung of Jan. 17th:

"The mere announcement that Mr. Wilshire would debate with Professor Seligman was sufficient to bring together 7,000 to 8,000 people in Cooper Institute on the evening of January 16, a sure proof of the strong hold that Socialism has upon the people of the Metropolis. At a quarter before eight the great hall was already over-filled, and still hundreds more clamored for admittance. At eight o'clock aisles, corridors and platform were blocked, and hundreds were not able to gain admittance at all. The discussion was of particular interest, inasmuch as it proved that Professors of Political Economy may perhaps understand everything else except Socialism. Professor Seligman found himself placed on the defensive, and had to make several apologies for his own remarks. His arguments against Socialism, or what he termed the weaknesses of Socialism, were so weak that it was a very easy matter for Mr. Wilshire to refute them all. The audience was largely in favor of Mr. Wilshire, and his remarks were heartily applauded."

The chairman of the meeting, Prof. Sprague Smith, made a short statement

of the objects of the People's Institute under whose auspices the debate was being held. Among other things he said that the ideal of the Institute was a complete democracy.

Mr. Wilshire was then introduced to the great audience and after the tumultuous applause had subsided, said:

The chairman has said that the mission of the People's Institute is to further Democracy in its completest form; and I can say that I know of no better definition of Socialism than that it is Democracy in its completest form.

We have today what is assumed to be complete democracy. As a matter of fact, it is simply a political democracy. The Socialist proposes to add to our political democracy, industrial democracy. That is, instead of our merely electing a Mayor of New York or a President of the United States, we propose to elect those men who assume that they have been sent by God to govern us, such as Mr. Baer and others; that instead of having this heaven-given autocracy in our management of industry, instead of having our Mr. Baers and our Mr. Vanderbilts and our Mr. Rockefellers, having hereditary control of our industrial offices, we, the people of the United States, will say that this country belongs to us and that we will determine our own officers as we choose and when we choose. Now then, what good would it do, what benefit would it be to elect our Morgans? There is not necessarily, it is true, any benefit that will accrue

from simply electing different men to these offices, unless industry itself is conducted on a different basis.

As it is today we have a system which certainly produces enough; there is no question of that. What we are terrified about is that it should produce too much. We have indeed periods of over-production, when the Capitalists tell the workingmen, "We cannot employ you; if we do, you will simply be making something that we cannot sell, and you would not have us produce things that cannot be sold. You produce too much food, therefore you have to go without food. You have produced too much clothing and so you must go naked."

What a ridiculous position! Here we are, a tremendously wealthy nation, every year increasing in our productivity; and yet instead of this increased power over Nature being an assurance that we can banish poverty, we are told that the great danger is that we are going to be poverty-stricken, because we have too much wealth.

The Capitalist regards our present competitive system as one which is going to last forever. We Socialists say that the competitive system itself is at fault, and must be done away with. Today how is the laborer paid? Paid according to what he produces? Not at all! The laborer is paid upon the basis of what the unemployed man demands. Labor is sold in the market like any other commodity, bought and sold at what the lowest seller offers his commodity for. If you wish to hire a laborer you do not say, "Well, I can make \$10 a day off that man; therefore I will pay him \$10." Not at all. You look over the labor market and find that you can hire men for a dollar and a half a day. There are plenty of men who will work for a dollar and a half, because if they do not there are still other men who are willing to take the job at that price. Wages being determined by the unemployed man, always remain at the point which just suffices to give the laborer a living. On the other hand we have a system of industry which is constantly being

increased in productivity. Every day you hear of some new invention. We harness Niagara. We introduce some labor-saving device which increases the productivity of labor ten times, a hundred times what it was ten years ago, and yet the wages the laborer receives remain where they were—just enough to give him sufficient food and clothing to keep him alive, on the same principle that the farmer out here, back of New York, gives the mules enough oats to keep them in good working condition. It doesn't make any difference how much he may increase the productivity of the farm through the use of machinery, the mule works just as long hours, and gets the same quantity of oats, just enough to enable him to work. Fifty years ago the mule got so many bushels of oats during the month. Fifty years ago the laborer on the farm got so many pounds of beefsteak and so many bushels of potatoes and so many yards of cloth to feed and clothe him. Today the mule gets the same quantity of oats and the laborer gets the same quantity of beef and potatoes, regardless of the increased productivity of their labor. But where has the surplus product gone? The mule doesn't get it, and the laborer doesn't get it. It has been taken by those who own the machinery of production. And what do they do with it? They use some of it in luxury, in buying steam yachts, diamonds and laces for their wives, but the greater part of the surplus has gone into new machinery of production. It has gone to make America what it is today, the greatest industrial nation that the sun has ever shone upon. Here, then, we have a great industrial machine producing more and more every year, through the increased control over Nature that man has attained by virtue of new inventions, and we have the laborers, who do the producing, remaining just where they started from, simply upon a mule diet. The surplus has been transformed by the capitalist into new machinery of production which we see on all hands—new railroads, sugar refineries, flour mills, etc.—but all this machinery has been built for the purpose

of producing commodities to sell back to those laborers who are doing the producing, and they can only buy with their wages a certain limited amount. When they have bought the food and clothing which their wages allow them, they cannot consume any more, because they have not the wages to buy with. Now, the man doesn't consume a railroad like a potato. It is built for the purpose of producing further commodities. We shall finally reach the stage where we have more railroads, more oil refineries, more sugar refineries, etc., than there is any demand for, and the capitalist will say: "Gentlemen, I am producing more oil than can be sold." Quite so; for we cannot buy it with the wages we get. And he continues: "We have so many oil refineries that oil is being produced in such quantities that it is necessary to use means to prevent over-production; and the way to do that is to form a combination of the oil refineries." And behold, the Standard Oil Trust is born! Now, when that Trust first made its appearance upon the financial horizon, you know all the politicians in the country and all the political economists (except, perhaps, Professor Seligman) said, "O, the Trust is a temporary thing. It is ephemeral. Bear with it a little while and you will see it disappear;" but under the analysis that I have given, you can see that the Trust was the perfectly natural outcome of our industrial system. Most people recognize that the Trust is here, and here to stay. We have every day or two a new Trust Bill introduced by our bunco politicians into the Senate or the House of Representatives, but we all know that these Trust Bills will never have any effect. The point that I wish to emphasize tonight is this, that the menace of the Trust is not that it is exterminating the small capitalists; it is not that the Trust has such control over commodities that it can charge what it pleases for them; not that it can control labor as it pleases—these things are true, but they are a minor significance of the Trust. The real significance of the Trust is that it prognosticates the greatest unemployed

problem the world has ever seen. Now, if I can make that one single point clear to you tonight, and if Professor Seligman will simply deal with that one particular question, and solve it by any other method than that of Socialism, then I will say that he will have done something that no man has ever done before.

The capitalist has said "Go to work, boys; go on; build up the country; make America the greatest industrial nation that the world has ever seen," and they have done so. Now he is saying, "The work is finished, we must form our Trust," and when he forms his Trust he is saying, "Boys, the work is done and you are out of a job."

But it may be said, "Isn't this a time of great prosperity? Isn't there a great demand for labor?" I will grant that. Just now there is, comparatively speaking, a good demand for labor, and we have "prosperity," yet you cannot pick up your paper but you see that a new Trust is being formed. Would these Trusts be formed from day to day, would there be a constant extension of monopoly, would you have these stories of the capitalist relating how they were forced to form a Trust because there was too much machinery of production, unless there was some basis for those statements? I think not. This state of prosperity, this demand for labor, is most ephemeral. Today you are building the subways of New York. Do you think you are going to build these subways forever? Do you think you are going to continue building machinery of production when every Trust which is formed is a sign, a confession, that that machinery is practically finished?

There then is my position. We have been employed up to the present time building up the country. We have finished it. Now, we say, we have a great country all built up. We have finished it; it produces all that we want. We Socialists now say that we are going to get what we produce by owning the country and taking over the management of our industries. How are we going to do it? By abolishing

this competitive wage system, which limits us to that mule fare I spoke of, and instituting the Co-operative Commonwealth, which will give us what we produce accordingly as we produce it. Let the nation own the Trusts and all the instruments of production.

Now, those four-legged mules on the farm, I suppose, don't know that they are producing any more today than they did fifty years ago; but two-legged mules know all about it. Moreover, when there is an overproduction of oats or corn or potatoes the mules are not thrown out of a job. They are fed any way. We are not. The mules have no vote. We have. But as far as anyone can judge by the actions of the American people, we haven't any more brains nor any more votes than the mules on the farm.

Now, what is the solution? You have read in the papers recently of several towns in the West which were short of coal, and there happened to be half-a-dozen cars of coal lying on the side-track; and the citizens suddenly discovered that the best way to get the coal was to take it. Now, they would never have thought of that if they had not been cold. It so happened that the whole village was cold, the mayor and the board of aldermen and everybody else. So the mayor and his board of aldermen—they would not do anything illegal, O no—passed an ordinance resolving that the coal on the freight cars belonged to them. And they took it.

Now, we, the people of the United States, have simply to get into a position of being cold enough or hungry enough to resolve that we are, as a matter of necessity, going to take possession of the machinery of production and feed and clothe ourselves. That does not take any great amount of brains. It just simply takes a stomach, an empty one.

Some people say "O, yes; Socialism is a good thing; we believe in it; but don't let us have it too quick." Now, those fellows out there who took the coal weren't thinking of coal last July; but in January it is a different thing. It is the same with us. When we are

having "prosperity" we can say "Yes, Socialism is a good thing, in a thousand years; let us take it a step at a time." I would take it a step at a time if I could not get it by taking it at one jump. We can, if we wish, nationalize our industries step by step and gradually take in everything and have a complete industrial democracy in one year, in ten years, in a hundred years or in a thousand years; but if we say that we want it done, and know that we want it, why, we can do it as soon as we please. When this great unemployed problem comes upon us, and it will appear within the next five years, I think, the capitalist is simply bound to discover a solution for it or give up his capital. If he cannot employ the people of the United States, if he cannot provide a method of feeding them, then we are bound to change the existing social system. The root of all our trouble exists in our competitive wage system. We are producing far more than we can possibly consume, with our competitive wage system. Therefore I insist that when this great financial crisis occurs there can be but one solution and that is the abolition of this competitive wage system, and we can only abolish it by having public ownership of the means of production. I insist that as we are now progressing Socialism in its entirety is an absolute inevitability. We can have it, by voting for the Socialist Party, whenever we please. We will be forced to do it when we are face to face with the great unemployed problem. If we do not do it, we are going to starve to death—starve to death in a nation of plenty—starve to death because we have produced too much food.

With this Mr. Wilshire concluded his opening remarks, and made way for Professor Seligman, who was received with cheers. The arrangement for the debate was that each contestant should have an opening speech of thirty minutes, and a closing speech of twenty minutes. Professor Seligman said:

After hearing the eloquent address of Mr. Wilshire, and listening to the

magnificent reception you have given him, I feel that I have already delivered myself into the camp of the enemy. The lot of the political economist is indeed a difficult one. The ordinary workman is apt to call him a minion of capital; many of the conservative newspapers of this city, I am much afraid, after hearing me speak tonight, will call me a dangerous Socialist; and both sides would thoroughly agree that I am nothing but a closet philosopher and a harmless theorist. The situation is by no means an easy one, but with your leave I shall attempt to come at once to what seems to me the core of the problem.

Socialism has been defined for you tonight as democracy in its completest form. Whatever we may think of this, for economic purposes I imagine we should all agree at least that by Socialism we mean the collective ownership of the means of production. Whatever else it may be, it assuredly is that, as Mr. Wilshire has treated it tonight.

Now Socialism is with many people a great deal more than that. Socialism is also an ideal; and with Socialism as an ideal I have not much quarrel. Although perhaps even here, if there were time to dwell upon this phase of the subject, I think it might be shown that even from the purely ethical point of view some flaws might be picked in the ideal of Socialism. Furthermore, I have no concern with the Socialists as such, when I am attempting, as I shall attempt to-night, to show some weaknesses of Socialism as a theory of governmental action. I mean to imply nothing as against the individual upholders of that theory. We all know that among the Socialists, from the time of Plato down to Karl Marx and William Morris, the Socialists have counted in their ranks some of the noblest members of society; men not alone from the ranks of the laborers themselves, willing to sacrifice much of what they had, but men who, like Robert Owen and St. Simon and the rest of them, men of means and substance, who were willing to sacrifice all their wealth and standing in the society

about them for the sake of what they believed to be, and what was to them, a holy cause. So we have no contest with individuals. What we are dealing with tonight is a state of society. Individuals as such are not largely responsible for the state of society in which they live; we are all more or less blind tools of the social forces amid which our lot is thrown. Therefore, in our opposition to, or in our defence of, a given industrial order or system of thought, we must argue for or against the system and not for or against the individuals that compose the system. Personalities have no place in a problem so important or vital as this.

Finally, to clear the ground with a last word, let me say that I came here tonight by no means as an advocate of the devil, or as a believer in the unbounded beneficence of everything as it exists at the present time.

We have two different extremes in all social thinking, each of which is legitimate to a certain extent. We have, on the one hand, the man who, perhaps because he has been living in a more fortunate social class, and who has been born amid surroundings where all that he needs is a free field and no favor, believes thoroughly in the principle of extreme Individualism. That principle, carried to its uttermost limits, results in Anarchism. The extreme Individualist, and we have, unfortunately, too many of them, not only in the business world, but among the philosophers, especially of this country—the Individualist contends that everything that is, is good. Let us alone and we shall work out our own salvation. With that phase of belief I have no sympathy. At the other extreme there is the Socialist, who wishes to have everything regulated from above, or to have everything regulated through collective action; who believes that the individual is nothing, and that society is everything, or, at all events, that the individual is so unimportant that society alone should be considered. Now, the Socialist principle is indeed a more philosophic principle, but it seems to me to be not much less lacking in depth

than the Individualist philosophy. For while we are all members of a society without which we should never have become what we are, we are also individuals, with a stomach, as well as a soul. Both the Socialist and the Individualist philosophies are incomplete. The solution of the problem can be found only in a coalescing of these two principles. But to develop this would mean to tread upon a rather dangerous field of abstract theory. I shall, therefore, leave it in order to come to what is the fundamental point in tonight's controversy.

Let us agree that much that exists in the world today is wrong. Let us concede that the industrial system, as it works in individual cases, as it works in most cases, falls far short of what ought to be. Let us concede that no industrial system can ever be declared to be really successful unless it results in a life worth living for the mass of the people—for the people at the bottom as well as for the remnant of whom Matthew Arnold tells us. If I believed that our present system did not have within it the seeds of such possibilities, I should enroll myself under the banner of Socialism. Why is it that the arguments of Mr. Wilshire have failed to convince me? Let us take up, if you will, his particular argument of unemployment before concluding with the general view in reference to what I consider the weakness and even the practical impossibility of Socialism at the present time and for a very long future.

Let us start in, then, with the purely economic argument of over-production. This cry of over-production is not a new one. The political economist has been familiar with it for pretty much all of a century. About a century ago the argument started out in a different shape. It then was called not over-production of goods but over-production of men. It was a famous English philosopher who told us that we could never do away with our present troubles or with the actual results of social discord that we find in the world today, simply because there are too many of us here. There is not enough

to go around. It is the over-production of men that is at fault. Hence the only remedy is to have less children. That argument was soon routed, because it was shown that although every individual brings with him a stomach and a mouth, he also brings into the world two hands, and that under proper conditions the hands will be able to feed the mouth. So it happens that for the last two decades we have heard practically nothing of an over-production of men for the long-distant future and that the dangers of over-population no longer seem imminent. It was not very long, however, before other philosophers raised the spectre of over-production of commodities. They told us that we are producing too much, and it is this over-production of things which is responsible for the crises which periodically visit us and which bring in their trail these sad results with which we are unfortunately only too familiar. But what has history shown us? History shows us that ever since science has been harnessed to Nature that although there has been an immense increase in the powers of production due to the industrial revolution and the machinery of modern times, after each industrial crisis the community is only too eager to take all that can be produced. It not only consumes everything that can be produced but it makes a step forward each time, so that after each crisis there still remains a permanent improvement in the economic condition of the country at large and also an improvement in the economic condition of the mass of the people.

This has been denied. It has been said that labor is like the mule that remains today as he has been for the last fifty years. But let us consider. I ask those of you who know anything of the conditions of industry in England during the years from 1800 to 1840, before free trade was introduced; I ask any of you who know anything of the conditions of labor, I will not say in the Middle Ages, I will not say in the middle of the eighteenth century when the domestic

system was being crowded out, but in present day Germany, France, Italy—and I read in your faces that many of you have come from the other side—I ask you, what is your condition to-day? Incomplete as it undoubtedly is, inadequate as your wages or your standard of life may be, what is your condition today compared with what it was on the other side or in former days?

A voice—"Worse than ever."

What is the condition of the laborer today, in the industries which are affected by labor-saving machinery? Are the hours of labor today longer than they were fifty years ago? Is the leisure that you have, limited enough, indeed, entirely inadequate, most certainly—are these hours of leisure today less than they were two generations ago? Are the conditions as bad as those we read of in the mines of England seventy-five years ago? Conditions in the mines of Pennsylvania are certainly bad enough, but I defy anyone who has ever taken into his hands the reports of the English Commissions, the Blue Books of 1830 to 1840, to find anything in this country that can compare with them.

I claim that each crisis is undeniably less in its intensity than in the past. Those of you who are old enough to remember the crisis of 1837 in this country, those who are old enough to recollect the crisis of 1857, will know that the situation then was very different from that in 1883 or in 1894. One of your ablest Socialists, the Russian Baronofsky, parts company half way with Marx on this point. He is still a Socialist, still believes in the ideals of Socialism, but he is forced to concede, as a result of his study, that the crises of today are not so sudden, not so sharp, not so acute, not followed by the same horrible results as was the case half a century ago.

We have heard a good deal about the cataclysm that is to burst upon us, the cataclysm of society out of which Socialism is to emerge. Do you not all know that among the Socialists themselves, among the leaders of Socialistic

thought, there is a split in the camp today; that Bernstein and others no longer believe in the cataclysm of society?

The point I want to emphasize is this: I claim that it is impossible to bring about such a condition where we can have a general production of more commodities than can be utilized. Mr. Wilshire contends that the whole country has been built up; that it is complete. Is that true? How many individuals have we in this country? 75,000,000. If the country were populated as thickly as the older countries of Europe we would have, not 75,000,000, but 750,000,000; and 750,000,000 of people will need a great deal more of the means of production, of goods and factories and railroads, than we have today. There will be no such cataclysm as Mr. Wilshire predicts. Many, many crises will have to come before we shall have even begun to fill up this country.

Furthermore, what are the manufacturers doing today? To talk of the completion of economic activity seems to me to fly in the face of all economic law, of all economic science. Concede that we have produced enough railroads and factories for the present needs of this country. How about those untold millions of acres here and abroad that are yet to be cultivated; those untold millions of people that are yet to come into the world, and that will keep us and our activity busy for untold generations to come? It is not until the whole world becomes civilized, not until the whole world becomes industrialized, it is not until the uttermost ends of both hemispheres get into relatively the same economic stage as that in which we now are, that we can begin to hope for or attempt to reach the solution of the great social problem. We have become international in our commerce. We cannot shut ourselves off from the rest of the world. The time is coming when we shall purchase far different kinds of manufactured goods from other nations. The agencies now at work, if we make use of them in the right way, will show us that our real market is not in the

Philippines, not in Asia, but right here at home, that our real market is the mass of our own people, the mass of the laborers, and that the only solution consists in so raising the standard of living as to lead to a perpetual increase of demand and an ever enlarging market for the increased output of these factories of ours.

Now, how are you going to get this increased standard of living? How are you going to get the power to buy all these things? That brings me to the crux of the whole problem. If I believed that we needed Socialism to bring this about I should certainly be a Socialist. But what do we find in this country today? We find that there are two agencies at work, which, while we may not believe they are working as quickly as they might work nor as they ought to work, are nevertheless at work. And these are, first, the Socialization of individual effort through independent activity, from below upward—putting it in common language I mean trades unionism. I mean to say that trades unions have done more to improve the condition of the workingmen in this country and in England than all the theorizing that we have had about Socialism, or even than any of the few attempts that have been made thus far in Socialistic experiment.

The second agency at work is the Socialization of private initiative through government action. We have found indeed that individual initiative in itself is not sufficient. We have found that individuals, if left to themselves, will look after their own interest, but that their own interest is not necessarily always the interest of society, and therefore we have been compelled to introduce the social regulation from above, through factory laws, through legislation of all kinds, which tries to keep in check some of the injurious results of competition by raising it to a higher level. We have been compelled to use this agency and we are using it more effectively every day. It is therefore from these two sources—first, the independent collective action of private individuals apart from Government,

and secondly, the social regulation of private initiative through Government that I expect to see that condition of affairs brought about, which is already now slowly beginning to make itself apparent.

Why is it that I do not believe in Socialism? Why is it that people who, like myself, have the most unbounded sympathy with the labor class, who like myself believe that Capitalism has grave mistakes to atone for, who, like myself, have virtually the same ideals that you have, how is it that such men are yet unwilling to accept the practical proposition that you advance? Because, first, whatever may be said of competition, we believe still in the persistence and in the need of the right kind of competition in human society; and secondly, because we also believe that with human beings constituted as they are today, and as they will be constituted for many weary centuries to come, the theory of Socialism puts entirely too heavy a burden upon them; that the inadequacy of government management under actual political conditions in the United States will only be too painfully apparent.

In the few minutes that are left let me try to call attention to these two last points: 1st—Why is it that I believe in the persistence of competition? Because if you look at the history of the world from the beginning you will find that most steps forward that have been taken in harnessing science to Nature, in improving the condition of the country as a whole, by making things cheaper—and, after all, what we want to do is to make things cheaper and men dearer—that pretty much everything that has been done in this world toward progress, has been done through the competition of individual with individual. But—and this is a grave “but”—competition no doubt sometimes brings with it evil results; is sometimes cruel and sometimes arbitrary. But what then? What does the task of the future consist in? It consists in raising competition to a higher plane, not in doing away with competition, but in preserving it and raising it to a higher level. That is what

trades-unionism is doing in part. For while the competition of employer with employer brings down prices, and is a good thing, the competition of workman with workman brings down wages, and is a bad thing. This is when trades-unionism sets in, for through it the wage-laborers, as a class, are put in a position to meet the employers in a fair competition, which will tend to conserve the benefits and to avoid the evils of simple individual competition.

Furthermore, why is government management of all industry inadequate? A few years ago the Postmaster-General of the United States told me that if he were the head of a private corporation running the Post Office business, he could save about \$25,000,000 a year for the investors—about one-third of the entire cost. He did not mean that the Post Office ought to be run by private individuals, just as little as he or I believe that the telegraph or telephone business ought to be run by private individuals, but he did mean to point out that government management is wasteful and ineffective. They had government gas in Philadelphia, and it resulted in high prices and poor gas. Don't forget that we have had government industries of old. The greatest of all in history was that of imperial Rome—the greatest Socialist experiment ever made. [Laughter.] That was not particularly successful. While we must keep our eye on the reform of distribution, we must not forget that unless we produce something there will be nothing to distribute. Socialism, I claim, is apt to sacrifice production to distribution. The result of an immediate adoption of the complete assumption by government of all the means of production would be such a falling off in the means of production that the world would not only not be in a better state, but would actually go back centuries in its development. For what is the difference between our civilization and the civilization of the Red Indian? The whole difference is simply that now we have such an immense mass of production that the community as a whole, irrespective of the relation of social classes to each

other, has more that it can call its own than it ever had before. We can get oranges from California, cloth from hundreds of miles off—

A voice—"Who is the 'we'?"

The "we" is all of us, rich or poor, who consume boots from Massachusetts, and meat from Chicago and apples from Oregon, whereas our ancestors had neither cheap boots, nor cheap meat nor cheap apples. Will Socialism bring us cheap boots and cheap meat and cheap apples? I have my doubts.

I will close with this one remark. I am not second to any of you in my desires, in my hopes, in my anticipations of change. I agree that there is an ideal to be worked for. I agree that we all, whether Individualists or Socialists, must work for the ideal, but you will permit me to disagree with you as to the best method of reaching this ideal. I have tried to point out in a fragmentary way what my reasons are for disagreeing with you.

In reply Mr. Wilshire said:

I have listened with great attention to Professor Seligman, but I could not determine from his standpoint what good it did us to produce anything at all. He said—"Why, here is all the world wanting our surplus products, after we have produced enough for our own wants." Suppose they do. Suppose that Africa and Asia and all the rest of the world want us to build railroads for them. Is that any reason why we should remain on a mule diet for the rest of time simply in order that we may build railroads in China? Why, of course, if we should live as we do today—you know how we live—you know how the coal miners of Pennsylvania live. We will have a surplus to enrich the world, but why not enrich ourselves now? People may possibly have lived in this country fifty years ago worse than they do today, but I don't believe it. Why, how could they live worse? I say that the wages the men get in the East side of New York, the wages these coal miners in Pennsylvania get, the average wage of the average laborer in the United States, is

simply incapable of reduction without starving the laborer to death. The laborer gets simply a living. Just exactly as the mules on the farm could not have any less oats than they get if they are to do any work. We know how our grandfathers lived. They were well-fed men; good strong, active men. Do you mean to tell me that the men of today get more and better food than their grandfathers did? I don't think we will agree to that. I think that the best you can make out is that we may get a little more luxury, such as being able to travel in an elevated car, or walk on an asphalt pavement; and anyway the percentage of the product he gets is much less. It can be granted that if under our competitive system we are willing to live as we are living today, simply upon the dregs of existence, the nation will have a great surplus and we can build up all the world, build railroads all over the world.

We can distribute our surplus in that manner, if we are fools enough to do it. I saw men clap and cheer when Professor Seligman said, "Look at all the world that yet remains for us Americans to build up." You would think those men were the Morgans who were going to own the world when it is all built up. If we have finished this country, if today we are being forced to ship the surplus abroad because it cannot be used here, it seems to me that what we ought to do with that surplus is to let it remain right here with the people who have produced it. Let us feed and clothe ourselves first; charity begins at home.

I won't argue much about what public ownership could do by trying to draw any analogies with what it has done under our present competitive system. Take our Post Office. I think I know about as much as any one about what the Post Office can do. You don't suppose I am not aware of how public ownership works under our present competitive system. Today the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the owners of the country are its real rulers. The men who govern this country are not the puppets we see in the senate or congress or in the presidential chair.

The rulers are the men at the head of the great trusts and railroads. These are the men who dictate the policy at Washington. What we Socialists wish to do is to make Wall Street our Washington; to make Mr. Morgan, Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Rockefeller hold elective offices, and then we will control our officials at Washington. Wall Street controls Washington, we propose controlling Wall Street.

About Philadelphia, it is not particularly pertinent but Professor Seligman says that Philadelphia gave up public ownership—didn't care for it. It did give it up, yes; but why? Because the aldermen were bribed, and when the people had a chance to vote for it they voted overwhelmingly for public ownership; but notwithstanding that vote, the aldermen sold the franchise to private owners. There is where the Referendum would have been of use.

Now, regarding Imperial Rome being an example of Socialism. I really didn't think Professor Seligman would say that; for, if there is one man in the United States, not a Socialist, who knows what Socialism is, it is Professor Seligman. I think there is no one more competent to state what the Socialist says and thinks and writes than Professor Seligman. He knows that we Socialists all contend for the materialistic conception of history. We say that Socialism depends upon our industrial evolution. We could not have had Socialism before we had the steam engine. We could not have had Socialism when we had simply individualistic production. We could not have had Socialism a hundred years ago, and to talk about the possibility of having it two thousand years ago is simply absurd.

Professor Seligman speaks of Socialism bringing about a falling off in production. Why should it? We would want to produce under Socialism, because we would get what we produced. Today we don't want to produce because we have already produced too much, and we don't get anything at all. Every Trust today is an organization to prevent over-production. The whole tendency today is to have production fall off; so that if there is any

danger of our having too little production the danger exists in our present method of production.

Again, he speaks about the glories and beauties of competition—but for whom? The capitalist doesn't want any more of it. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller, who control our industries, say that competition is dead. The professors of political economy may try to resuscitate the corpse, but they will never do it.

And then he says trades-unionism is a solution. We will grant that trades-unions have done more than the Socialists have to advance wages—simply because the Socialists have had no opportunity of advancing wages, and cannot do it until we have Socialism. But what does the work of the trades-unions amount to? What do you get? The mule may get a little more oats and have his stall swept out. The Socialist says we want all we produce, we don't want a little more. Not a few more crumbs—we want the whole dinner that we have produced. Then again, the trades-unions are all right when there is a job; but when there is no job—(The rest of the sentence was drowned in vociferous applause).

Professor Seligman speaks of the condition of the laborer in England today compared with what it was fifty years ago. I would like him to tell me what he thinks of the condition of those mobs of men today walking up and down the streets of London unemployed. You see cable reports that the tradesmen are barring up their windows in London, fearing the mobs of the unemployed. It may be that when they do get employment next year or next century they may get better wages than their grandfathers did forty or fifty years ago—but they may not be alive.

It is not the average wage that determines how comfortable you are—it is the wage that you get every day. You might turn out a herd of buffalo on a field and you can figure out that in the course of fifty years the field will yield so many tons of hay and that each buffalo would get so much every year and therefore that they will be all right;

but one summer there comes a drought and the hay is killed and the buffaloes have nothing to eat and they all die. The average yield of the field is sufficient to keep that number of buffaloes alive, yet they are all dead. So with us. You give us one winter of unemployed men; and no matter what the general average for fifty years may be, the one unemployed winter brings them to starvation. How long can any of us go without dinners? I know one night is enough for me.

As to the difference among Socialists, regarding this so called catastrophic theory as I have given it tonight, which I take it is the Marxian view, the vast majority of Socialists hold it; but whatever minor differences Socialists may have, everyone who is worthy of being called a Socialist sincerely wishes and demands Socialism just as soon as we can get it.

Professor Seligman says, "Look at the millions of people we can take into this country; and every one we bring in will cause greater demands upon us to feed him, and thus will give us employment for labor and thus keep us making new machinery." And yet just a few minutes ago he denounced the Malthusian theory because, while every one was born with a mouth he was also born with a pair of arms. So that on his own theory the more emigrants come in here, the more we will be able to produce and the more severe will be our unemployed problem.

It is true that as each new machine was invented it was said it would throw men out of employment; yet it did not. But why? Because when one machine was introduced we took the surplus labor created by that machine and set it to work making a new machine. If we could keep on doing that forever we would never have any unemployed problem; but we cannot do it forever, and that is the point. The Trust is the sign that we cannot continue making new machinery as we did in the past. The machinery is finished.

Prof. Seligman says we have had crises in the past, and that each crisis as it now comes is less severe than the preceding one. It may be so; but we

have never had a crisis since the Trust and Mr. Morgan got into control of our industry. What difference does that make? A great difference, psychologically and industrially. When we have our next crisis we will know that we have reached the logical end of our industrial system as it is conducted at present. We will know that it is not because the capitalists were ignorant of what the country needed. You don't find the Standard Oil Co. producing more oil than is needed. That recklessness belongs to the days of competition. There may have been a time when we overproduced unwittingly, but we cannot do it when we have the Trust. When the next crisis comes, and there is a great mass of unemployed, what will be the cry? What was the cry in the recent coal strike? We pointed to Mr. Morgan and said: "Mr. Morgan, it is up to you to solve this." Now, I don't know that Mr. Morgan could have solved it. I don't know that he had any more power than some other men. I say that if we were picking out an industrial autocrat we could hardly find a better man than Morgan. But this is a condition that no man can control. It will be absolutely impossible for Mr. Morgan or anybody else to give us employment when we reach our next crisis, except by abolishing the competitive wage system and introducing Socialism.

As soon as the applause had subsided Mr. Seligman stepped forward and said in reply:

Mr. Wilshire has paid me so many undeserved compliments that it really seems too bad for me to have the last word, and thus be given the opportunity to lay bare what appear to me to be flaws in his logic. What does Mr. Wilshire say? Socialism is inevitable because of the problem of the unemployed. The problem of the unemployed is with us because the means of production are outrunning the means of consumption; that we are producing too much and that we do not get our share of it; that we are not able, really, to do anything with this surplus, but that we are putting more and more into

the means of production, and that this leads us into a vicious circle. On the other hand, he tells us that the characteristic of the Trusts is that they limit production. Now, how can an industrial system which limits production increase production? How can an industrial crisis which is dependent upon over-production be caused by a system of Trusts which brings about under-production?

But without attempting to push that matter any further, let me say that I think Mr. Wilshire is mistaken in claiming that crises are caused by over-production. Crises are caused by mistaken production, by misdirected production; and the reason that crises are becoming less and less acute is because the world is gradually getting to have its system of production better organized for purposes of production. The time is not so far off when, with a more improved system of competition, a better regulated and better organized method of production, of which the Trust is only the fore-runner, we shall have less and less harmful crises. The present industrial system is not tending to an accentuation of these miseries, but it is tending to an alleviation of these miseries. And toward this end are working, not alone the whole modern development of the Trust, but also the trades-union movement and the legislative enactment movement.

Now, to come to one or two of the other points that Mr. Wilshire made. He spoke of Philadelphia and of the attitude of the people as opposed to the aldermen. Now, gentlemen, when we have government industry, who are going to be in control? Who are going to be the leaders of production? Plainly, the politicians. For political life we must continue to have. The very essence of party Socialism is the intermixture of politics and industry. You cannot possibly have government management without industrial and political problems being interwoven. If we have government management, the managers will not be our Morgans and our Rockefellers, but our Boards of Aldermen. And what then?

Next as to Rome. I don't want to

enter upon ancient history; it is not specially interesting; but I hold to my statement that the condition of the Roman Empire affords us the greatest example of government ownership of industry that the world has ever seen. Pretty much everything was produced by government. There were state factories for producing the articles of daily wear, the clothes of the poor and the luxury of the rich, and for pretty much everything else. Production was virtually government production; but the workmen were practically slaves.

Read Roman history; and see what became of the class of the independent workmen of the third and fourth centuries in the *ergastula*, when every workman was bound to become what his father had been before him, and when the unions of workers had become hereditary caste-like bodies, bound to the service of the states. Learn what collective ownership means under an autocratic rule. I do not indeed say that we would have precisely the same condition under modern Democratic Socialism. But about the only difference would be that the Roman Emperor would be replaced by our Boards of Aldermen, and I don't think the improvement will be so very marked.

I am glad to see the sentiment in favor of trades-unionism that has been shown here tonight. I rejoice that the extremes are tending to disappear. I am glad to see that the wisest among you Socialists are less violent in your denunciations than you were twenty-five years ago. I am glad to see that the wisest among the Individualists are less extreme than they were twenty-five years ago.

Voice—"How about Baer?"

I said among the wise capitalists.

Among them we don't hear much more of absolute *laissez faire* and the sacred rights of private property and absolute hands-off for the leaders of industry. For even in the employing class there is a great, not very great indeed, but a steadily growing number of wise men. And on the other hand so it is with the Socialists. For what is the attitude of the ordinary Socialist?

It is like that of the unwise capitalist. The unwise capitalist denounces labor in general, objects to its organization. So the unwise Socialist objects to trades-unionism—(Cries of No, No, No!)

I am glad to see that only the wise Socialists are here tonight.

There is getting to be a common meeting ground. Socialism in the higher sense of the term is becoming more tolerant of the opinions of others. Socialism is beginning to see that there is something, not much but a little, in the views of the opposite party. We can never hope to bring about social evolution by social revolution. We can never attain social peace until this wisdom becomes more pronounced than it is today, and unless we are all willing to meet on a common ground. This common ground may indeed be found in a belief in the crying necessity for social progress, in the crying necessity for the setting in motion forces which will tend to bring about a more adequate life for the mass of the people, in the crying necessity for means whereby individual and collective action may be taken on the one hand toward the preservation of what is good in competition and on the other toward the Socialization of those things that are in the deepest sense common to all. But not until we get some such common meeting ground as that, where we can all pull together for effective social progress, not until then, shall we be able to produce any lasting results.

[Under a rather unusual arrangement I did not have the closing of the argument, this being usually given to the opening speaker in a debate.

I would have said in my final reply, had I had an opportunity, that Professor Seligman did not seem to see the crux of my argument, which was that the Trusts by the systematization of industry would limit production to meet the demand for their goods, and thus, in preventing overproduction, would create an unemployed problem. He seemed to think that what I feared was overproduction *per se*. It is not overproduction I fear, but it is the fear of the capitalists of overproduction and consequently their throwing great masses of the

workers out of employment. Therefore when Professor Seligman talked about the Trusts preventing overproduction and thus removing the very thing which I am afraid of, he forgets the fact that by the very means they take to prevent overproduction, viz., the limiting or cessation of production, they merely hasten the very unemployed problem which I dwell upon as being sure to create an irresistible demand for the abolition of the competitive system and the introduction of Socialism.

In regard to politicians under Socialism, I would say that the politicians then will be the owners of the machinery of production instead of being parasites upon the owners as are the Philadelphia aldermen and all politicians in general today. Under Socialism we will ourselves own the railroads and therefore will not have any desire or any need to bribe our

congressmen in order to get legislation in favor of our own railroads. Our congressmen will be joint owners with us of the railroads.

I do not propose to bring about social evolution by means of social revolution. I make no distinction between the meaning of the two words, other than that the change from the competitive wage system to the co-operative system is such a complete reversal that it certainly might be justifiably termed a revolution. As far as the rapidity of this change goes, that depends entirely upon the truth of my prophecy as to the immense unemployed problem. If this great problem should arise, and if we have no other way of solving it than by introducing Socialism, we are either going to starve to death or have Socialism.

I think the people of the United States, rather than starve, will have Socialism.—H. G. W.]

INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM—AND AFTER

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS

I DO not know when and by whom it was first discerned that the modern industrial development of the world is nearly identical as to its main features with the political evolution of an earlier time. It is now almost a commonplace to use the words "Industrial Feudalism" in describing the modern status of industry. Mr. Ghent seems to think that in his essay on "Benevolent Feudalism" he was the first to apply the principle of feudalism* in explaining modern "Capitalism." In truth the conception of a monarchic order in industrialism is a familiar one and is implied in the popular designation of the great owners and directors of properties as "Kings" and "Barons." It is now clear that these terms represent very real facts and that the stage now reached in industrial progress is distinctly feudal and monarchic. The most successful and perfectly controlled businesses in recent years have been those organized and built up on feudal lines. Competition, corresponding to the private wars of the middle ages, has forced the issue from without. Within the competitive groups the wage and salary in regulated scale have

*In my volume entitled "Chapters in the History of the Arts and Crafts Movement," written early in 1900, I made the following statement: "In the present relationship [between exploiters and exploited] all the features of feudalism are found. And as the world is only at the beginning of its industrial evolution it is likely that the process will run parallel at all points with the development of government. The old domestic system of industry, which the factory system superseded, was simply undifferentiated and unorganized industry. Corresponding to the political era of petty warfare was the period of competition. Competition has been the agent for the selection of the strong and the elimination of the weak. It has created 'Captains of Industry' on one side, and an army of workmen reduced to order, and compelled to service on the other, etc."

furnished the nexus to bind their members together in the relation of master and man. The war-game is played with dollars and not with arms and men. From the combination of groups, principalities are being formed, competition is wholly destroyed and supreme control is placed in the hands of one man. This one man will derive his authority not from the subjects, the workers, but from "God." In order that the magnate's action may

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presided over by petty Kings. These have higher sanction a theory will be pay tribute to the few individuals who formed corresponding to the "divine constitute the real government. The rights of Kings"—a theory implied by the monarchic state is of course not yet the devout attitude of many industrial potentates and which is already formulated by a certain "coal-baron" in "universal trust" is formed whereby

words that have burned deep into the consciousness of the times.

The monarchic conclusion is inevitable. There will be no great change in the industrial system until the present centralizing tendency is ended—until all are absorbed in the industrial idea, and until all have come to industrial consciousness.

Industrial despotism will be tempered, of course, by occasional benevolence—there will be “good” magnates as there were “good” kings. This class will seek to solve the social problem from above, through various agencies looking toward “industrial betterment.” Even now the up-to-date business has a “social secretary” whose function is to improve the conditions of work by providing libraries, lectures, picnics, flower-beds and the like, and by bringing into the corporation that personal element which the corporation as a “legal fiction” cannot presume to contain. The rule of the benevolent will often be thwarted by rebels and protestors who think they want simple justice and not benevolence and flower-beds. But, as the system will prove beneficial on the whole to the masses of the people during the time of its formation the rebellions will be of short life and ineffective.

There will be a growing difficulty also in maintaining feudal authority because of the very perfection of the machinery of production, the enormous increase of products making it increasingly difficult for the owners to consume that which is produced. The industrial baron must work and solve, at the risk of losing his position, the problem of employment. One unemployed person is a menace to the whole order. One unconsumed product is as dangerous to the indus-

trial order as was the outlaw in the mountains of Europe to the political order. Yet I do not doubt that new ways may be devised of spending money and of setting the task for labor.

The advantage of industrial feudalism is two-fold. It brings order into the chaos occasioned by competition—an order greatly to be desired to satisfy our repugnance at social waste. It cannot be denied that the system of individualistic production is attended by enormous loss of every kind. The law of economy requires the co-ordination of effort, such as is attained in the corporation and trust. And as the world is not yet rationalized we must depend for the elimination of waste upon the strong hand of an over-lord. The second gain in feudalism is the education the people receive in industrialism, whereby the way is prepared for the assumption of industrial control by the people when feudalism shall have fulfilled its function.

But now the question presents itself—After feudalism, what? The answer seems clear: Some form of industrial democracy.

In political democracy the world's political evolution is doubtless culminating. After the dispersion of political authority to the individuals of a group the political system as such is subject to disintegration. The ballot-box was once regarded as the “palladium of our liberties”—something to suffer for, to fight for, and to die for. It is now looked upon by the majority of citizens with considerable indifference. The whole scheme of political democracy is upheld largely by tradition. Government has been handed over to politicians who enter into politics because they can get something out of it for themselves. And for the present the

people—again for traditional and sentimental reasons—pay the bills of appropriation: though with increasing bad grace. Long ago Emerson noted that of all expenditures the people paid the taxes with the least willingness. The vital thought of the people is not today in politics. The real problems are not governmental but industrial. Is there a single political issue before the American people today? Is it at all likely that political issues will arise in the future? Doubtless the President of the United States will one day be a political figure-head precisely in the manner of the King of England at the present time. What we are witnessing at the present moment is the transfer of interest from the field of politics to that of industry. But let it be observed that the transfer is made not from a political democracy to an industrial democracy but from a political democracy to an industrial feudalism. This is the real cause of the immense confusion of our time. Men are independent with respect to political government: they are dependent with respect to industrial control. The battle for human freedom has to be fought all over again on a new field and with new weapons. The lesson of political democracy is, of course, well learned. Nevertheless the time is not yet come for the establishment of business upon democratic lines. In the first place the higher ideals of labor have not become universal. In the second place there are too many inefficient workers. A revolution at the present time to effect the destruction of industrial feudalism in the manner of the French Revolution, which brought about the ruin of political feudalism, would result in chaos. Industrial consciousness is too imperfectly developed for all men to assume industrial

self-control. But when the feudal order is perfected and when the superior magnate has held control long enough for the people to realize that loyalty to him is in truth loyalty to themselves—that he is nothing by himself, but only as he represents the will of the whole people, then the dispersion of the magnate's authority will be effected gradually—it may be by some revolution.

A sign of the times is that the transfer of interests to industrial feudalism is made by means of "Republican" politics. The rise of the Republican Party to power coincides with the modern evolution of business. This is more than accidental. The Republican Party stands for centralization. It is Hamiltonian in its policy—Hamilton being of all political leaders the most monarchic in attitude. Meanwhile the policies of Jefferson are obscured. The Republican Party stands also for property and property owners do well to contribute to the Republican campaign fund. Meanwhile the people must wait for their recognition at the hands of government until materials are fully organized and the rush for property has subsided. It is doubtful if labor will gain anything by affiliating with the Democratic Party or by forming an independent Labor Party, for the reason that industrial democracy can never be established on the basis of a political system. Business is strategic and centralizes in regions which ignore the artificial boundaries of state and county. The strength of labor lies in its unions and federations—which are federations of men and not governments of laws. The true policy of labor is to maintain and perfect the interior organization of the union, waiting the while for the culmination of the present tendency. History can

but repeat itself. The next step after industrial feudalism is industrial democracy. This means that industries will be conducted by and for the people; and this means, of course, that production will be carried on not for the sake of production or for that power which wealth secures, but for the sake of the people.

Already, in isolated places, the transition from feudalism to democracy has begun. I do not refer to the building of "model" workshops or villages or to any other similar scheme of benefaction, whereby the feudal lords seek to conceal the rigor of their rule. I refer to the beginnings of industrial control in certain factories and stores where proprietorship is nominal and where interior control is effected by ballot. I refer also to the "co-operative movement" which is destined to increase and include both production and consumption. I refer also to the workshops building here and there under the influence of the teaching and example of Ruskin and Morris. Voluntary individual co-operation is, I believe, the ultimate form of industrial democracy.

Assuming that evolution at this stage of life is rationally inclined, what factors, now, can be depended upon to continue and perfect the new tendency? Knowledge, for one thing, or what is called science. By science the monarchic conception of the universe is forever disproved. There is no Absolute Deity which rules the universe as with a sceptre. The universe is a republic and not a kingdom. The more we know of the nature of things the more certain does it appear that intelligence and will reside in the atom and groups of atoms. The law of form is function and service. The human body is a veritable republic, its very life being dependent upon the

co-operation of the individual cells composing it. Probably the purest type found in Nature of an industrial community is the bee-hive. Apiarists have miscalled the maternal bee the queen. But the bees at work are controlled not by the queen but by something which Maeterlinck in his wonderful book on *The Bee* calls "The Spirit of the Hive." It may seem inappropriate to make this reference to knowledge. But the fact remains that any given change will occur in the social order only as the members of that society shape an ideal in which all may share, and to which all will conform. The sanction of a feudal order was found in mediæval theology. The sanction of the new industrialism will be found in science. A democracy more than any other social form is dependent upon education.

A second factor is the love of freedom. This, probably, is the ultimate human impulse. Governors, masters, rulers of every sort, who do not plan their governance with reference to the love of liberty in all hearts, prove their incapacity to exercise authority at all. Said Whitman to the foiled European Revolutionaire :

Courage yet, my brother or my sister !
What we believe in waits latent forever
through all the continents,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in
calmness and light, is positive and
composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time.
When liberty goes out of a place it is not the
first to go, nor the second or third to go,
It waits for all the rest to go, it is the last."

How, then, does the case for liberty stand now? What is lacking in the free scope of free men? Clearly, free action is wanted on just one point. We are free in matters of religion. There are no recent instances of persecution, except in remote places. We are

equally free in matters of political practice. There are, perhaps, more exceptions to political freedom than religious freedom, but still political freedom is practically assured. But no one today enjoys industrial freedom. No one is self-directive in the field of work. Every workman must find an employer. The functions of hand and head are performed by different individuals. So long as this condition exists there will be warfare between the executive and servile agents. Industrial freedom means the privilege of self-control in respect to one's work. It involves the making of every workman his own employer. This is not an easy relation to sustain to oneself, it is admitted. But it is not more difficult than serving as priest and King over oneself. Industrial freedom, like religious and political freedom, depends for its effectiveness upon character and capacity in the individual. Religious feudalism and political feudalism were so ordered as to afford the best possible training in self-control in their respective fields. Industrial feudalism will doubtless furnish a discipline equally effective. When men are ready for the assumption of authority such authority will be readily assumed. The shifting of control will be gradual—so gradual that there will be no break in the unity of industrial life. The work of the world will go on very much as it does now. No one will stop working, but work will be done from a new motive: not under compulsion but voluntarily. This is the very essence of industrial freedom. When Great Britain abrogated the political govern-

ment of Massachusetts with the intention of forcing submission by this means, the province subsisted for a year without governors of any kind—without governors but not without government. In one of the workshops of the new industrialism surprise was expressed by a visitor that there was not special distinction in the product. The answer of the workman to the query was that the object of the workshop was not to make an unusual kind of chair but to make the usual chair with a new kind of workman. The chair was after a traditional pattern; the workman was the product of a revolution.

Without elaborating these suggestions further, I may state succinctly the theses I have had in mind to prove.

1. An industrial order is now being established which corresponds in all essential respects with what is known in political history as feudalism.

2. The political order, so far as it is shaped by the same individuals who control industry, partakes also of the nature of feudalism; hence the recrudescence in the United States of the principles of Hamilton and the dominance of the Republican Party.

3. When the feudalistic tendency culminates into the establishment of a centralized control of all industries, then the conscious and deliberate appropriation of that power by the people will begin, till work becomes free and the worker self-directive.

4. Biology and psychology testify to the ultimate triumph of the principle of self-activity. In other words, all the forces of national evolution are on the side of the people.

A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL'S ESSAY

MISS JESSIE M. TYLER

The interesting experiment of offering prizes to the High School scholars for the best three essays on the subject of Socialism, was recently tried in Whitman, Mass., with gratifying results. The essays were read by the competitors at a public meeting, and everybody in town turned out to hear them. The judges were Hon. F. O. MacCartney, Socialist Representative for Rockland, Hon. Chas. H. Coulter, the recently re-elected Socialist Mayor of Brockton, and Charles E. Lowell of Whitman. The essays showed considerable research and study on the part of the young contestants and their efforts were enthusiastically received by the large audience. The first prize was awarded to Miss Jessie Tyler, who is just fifteen years old, for the really clever essay which follows:

SOCIALISM

IN the first place, what is Socialism?

To many who have never looked into the matter, it suggests disorder, rioting, anarchy and other absurd things. But there is no need of anyone having such an idea of Socialism. Countless good definitions of it are given by standard authorities and eminent men. I think one of the best is given by Worcester's dictionary. This is it: "Socialism is a science of reconstructing society on an entirely new basis by substituting the principle of association for that of competition in every branch of industry."

MISS JESSIE M. TYLER

Now what does this mean? It means simply this: Where farms, plantations, mills, factories, mines, railroads, and nearly everything except the roads, schools, and post-offices are now

owned by private concerns for private gain, these things would be owned by the people for the people.

It has been demonstrated that wheat can be taken from the soil, ground into flour, and made into bread, when done with the best machinery, and on a large scale, so cheaply that ten loaves of bread could be produced at a labor cost of one cent. Now, under the present system, ten loaves of bread cost at least fifty cents. Where do the other forty-nine cents go? They go to the private owners of the machinery and factories that gathered the wheat and made it into flour, to the private owners of

the railroads that transported the flour, to the private owners of the bake-houses, where it was converted into bread. It goes to those people that they may live in idleness while the

poor laborers who did all the work toil day after day for a crust to eat and a hovel to sleep in. It is the same with everything. The products of the toil of the multitudes are employed not for the comfort and enjoyment of the multitudes, but for the luxurious ease of the few who own the tools of labor.

Now is this fair? No one can say that it is. And if the co-operative system was substituted for the competitive system, and the whole country made a large corporation with the government at the head, no such condition of affairs could exist. Clothing, food, and all things could be bought at a price not much greater than the cost of production. There would be no paupers and no millionaires. And yet why do not the people strive to have things done on this plan? Why do they not join the Socialists, and try to attain the end of Socialism, the abolishment of the competitive system?

Socialism would solve the labor problem by guaranteeing to the producer the full product of his toil; the prison problem, by removing the incentive to crime; the temperance problem, by taking away the only incentive which ever induced any man or woman to keep a saloon or gambling house; the immigration problem, by establishing a system of industry in which every day of idleness would be (as it is now) a loss to society and in which every day of added labor would be a decided gain to all the inhabitants of the commonwealth. In a word, Socialism would make possible a fulfillment of the teachings of the greatest of all Socialists, in universal brotherhood among men, peace on earth, and plenty for all the children of a common Father.

JESSIE M. TYLER.

Member of Sophomore Class, Abington High School.

THE SOUL OF SOCIALISM

BLISS CARMAN

SOcialism is a safe word. Its meaning is so vague and undetermined, for the most part, that even the conservative take it upon their lips without trepidation. They speak indulgently of Socialists as erratic and harmless dreamers, lumping together their many different aims and creeds, much as one speaks of all manner of insects as "bugs."

But the truth is that everyone is something of a Socialist, and many of

our institutions are purely Socialistic. Free schools, for instance, and free libraries (where they really belong to a township of free people and are not the gift of well meaning but offensive and misguided affluence) are purely Socialistic. They exist for the good of all, and are supported by the contributions of all, though there may be some to whom they are of no value and by whom they are not wanted. Never mind, we must have them, for

the sense of the community has decided they are good things. If you have no children to be educated, and are a hater of books, it is just the same, you must put your hand in your pocket to buy books for your neighbor and educate his children. That surely is pure Socialism. Also, it is pure Christianity.

And that brings me to the point I wish to make—namely: that the soul of Socialism is love, or Christianity, if you prefer that word. The divers kinds of Socialism are as mushrooms in the morning; they spring up fresh every day, until it seems that every man may be his own prophet in matters pertaining to the commonwealth. Yet all these schemes are alike in aim; they all have for their sole object the betterment of society. However foolish, however wrong-headed, however visionary, or even dangerous they may be, we must still credit them nearly always with nobility of purpose and sincerity of intention. They are so many formulæ for the solution of a difficult problem in the science of life. And though many of them would not solve the perplexing equation for us at all, but would only make matters worse (in all probability), still their disinterested aim must enlist our sympathy, even while we withhold our approval. That is to say, the spirit that prompts them is all right, though the thought that goes to their construction is often faulty.

For Socialism, in whatever form, is after all, only an ingenious device for putting in practice the generous impulses of the human heart. Socialistic schemes are just so many contrivances for the carrying out of our nobler purposes. In themselves they cannot directly foster goodness; they can only promote it, by making its path

easier. Under right social and industrial conditions it will be easier to be good than it is now; it will be easier for beauty to touch our everyday life; it will be easier for the truth to find us out and cheer us with illumination.

One would not call the constitution of the United States a Socialistic document, I suppose. And yet it certainly is an instrument invented to facilitate the betterment of mankind in his social state. The American revolution, like the French revolution, like the great rebellion in England, has no other meaning than that. And the mistake we make in thinking of these movements is in putting our final trust in them, rather than in the spirit of freedom and of love in man which produced them. However great and important these events were, they were, after all, only so many steps in this direction or that. We believe in this country that a democratic form of government is better than older, more primitive forms. It is not, therefore, necessarily the best form. It may be itself but a step to another form still better, which will bring us still more enlightenment and happiness. We must be careful not to make a fetch of it, as our fathers made of monarchy long ago. It is the tendency of conservative minds to respect the settled institution, the traditional ideal. Old institutions and established ideals are, indeed, to be respected, but they are not as much to be respected as the spirit of humanity which begot them. They are only inventions of the mind of man, pondering on some plan to give his soul vent in free and beneficent action. It is our business to maintain and guard them only so long as they prove effective for that, and to relinquish them without regret as soon as we outgrow them and find them hindering

our progress or retarding our happiness. We shall have others in their stead, more ample, more adequate, more nearly perfect, and no less worthy of loyalty than they were.

And if we are not to have too great and inflexible a respect for authority and traditional institutions, neither must we be over-confident of the newer plans of social management of our own devising. They, too, we must remember, are only methods or ways of doing things. And the great permanent fact to be remembered and revered is the spirit of love which prompted us human creatures from the first. If we are to respect the remembrance of it in those of past ages, surely we must so much more respect it as a living breath in ourselves.

No form of government ever yet devised has been equal to the task of making men perfectly happy. None ever will be. For the simple reason that men are not made happy by outward conditions alone, but by the inward condition of their hearts as well. And if we pin our faith to this or that outward social institution, we are necessarily disappointed. The more stable the institution, the more quickly does it become insufficient. It remains fixed, but man grows. Let us fancy that some admirable and sound social reform, like the Single Tax, for instance, could be put in operation. There is no doubt that we should all derive untold benefit from it. We should be freer, happier, and saner as a people than we have ever been. But we should still be far from being perfectly happy, unless we were sedulous in cultivating our spiritual selves, and in giving effectiveness to our best personality. Socialism, in other words, is only an opportunity to live, it is not life. And we must beware of expecting too much from it. Were it once in operation, we should still have our toil and our leisure, our

joys and our sorrows, just as we do now. Our toil and our sorrows would be mitigated, we believe; and our joys and our leisure should be more widespread. But the same old problem of the conduct of life would still confront every mortal alive.

It seems to me, then, evident that while we are giving our energies to the accomplishment of social progress, to the realization of Socialism in some form, we should be careful to hold hard by the spirit of the matter. Let us be Socialists, by all means, of one kind or another, but let us be loving men first of all. For what we are fighting for in Socialism is only the chance for loving kindness to make itself felt. For whether we call it love or loving kindness or Christianity does not matter, so long as we preserve the spirit itself and make it effective. Only if we call it Christianity we must take care not to confound it with any formalism of creed or church. For the churches, also, are only social institutions, outward expressions in which various truths have been embodied, and too often entombed. But Christianity, let us remember, is an attitude of mind, a habit of feeling, a condition of the soul; it is not an institution. And the gist of Christianity may quite as readily be embodied in Socialism as in any formal church. And Socialism, whenever it appears in any sincere guise, always has an aim in accord with Christianity—it aims at giving more freedom to the spiritual side of man, it aims at putting man's life under such outward conditions that he can practice virtue more easily and find happiness more readily in this life. Christianity blazes the trail for man; Socialism cuts down the trees and makes the road more open and practicable. This is something of what I mean by saying that Christianity is the soul of Socialism, and I don't believe it is far wrong.—Chicago Tribune.

A HOUSE DIVIDED

NEW YORK, Dec. 17th, 1902.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE :

Dear Sir,—

My brother, Elbert Anderson Young, as president of the National Credit Men's Association, a powerful organization in this country, delivered the enclosed address at the annual meeting in Louisville, and soon after I wrote him the enclosed reply. As we are two brothers and represent the antipodes of thought in the United States, and as we are both typical Americans, our family on both mother's and father's sides being among the original settlers of New York City and Long Island, the correspondence may interest you.

I am working with all the heart and time that I can spare from my business along the lines of Socialistic ownership of all capital as being the only alternative against Anarchy. I sincerely regret that I cannot afford to give my entire time and study to this question, but having a family to support, only my evenings are at my own command.

Some of my friends tell me that "it is all right, but I am one hundred years ahead of my time," to which I can only reply that my father, who was a Methodist minister, was turned out of the New York East Conference in the year 1853 for preaching the abolition of negro slavery, and that about ten years afterwards the Emancipation Proclamation was issued. We move today even faster than we did then.

Wishing you God Speed in the greatest work that has ever been undertaken by man,
I remain,

Yours very truly,

DANIEL K. YOUNG.

[Extracts from an address of Elbert A. Young, Pres. National Credit Men's Association, to the Annual Convention at Louisville, Ky.]

A new era is at hand, the possibilities of which no one can predict. The extension of agricultural, commercial, industrial and financial activity throughout the world has been unparalleled. What part are we to play in its continuance? We must no longer be satisfied with the limits of our local credits, but should adapt ourselves to larger fields. Of all nations the United States has the most unlimited capabilities of production, and has in a brief time taken a commanding position and

controlling place in the world's commerce. Consider the following estimates given on the authority of Mr. Henry Gannett.

As respects the mining products of the world we produce fifty-six per cent. of the copper; forty-three per cent. of the petroleum; thirty-four per cent. of the iron ore; thirty-three per cent. of the silver; thirty-one per cent. of the gold; twenty-nine per cent. each of the coal and the quicksilver; and twenty-five per cent. each of the lead and zinc. In copper, iron ore, silver, gold and coal we surpass every other nation. Of the entire

mineral product of the earth we are credited with almost forty per cent., no other nation approaching this output. Of the agricultural products of the world, we produce seventy-five per cent. each of the corn and cotton; thirty-seven per cent. of the tobacco; twenty-six per cent. of the oats; and twenty-one per cent. of the wheat, leading every other nation in all. We produce twenty-three per cent. of the entire agricultural yield of the world, our nearest competitor being Russia with fifteen, and France and Germany with twelve per cent. each. We raise forty-one per cent. of the hogs, and twenty-five per cent. each of the horses and cattle of the world; and our dairy products are twenty-five per cent. and our meat products thirty-three per cent. of the products of the earth. We manufacture forty-six per cent. of the world's paper; thirty-seven per cent. of its steel; thirty-four per cent. of its pig iron; thirty-three per cent. of its glass; twenty-seven per cent. of its linen; twenty-five per cent. of its woollen cloth; and twenty per cent. of its manufactured cottons; in all except the last, exceeding every other country. Of the world's manufactured materials we furnish thirty-four per cent.; those nations nearest to us being Great Britain with fifteen per cent., Germany with twelve per cent., and France with eleven per cent. Our railways are more than forty per cent. of the total mileage of the earth, and our several transportation agencies receive thirty-two per cent. of the world's earnings. In 1890 New York and London clearing house transactions each exhibited about thirty-seven billions of dollars; in 1901 London exchanges had increased to forty-six billions, while New York reached the surprising figure of seventy-seven billions of dollars. Considering

the fact that the United States contains only seven per cent. of the earth's land area, and five per cent. of its population it must be acknowledged that we have performed a large part in the world's development.

The productive power of the United States has advanced so rapidly that after our home requirements are supplied a large surplus is left, for which a market elsewhere is of vital importance. The searching out and supplying of these markets has in a few years built up trade balances so enormously in our favor as to astound the world. In 1901 the value of our exports reached one billion, four hundred and eighty-eight millions of dollars, the largest in our history, and greater in amount than any other country in the world, outstripping England, our nearest competitor. Our imports amounted to eight hundred and twenty-three millions of dollars (this sum having been exceeded in four previous years), leaving a balance in our favor of six hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars.

Owing to labor-saving machines, which amply compensate for the higher wages we pay, and the efficiency of American workmen, our exports are not confined as largely as formerly to what we grow. In 1880, eighty-three per cent. of our total exports were the products of agriculture; and only twelve per cent., or one hundred and two millions of dollars were articles of domestic manufacture. In 1901 our agricultural products amounted to sixty-four per cent. of our exports, while manufactured products increased to twenty-eight per cent., or four hundred and twelve millions of dollars.

We must retain in our keeping the commercial advantages we have, and endeavor with earnestness to make

better our position wherever deficient. This will require a comprehensive and enlightened policy. Are we taking advantage of every possibility? Examine our foreign commerce with separate countries for the year just past, all figures being dollars. Our exports to Europe amounted to one billion, one hundred and thirty-seven millions; imports four hundred and thirty millions; balance in our favor seven hundred and seven millions. Our exports to British North America one hundred and eight millions; imports forty-three millions; balance in our favor sixty-five millions. Our exports to Oceania thirty-five millions; imports eleven millions; balance in our favor twenty-four millions. Our exports to Africa twenty-six millions; imports nine millions; balance in our favor fifteen millions. Our exports to Central America, Mexico and the West Indies eighty-nine millions; imports one hundred and two millions; balance against us thirteen millions. Our exports to South America forty-four millions; imports one hundred and ten millions; balance against us sixty-six millions. And our exports to Asia forty-nine millions; imports one hundred and seventeen millions; balance against us sixty-eight millions. Do not these figures show that we are neglecting the central and southern parts of our own continent and Asia?

The Orient, with its population of hundreds of millions, should be the coming market for a large part of the surplus products of our fields and factories. China is an immense country in extent of territory, density of population, and wealth of natural resources, having copper, gold, coal and iron in almost unlimited quantities, and laborers without number. With an end to the period of her exclusiveness, and the

advent of demands for railways, will come requirements for more food and materials. Articles of luxury today will become necessities in the near future. With the certain advance of modern ideas the Chinese will insist upon city lighting, sewers, street railways and paving, river and harbor improvements, improved postal and telegraph facilities, and many other features of modern civilization. Owing to the climatic conditions and the simple needs of her people, the quantity of cotton cloth used is almost beyond estimation. Of our total exports of colored and uncolored manufactured cottons in 1901, China used almost thirty-two per cent., a larger amount than any other nation. The United States should supply the greater part of their entire wants, beyond the products of their home manufacturers. China must have capital and credit to develop her resources. These being provided, increased commerce is certain, wages will rise to a higher level, and the ability of her people to purchase will be augmented. Of all the imports into China at the present time the United States furnishes only eight per cent. Practically all her bills of exchange are now drawn on London. With increased trade between the two countries, this could be modified in our favor. Where is there so great an opening for many of our products? No other nation has such possibilities for enjoying the benefits of the future commercial expansion of China as the United States. Self-interest would seem to make it wise for us to unite with England and Japan, and insist on the open door policy. We will do well to study the habits and wants of the Chinese, and examine into their trade conditions, so as to prepare for the increased requirements of four hundred millions of people. They are honest,

intelligent and good merchants. To quote from one of her statesmen: "Let the products of American farms, mills and workshops once catch the Chinese fancy and America need look no farther for a market."

Notwithstanding the advantages in our favor we have no copyright on prosperity, no certainty that our wonderful progress in international commerce will continue. Only by eternal vigilance can we maintain the advantages we have gained. The United States, England and Germany are the great trading nations of the world. England has been the great exporting country, but her commercial supremacy in this regard has been somewhat impaired. Her labor unions, and their system of strikes, are largely responsible for this decadence. By their methods the most incompetent workman becomes the standard of all, a day's work being determined by his capacity. Their efforts for years have been to furnish the minimum amount of labor at the maximum wages; to labor not as well as they can, but only as well as they must. They have practically placed a premium on incompetency, destroyed the value of individual efforts, and discouraged the natural ambition of the intelligent and active workman to produce the best possible results for himself and his employers. They have failed to appreciate that Capital and Labor must unite their forces in furnishing economical production and distribution. Their strikes have, in many cases, so enhanced the cost of manufactured articles that they can no longer compete with the United States and Germany. Our workingmen should take warning from the experience of their fellows in England, and make the ablest and best, instead of the poorest workmen in each branch, their standard. In America it

has been possible for many of the captains of industry to rise from the ranks of labor. Let us hope that our better workmen will not subordinate their personal independence and their chances of advancement to the unwise dictates of any labor agitator or union.

* * * * *

If, by energy and ability, we continue to win the industrial battles now being fought, where will our victories place us under existing conditions? What of the day, not far distant, when we shall no longer be a debtor nation? We cannot do all the selling, without some of the buying; nor can our supremacy continue if we are to receive gold shipments for our enormous excess of exports. For the past few years this has been offset by the estimated payment of one hundred millions of dollars annual interest on the amount we owe to Europe; one hundred millions of dollars calculated as the yearly expenses of our foreign travellers; and one hundred millions of dollars appraised as the amount paid per annum to foreign vessels for carrying our commerce, the balance above gold importations being completed by the return of our securities. Carry the excess of six hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars to its logical conclusion, if continued year after year, and what is the result? The world's recent annual production of gold is about two hundred and seventy-five millions; of silver at commercial value one hundred millions; total three hundred and seventy-five millions. Deduct the industrial consumption of one hundred millions, and the balance of trade in our favor is more than double the earth's total production of money. After the return of all our securities the nations of the world would not only pay us the total yearly output of specie, but in addition thereto the

accumulations of former years. Of what use will be our money and surplus products, except to trade among ourselves, after every other nation has become impoverished?

* * * * *

Reciprocity is under consideration as the best policy to adopt to further our ends, but is it altogether certain that it will work well in practice? Is there not danger that friction may arise in countries not immediate parties to the treaties? For example, Great Britain is our largest customer, purchasing in 1901 fifty-six per cent. of our total exports to Europe, and forty-three per cent. of our total exports to the world. Great Britain has a revenue tariff, and therefore cannot enter into any scheme of reciprocity. Any concessions in our tariff given to nations like Germany and France, which compete with Great Britain in our markets, would place her at a disadvantage, and perhaps lead her to adopt a preferential tariff favoring colonial goods, as against those from the United States, so that our food products would be at a disadvantage with similar products from Canada, India and Australia. It is certainly to our advantage to treat our best customer on equal terms with the most favored nations.

NEW YORK, June 21st, 1902

MR. ELBERT A. YOUNG, President
National Credit Men's Association,
St. Paul, Minn.

My Dear Brother,

Your presidential address to the Convention of Credit Men at Louisville has been read with much interest as it contains many facts and statistics that are very handy to have in the house.

I consider it a very able presentation of the question from the standpoint at present in vogue, viz., selfish commercial individualism. But this shield has two sides, and I consider

your argument as one of the strongest that it has been my good fortune to read when considered from the side of Socialism. You, in common with the majority of our people, take it for granted that the sole object of a country should be to increase its exports and by so doing furnish work to thousands who, under our present form of government, would be idle. And I must admit that under the present system of civilization there are many grounds for this belief. If our present individualism were the highest form of civilization, I should be willing to concede the reasonableness of all your arguments.

But suppose that there were another and a higher form of civilization? Suppose that instead of Individualism, we have Mutualism? Instead of Competition, Co-operation? Instead of War, Peace—Industrial Peace, Financial Peace, Commercial Peace, Agricultural Peace and International Peace? Suppose instead of tearing down, we build up? Suppose instead of trying to rob each other we devote all our energies to mutual protection?

You must admit that in some lines of business Mutualism has proved its advantages over Individualism. Take the co-operation of the so-called Trusts, doing away with the dreadful waste of competition; the mutual protection of the life insurance companies, where the all are saving the few; where the strong many protect the weak individual; the mutual protection and co-operation of armies; the solid organization of political parties, where each works for the general good of the party; the "community of interest" of the railroads, private partnerships and chartered corporations. Suppose that each individual in all these organizations was trying to down every other, as they are in the present-day civilization, how long would they last and be successful?

Were I not a believer in Evolution, I should be a Pessimist. But in my mind there is not the slightest doubt but that co-operation is the next step in evolution. The first co-operation was between a few men who formed firms, then more who formed corporations,

then more who formed Trusts. The next will be a still greater and grander corporation of the nation or government, where all the waste of mercantile, financial, advertising and bankrupting competition will be done away with.

Now I will try to extract the lessons of your address as viewed from the standpoint indicated above.

I quote, "Of all nations, the United States has the most unlimited capabilities of production." No sane man will dispute this statement of yours. But should the production be for the benefit of our own people or for the benefit of the outside world? Should we, like Mrs. Jellyby, send flannel shirts to the poor African heathen and let our own children suffer for the needs of life? Should we, like our foreign missions, send the Gospel to China and let our own New York East Side be without its ministrations? Should we, like our exporters, send millions of bushels of wheat to other countries, while we read every day of someone starving to death in New York? Should we export sewing machines, bicycles and the thousand and one manufactures, while our own people are compelled to go without them? Does not civilization, like charity, begin at home?

We yearly export commodities to the value of a billion and a half of dollars. This means, if it means anything, that every man, woman and child in this country must produce \$25.00 per year more than his living expenses toward the support of the outside world. Now is that fair? When the shoemakers of this country make enough shoes to shoe every man, woman and child in it, have they not done their share of the work and are they not therefore entitled to a decent and comfortable living, or must they be compelled to shoe the Chinese also before they can live? We export coal to other countries and today we cannot get enough in New York City, because we had no reserve stored away. Today Brazil is in the direst poverty and almost all her coffee planters are ruined because they have done more than their share of the world's work and produced a crop of fifteen and a half

millions of bags of coffee when the world consumes only ten million bags. You will understand why the price has declined far below the price of production. Yet there are many people in Brazil who cannot afford to drink coffee at all. Is it not a fact that where any class of people do more than their share of the world's work, and make what under our present system is overproduction, that class is always a sufferer therefrom? Under the competitive system the harder we work and the more we produce, the more we suffer. Now is not any system where such an anomaly is possible, a farce and a failure? If our political economists cannot evolve some scheme which is not so absurd and preposterous, had we not better stop following their teachings and try something else? If the competitive scheme brings us to an absurdity, why should we be afraid to try the co-operative one and see if that will not prove itself a success? It can certainly be no greater failure than the one we are trying.

The next question is, does it pay?

Does it pay as a business and commercial proposition? Does it pay to exhaust our farms for the purpose of feeding the people outside of the United States? Does it pay to have our people compelled to work eight or ten hours every day when the work of this country could be done in four hours? But then all would have to work and none could shirk as they do at present. If we want to work eight hours, why not spend the other four hours in producing luxuries for our own people, which they do not have at present?

What do we get in return for our billion and a half of exports, and pushing every laborer to the limit of his strength? We laugh at the countryman who trades his gold dollars for a gold brick, but are we any smarter? When a Castellane spends seven million dollars of American money in four years, and we must ship seven million bushels of wheat to pay for the poor fool's fun, do the seven thousand farmers who must each raise a thousand bushels of wheat, think that it pays?

Does it pay the poor deluded American girl who brought this hardship on the seven thousand farmers for the sake of a fool title? Does it pay us to squander our good wheat, good corn and good manufactures in paying the debts and extravagances of decayed so-called foreign noblemen? Castellane is not by any means an isolated case. Our travellers in Europe spend at least a hundred millions of dollars in junketing through the Old World. Does every man, woman and child who must pay a dollar and a half every year for their fun think that it pays when they find it hard work to get enough to eat? Verily, why should we laugh at the countryman who buys the gold brick?

But on the contrary, would it pay if we did not waste our substance in foreign lands? Would it pay if we did not throw away our products and get nothing in return for them? Would it pay if we did not buy the gold brick? There is the absurdity of it; it would not pay any better than it does at present. We must buy gold bricks or we will, on your own statement, ruin every other nation in the world, and where will our market be then?

You know it to be a fact, that there is no mineral product in the world, that there is no vegetable product the world raises, that there is no manufactured product made in the world, that cannot be raised or made in the United States and its possessions. And, moreover, it can be raised and made even more abundantly than our people, under the present system, can consume it. Why then should we buy anything from other countries? Why should we spend a billion dollars every year for glass beads and tinsel? We will grant that the half billion is for necessities. Why? Why, because a hundred thousand of our people must have a good time at the expense of the hundred million. As Ben Franklin would say, do we not "pay too much for our whistle?"

But suppose that all land and all production belonged to all the people, or in other words to the government, and that each individual had an equal bond and interest in the entire product?

Would the above absurdities and incongruities exist? Would it be more unjust? Would it be less scientific? Would it be a step toward or a step away from Evolution? Would it be a step toward or a step away from the greatest thinkers the world has produced, Christ, Confucius, Buddha and Socrates? Would it be a saving or a waste? Could we not then consume all we could produce? Would it be a greater or less hardship for the mass of the people?

The watchword of all government and all laws should be—The greatest happiness to all the people. Anything else is Anarchy and Oppression.

But I hear you say, "All this is Utopian, impossible;" "We cannot change human conditions;" "We cannot change human nature;" "You cannot abolish human selfishness."

Of course it is Utopian and impossible until it is done. A thousand things which were impossible twenty years ago are so common today as to pass without comment. But if the present scheme of civilization be a failure, why not try some other?

We have changed human conditions and we have changed human nature. The cannibal no longer kills and eats his enemy in the streets of New York; he is only starved into submission by the capitalists. The cave-dweller no longer dreads the wild beasts on Manhattan Island; he only dreads riding in the Manhattan Elevated. We do not now kill each other with a knotted club, but only with a gun or a trolley car. There are even some who preach "Peace on earth and good-will to men"—but not in business. We no longer kill people for religious opinions, but only for commercial reasons. So, you see, human conditions have in a measure changed.

It may be true that we cannot overcome human selfishness, but it is for just that reason that we are hoping that the selfishness of the poor man will become as great as the selfishness of the rich man. That the poor man will realize that being a hundred to one he can outvote the rich man every time, and will comprehend that Socialism is as far

above our present Individualism as Christianity is above Anarchy. We certainly should not have to change human selfishness.

Your statement that "the productive power of the United States has advanced so rapidly that after our home requirements are supplied a large surplus is left, for which a market elsewhere is of vital importance," I most emphatically deny. In a country where scientific government was applied there could be no such thing as overproduction. Our home requirements never have been supplied, and never will be supplied until every individual in this country has enough to eat, enough to wear, a good home to live in, good furniture to furnish it and leisure to cultivate his brain. Then we can extend the list to luxuries, time to travel, an automobile, and the thousand and one little extras which go to make life pleasant. When all the people of this country have all that they wish for, it is time to search out and supply other markets with the surplus.

But this will never be possible under private ownership of land and products. The waste is too great and it is necessary to keep down the price of labor to compete with foreign labor in order to maintain and extend our exports.

By public ownership production could be increased three or four fold, by doing away with wasteful methods and putting the drones to work.

Competition costs the merchant and manufacturer on an average seventy-five per cent. of their profits. Think of the money spent in salesmen, advertising, waste time and the thousand leaks which competition makes necessary. All of this would be saved by co-operation. Some years ago the sugar refiners were all on the verge of bankruptcy through competition. They formed the Sugar Trust and for a long series of years paid twelve per cent. dividends on their common stock, which was watered five times. They could be doing it today if they did not have the competition of Arbuckle and the other independent refiners. Carry this one step farther and suppose we had a National Refinery, which did not

have a watered stock and did not have to pay dividends on it, which did not have to pay brokers for doing its business, which did not have to buy up other plants to keep them from doing business, and which by refining on a large scale could make use of every labor-saving device that is known. How long could the Sugar Trust compete with it? And who gets the good things of the Sugar Trust now but a few officers and stockholders?

One more point before I close. Some fool ministers tell us that God and Nature make men rich and poor, and that therefore all must be content. In the same way they say in Europe "Deo Gratia Rex." Now neither God nor Nature nor Necessity makes either Kings or Capitalists, but men's laws and men's laws alone. As men's laws have been changed in some places so that there are no longer kings, so can they be changed so that there will no longer be capitalists and drones.

We are also told that men will not work except from necessity. Who works harder than Russell Sage or J. Pierpont Morgan? The average man is not only willing to work, but likes to work. The above millionaires like even to slave. As comfort and education increase, so will the desire for useful and rational work increase. You, as a merchant, know full well that you can get more work out of a clerk through affection and respect than you can by force and the whip of necessity.

If competition is better than co-operation, why have you formed the Credit Men's Association? Is the purpose of it to down each other or to help each other? Are recommendations for changes in the laws affecting debtors more likely to be listened to by legislators if presented by an individual firm or by the whole corporation?

Government is not a hard study or a hard thing to a just man. If our President would ask himself "Will this law be for the good of the whole people?" he need never be in doubt as to whether he should sign or veto it. Government is a simple thing, and there are many men who are capable of it. It is only when we send men to the Legislatures to

make laws for us that we would not hire as office boys in our business that it becomes hard.

When you make your next address let the watchword of it be Co-operation, not Competition.

Your affectionate brother,

DANIEL K. YOUNG.

[The remarkable fact in connection

with Mr. Elbert A. Young's address is that he recognizes so clearly the economic *cul-de-sac* into which we are plunging; and, although his brother suggests the only possible remedy, he quietly ignores the whole thing and calmly pursues his way toward the industrial Niagara which he admits is before us.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IBSEN

ANNIE SCHNEVER

SOME claim Ibsen as the demon-strator of Anarchy. It seems to me that such a claim is certainly a delusion on the part of these people.

Anarchy deals with something positive; it not only destroys the present, but it also builds a future. But Ibsen in all of his social dramas simply destroys. He undermines the entire social structure, proving that everything within and without is rotten to its very foundation. And just there where society feels itself safe and sound, he touches only one stone of the foundation of the moral or political institution and the whole edifice falls to pieces. He comes like a fierce god of destruction, aiming merciless blows right and left, sweeping aside all the social lies that come under his keenly penetrating eye. And all the traditions of the dead ages that are still supported, and which are corrupting the purest springs of life, he heaps up in his works and flings in the face of society! Ibsen gives us all the evils we have now which are the consequences of the present conditions, but he does not give us a single instance in any of his

dramas wherein human happiness is possible, if these conditions be changed. He believes that life is altogether a failure, because every individual has to struggle against too many antagonistic forces, subjective or objective, which human nature is too weak to conquer, and that is just what kills happiness. Ibsen is a bitter pessimist. He sees no bright future before him, but only the black heavy mass of clouds that are getting blacker and blacker on the horizon of the present. And his productions are getting darker and darker in proportion to the growth of his own gloomy views on life. In his "Enemy of Society" he believes that the gospel of truth is to be proclaimed anywhere and at any time; in "The Wild Duck," again, which is a later work, he shows us the unfavorable result of preaching the truth to people that are not ripe enough for it. He portrays there, in a very emphatic form, all the mischief the dreamer has wrought by intruding with his ideal upon the poor ignorant couple, ruining their quiet, peaceful nest. It is like a bitter satire on his own ideal. In

his "Doll's House" he gives us a brave woman who dared to break the bars of her prison, to make her way to freedom and independence, to live her life as she chooses; but Ibsen lets Nora go into the world without saying any thing of what she accomplished. Some may believe that she repented all her life of her daring act. In "Rosmersholm" we find again a strong radical woman who perhaps is the development of Nora. This woman cultivates her radical ideas in her friend Rosmer whom she afterwards comes to love with a burning irresistible passion; but his wife being in her way, she works on the poor woman's superstition, urging her, indirectly, to commit suicide. And when the way is cleared for Rebecca, and Rosmer wants her to unite her life with his, she does not dare do it, for the ghosts of the past are in her. And this brave, unconquerable woman is conquered by the old morals and superstitions of Rosmersholm, which paralyze her courage to act when she is already at the verge of her goal; and Ibsen ends their life by drowning them. Here we have the perpetual tragedy of thought and action. In the dramatic epilogue "When We Dead Awaken," which is his latest work, we have two individuals whose lives are crushed and ruined on account of the belief that the mission of the artist is higher than anything else. Let everything else perish so that art may flourish! I think there is something that sweeps aside all art—and that is real, actual life; and love being one of the principal phases, it does not let itself be cheated of its rights, demanding all its claims! Professor Rubek and Irene, who did not listen to the rightful cry of life and love, paid too great a penalty for it, forfeiting the joy and happiness of their

soul; and when they wanted to make amends, it was already too late. The opening of this singular drama is in a bathing place surrounded by most magnificent scenery. In the first act Ibsen brings before us two individuals, husband and wife, who are absolute strangers; one does not understand the other. Love is lacking in their life which is consequently dull and cold. Professor Rubek believes there is a change in Maia, Maia thinks that it is he that is changed; one blames the other, whereas neither is to blame; for that artificial fire has burned to its last and left a heap of ashes in their hearts, left them two living corpses.

He wanders about all alone without a moment's peace, he can find no rest either abroad or at home. Rubek is a sculptor, but he has been unable to produce anything to satisfy his artistic spirit ever since he completed that great masterpiece, which brought him so much fame and riches, "The Resurrection Day." And ever since then, he has lost all pleasure in his art. Here again Ibsen portrays to us the impossibility of human happiness: Professor Rubek had at his command renown and riches, and yet his soul remained forever craving for that everlasting something which the soul can never attain. The cause of this unrest is within ourselves, lying far too deep to be analyzed and remedied—and that is what makes the tragedy of life. In the same bathing place Rubek meets Irene, the woman who was the model of his great work, "The Resurrection Day." She had disappeared right after the work was completed, without leaving a trace behind her, and all his enquiries were in vain. Irene had served the artist with her soul and body, with all the pulsating blood of her youth; she stood before him for four years in

the full nakedness and beauty of her body. During that time she came to love the artist with that ardent love and burning passion of youth which knows no limits.

She desired to be loved in return; she longed to be clasped to his heart in a warm embrace, that he might shower upon her all the burning caresses, all the expressions of that wild delirium of the soul—love. But he remained remarkably self-controlled. Morbid with the desire to achieve the great work of his life, she became for him a sacred being, not to be touched except in worshipping; and to desire her with his senses, to touch her body, would mean to profane his art, so that he would be unable to attain what he was striving for. He wanted to embody the pure ideal woman as he saw her in "The Resurrection Day." And he therefore remained dumb to the appeal of love that was burning and seething within her youthful heart. After he had finished his great work, he took both Irene's hands and pressed them warmly; she stood there in breathless expectation—at last he is going to press her passionately to his heart and lavish all the caresses that she so impatiently longed for, but he simply thanked her and said that she was a pleasant "episode" to him; at this word she left him. And she served many an artist as a model, after having left Rubek; she was married twice, had a great many admirers at her feet, but she could find no happiness. She gave away the most precious gift, her young living soul, to Rubek, who had taken her warm-blooded body, and had worn the vigorous life out of it for his own purposes, and he looked upon it as a pleasant "episode!" After many years of suffering she decided to make a journey to see the

statue in the museum, that grave-vault in which so many souls lay buried. It is on the way there that Rubek meets Irene who is now only the shadow of the beauty of his young days, a physical and spiritual wreck.

There are some natures that love only once. Irene was one of them. She could not throw off the past that had such a strong grasp of her heart, and her whole nature clung tenaciously to the object of her first passionate love, all that was within her was concentrated on it. She was not a great intellectual or practical woman that could drown her suffering in mental activity or in practical life; she was of a dreamy affectionate nature, the heart was her world, and this being crushed, life was dead for her.

When Rubek had achieved all the brilliant glory that an artist's vocation could give him, he found out that to live for ever in a cold studio with dead statues, lumps of clay and blocks of stone, is not enough. He began to crave for life, for real life with all its sensations.

He married young Maia, lived at a very high speed, experiencing a whole lifetime in the few years they lived together, and soon grew tired of her. Rubek needed a congenial soul that would stand very near him to complete him, to supply what was wanting in him, to be one with him in all his desires and aspirations. Maia could not be such, but Irene, who loved him to distraction, could just be the one. Why could he produce nothing great ever since she left him? Because she was the heavenly spirit of all his inspirations; she had the key of all the precious treasures of his soul, being able to unlock the creative power of his art. Professor Rubek saw all these clearly when

her place was taken by somebody else.

Maia was also not over happy ; there was a blank in her heart, too ; Rubek could not fill that void. He did not understand her, and in addition he was very selfish, as artists generally are. He only craved for the peace of his own soul, leaving the hunger of Maia's heart out of the question. He promised her once to take her up to the high mountains and show her all the glory of the world ; but he failed to fulfil it, justifying himself by telling her that she was not born or fit for the mountains. Rubek was by no means the right match for her heart. Maia needed someone who would really give her all the pleasures of the world.

This life with the worthy professor suffocated her ; her home was a prison to her that chained her freedom-craving soul ; she was like a wild bird that beat her wings against the bars of her gilded cage ; there was neither sunlight nor fresh air, but only ghosts of stone all round the walls, that often horrified her—and what happens ? The "bear-killer" appears, full of life and sport, witty and cynical. He is far from being a dreamer, and yet he tells her fascinating tales of life up there in the mountains ! They were ugly, horrid, repulsive stories, but they were wonderfully alluring to young Maia, who was eager to get away from this pressing atmosphere where she felt the cold, chilling breath of death permeating every nerve ; and she clung to that bear-killer, who promised to carry her far, far away, where life is germinating and fiercely throbbing for ever and ever. And they both ascended the high mountains.

When we first meet Irene, she is surrounded with a thick mist of clouds. She looks like a beautiful ghost just emerging from the grave ; she walks as

in a mystic trance, hardly touching the earth. When she talks, her voice sounds as if it came from the depth of the grave. In everything she says lies a deep melancholy and mystery ; everything about her, we imagine, takes place in a dream, and yet we cannot throw off the heartrending impression it makes. But gradually there is revealed before us the real woman whom suffering has not absolutely killed. When Rubek and Irene are left alone, all the dear memories come rushing upon them. They try to recall those happy days, that beautiful season of their youth which they both let slip. And now when they have found each other, they want to live their life over again, to live to its uttermost, to give love its full scope, to repay all the neglected years of the past, when the cold image of clay was put above the real happiness of life and love—but that burning desire for one another which belongs to the children of earth, and against which he had struggled so hard when she stood freely forth before him and was eager to throw herself in the bottomless depth of sensations—this was dead in both of them ! And in their last agony they gathered the few sparks of life that were almost dying out to ascend higher and higher in the glittering light and sunshine, up to the Peak of Promise. There they would hold their marriage feast, and the Sun might lovingly send into their hearts all his beautiful beams ; and all the powers of light and all the powers of darkness should freely look upon them ; to live and feel to the utmost, and then, then both, hand in hand, go down into the grave ! No sooner have they reached the Peak of Promise than the storm of their soul crushed them. Death united them for ever.

Cheltenham, Pa.

THE LAW OF LOST MOTION

JAMES A. SLANKER

UNDER the law of evolution, the integration of matter is attended with a concomitant loss of motion, and this is found to be true, whether that matter is unconscious, or conscious and constituting distinct units in a mighty social aggregation. It is to this latter aspect, and the workings of the law as applied thereto, that attention is directed.

Its markings are not so distinct in the early stages of civilization as at present, but still are far from being undiscoverable. After rent had become fixed by a monopoly of the land, by a part, only, of the race; after the accumulations therefrom had given rise to interest, there had arisen a sterner strife for existence than had theretofore existed, giving rise to aids to labor, in the form of better tools of production, enabling the worker to accomplish the same tasks with somewhat less effort. This could not last long, however, under a system which exhibited a considerable population not entitled to land ownership, for the spirit of greed, which fixed classes of landowners and non-landowners, would soon absorb enough more of labor's product in the form of rent, to make it necessary for labor to further exert itself to ease its new burdens. This condition and the operation of the law, became more marked, when the

excess of surplus extracted from labor became so great, and when the necessities of labor became so oppressive that, in addition to rent, interest began to be exacted.

The operation of both these elements of course increased the necessity of labor, for both of them were drawn from labor. New demands were now made on the ingenuity of the worker. He now, not only extended himself to invent further aids in the accomplishment of his tasks, but he began the first considerable combinations of men in the lines of production. It could not be said that any considerable differentiation of function was discoverable, but there was certainly seen the association of the workers, first in very small groups, then in the larger communities.

All the steps under this process of integration of conscious matter and concomitant loss of motion were slow till after the application of steam. At this point, looking backward the advance seemed a long one, but the distance between the steps was very narrow, yet much had been accomplished. The greatest effect on civilization had no doubt been that which marked the greater aptitudes of the people. Addition had followed addition, invention had followed invention till steam came to be applied, after

which steps were rapid and wide. In the meantime there had been put on labor another burden which was the spur which forced it to greater activities during a comparatively brief period prior to the invention of the steam engine. This necessity had produced a number of important inventions. But now with rent, interest and profit, each and all taking from labor, it was not alone necessary that production should be quickened by improved machinery, it was indispensable that human energy should also be conserved and this was found to be possible by further combinations of the workers added to a considerable differentiation of the function of the individuals constituting the aggregations.

There are phases of the problem of the unemployed not directly traceable to this evolutionary law. They more nearly touch human passion, as greed, which now comes in for important play. This passion, fed by generations of nourishment drawn from rent, interest and profit, has become all but all-consuming and all the great combinations of capital of today arising from these sources become the chief matter of concern of society.

These have had their trials and troubles. The competitive system has not been a bed of downy ease. The walks of life are strewn with its wrecks and for four hundred years it has been registering its protests. All the statutes of the world touching bounties, subsidies, rebates, draw-backs, counter-vails, protective tariffs, etc., evidence strife with the competitive profit system.

Capital now attracts the greater part of the attention of the world. In obedience now to the law of moving bodies, seeking the line of least resistance or of greatest traction, it moves

effectively to get from under the load of competition. And in no way can this be done, except it be done in obedience to the law of Nature, and in this particular case it is compelled to yield to integration. First come individuals forming partnerships for greater actions and more effectiveness; then come corporations receiving special privileges and taking special obligations until we at last have the great combinations called Trusts, each a further integration of its predecessor and each implying further and wider differentiation of the functions of the units of which it is composed.

On one hand we observe the Trust as an instrument devised purposely to more fully and successfully satisfy greed, and on the other an organism formed by the integration of smaller units, satisfying the law of the integration of matter and besides, we see it a moving body forced by another inexorable law of Nature, moving in the line of least resistance or in the line of greatest traction.

These aggregations of capital then are natural results and the question now is, how far will this process of integration go on? Will the Trusts continue, or will they stop now and let the remainder of the work be accomplished by other factors? For it is certain that the process is not complete. It can not be complete till all the interests of society have been brought under the law and in submissive obedience to it.

At this point must be directly considered the question at issue: "Does the Trust presage an unemployed problem?" This question bears no limit in time. Therefore in attempting to answer it time must not be taken into account.

The Trust is involving us in a dilemma. Society is being relieved, from time to time, of the means it needs for its own material preservation. These means are becoming the sole property of the few. They have secured ownership and control of a great part of all the means of production and distribution, in fact have partial control of everything, except the farms. Now as we have inferred, it is the plan of Nature that social integration shall not stop until it is complete, and this point is far from being reached. This, however, is no warrant for assuming that we need not fear that employment will not be cut off. On the contrary, we shall be confronted with that question, but its imminence may be another matter.

If we could be sure of a degree of over-production which would be a cause, or if we could be sure that capital had reached such a state of plethora that it was rusting with idleness, we might predict. But there are no reliable guides for us on these questions, or rather, there are none which enable us to be sure that we are approaching the dreaded stage. It seems that the influence which low or lowering wages will exert on this question, is one not to be overlooked. Since the wage class is so great with us and constantly growing greater, this will have nearly or quite as much to do with the topical question as any other thing. If wages shall continue to lower and if the class of wage-earners shall continue to become greater, then there can be no question that we shall be confronted with the unemployed, and that quite soon. But it does seem that there are so many unexploited fields for the investment of new capital that we are not in imminent danger.

It must not be overlooked that the thing to be determined is, can we safely conclude that all the machinery of production and distribution is so complete that there is no investment for more capital in them? The creation of the meat Trust would seem to be a fair index that this is not so. This organization, much smaller in capitalization than the consolidated railroads, points to other fields of exploitation, one of which, at least, would make the railroad merger appear as a small concern. Reference is made to the possibilities for investment in the general merchandise business of the country. This would be no more difficult than the meat Trust. If narrow fields of investment become too threatening, we may certainly expect to see capital looking, first to the consolidation of the wholesale houses of the country, each in a combination of its own, then the merger of all kinds of wholesale houses. This would be speedily followed by organizing the retail business of the country, and these would demand enormous sums of money.

The signs of the times seem to show conclusively that the people are only introduced to the system of consolidation, the integrations of social interest, and that the expenditure of money for such purposes is hardly begun.

It must be confessed that during all the time covered by such combinations, there is a constantly increasing tension being put on labor; that the temper of labor must enter as a factor into any consideration of the unemployed problem, not to enable one to predict whether the unemployed time is coming, but to furnish a basis for setting the time of its coming. Then again there must be other considerations entertained. With the examples set

by capital, it seems inevitable that labor will reach a higher and better organization than anything now known and being so organized it will be better able to withstand the encroachments of capital. I am one of those who cannot feel very confident that labor will easily be brought to make the Socialist stand for all it produces. Then again, under the system of the greater combinations, capital will be more careful of its interests; it will be more likely to make concessions. It seems to me that this will surely happen after the combinations get into good working order. They will mellow with age.

But after all is said it must be admitted that the course of such an argument

implies that with the increasing integrations of social interests, necessarily increases the ratio of wage-workers to population; involves vast cheapening of methods of production and distribution and with equal necessity intensifies the struggle for existence among the laborers, besides it swells the floating army of unemployed. This is in direct obedience to the law of evolution, which dissipates motion by integration of matter and this law is as applicable to the interests of society as to any other thing in creation. Therefore it seems inevitable that the Trusts must bring with them the problem of the unemployed. It may not be easy to predict when this will happen.

MAN AND MONKEY

HARRIET G. CANFIELD

An ape sat blinking, where the sunlight fell
 In slanting lines, upon his wise, old face,
 And one, who passed his cage, exclaimed in scorn—
 "There sits, in embryo, the human race!
 Some think (fools, they!) from such a creature sprang
 Creation's lords! O gross insult to man!
 Agile and cunning, I will grant him that,
 But our progenitor?—believe who can!"

The old ape heard, and from his face there passed
 The look, oppressed, his kind has worn so long.
 "Thank God," he thought, "now I can die in peace,
 Since I and mine are guiltless of all wrong;
 When men have sinned, have shed their brothers' blood,
 And sworn to lies, we've hung our heads with shame,
 But now the weight of years is rolled away—
 Thank God that man from monkey never came!"

OMNIISM; *or* WE & COMPANY, LIMITED

J. G. PHELPS STOKES

IN every partnership there exists a contract, expressed or implied, under the terms of which two or more persons combine their property, labor or skill, or any or all of them, in lawful commerce or business, to promote the common and several interests of the partners; who share the profits, or, while the firm remains solvent, bear the losses, in proportion to their contributions to its property or strength.

Ownership, in society as now constituted, consists in the lawful possession of one or more rights to use property. In the ownership of property an aggregation of rights in and pertaining to that property is involved. In earlier times it could perhaps have been accurately said that a landlord or property holder owned absolutely and wholly the property over which he exercised control. But absolute and complete individual ownership of real property no longer exists. Of the total number of rights pertaining to the use of any given thing, the proportion owned by the people as a whole, by the "We" of our partnership, has been constantly, and of late rapidly, increasing. For example, an individual assumes that he "owns" a parcel of real estate on Broadway. He has, to be sure, lawful possession of a large number of rights to use or control that real estate in

certain ways; but "We," the public, also have, as a recognized matter of law, many, perhaps as great a number of rights to use or control that same property in other ways. The total aggregation of rights in any given thing is shared between the public and individuals or groups of individuals; co-partnership, therefore, prevails. In other words, public ownership began long ago, and, as a matter of fact, such co-ownership of all real property has advanced very much farther than is publicly supposed.

A partnership, of nature closely akin to that of the so-called business world, and liable to the same sorts of mismanagement, dishonesty and fraud, exists between Us and our partners; our partners being the individuals and corporations. The partnership is of a "limited" variety in that the rights of the partners to the profits of the firm, and their responsibility for its debts and other obligations, is in large measure limited by the amounts and characters of their respective contributions to its property and strength. The so-called owner of Broadway real estate, for instance, has lawful possession of the right to determine whether or not a hotel shall be erected on the property; the public, on the other hand, is in lawful possession of the right to determine in what manner

such a hotel shall be constructed. The other individual or individuals of our partnership have the right under the law to determine many features of the hotel, and similarly "We," the public, have, under the law, the right to determine many of its other features. Our partners own, or lawfully possess, the right to determine matters of general plan and decoration; "We" lawfully own and exercise the right to exact that the structural and sanitary features shall be such as shall, in our judgment, conserve our interests and welfare. Similarly, an individual, or a group of individuals, has the right to erect a tenement house on property over which he, or it, possesses, lawfully, sufficient rights of control; but the public has the right to say, not only how much of the ground space shall be covered by the building, but how many tenants as a maximum shall occupy each room, what the minimum of window-area shall be in bedrooms, how the plumbing shall be arranged, to what extent the building shall be fire-proof, to what extent it shall be lighted by the landlord; and the public, furthermore, owns and exercises the very far-reaching right to say what occupations or pursuits may be engaged in upon the premises, and to determine what pursuits shall not be there engaged in. The minutely detailed requirements of the State of New York limiting the uses to be made of tenement property, and prescribing the structural and sanitary details of buildings erected thereon, are but so many public expressions of rights of ownership possessed by the public in property of that class.

Consider for a moment an entirely different sphere of social enterprise. Our great railroads are in large measure owned by the individual stockholders. While the stockholders are in lawful

possession of many rights to use and control the transportation facilities and properties usually supposed to be wholly theirs, the public also is already in lawful possession of many and at least equally important though much neglected rights to the use and control of the same properties and facilities; or, to use the partnership terminology of our caption, our partners in the "Company" own various rights to the operation of the transportation service; while of the entire aggregation of rights involved, "We" own, as our share, a very large number, including the right to the determination of the conditions under which the transportation business of the firm shall be conducted. "We" determine, for instance, the maximum rates that our partners (who in this case are, or should be, merely our Traffic Managers) are allowed to charge. We also exercise, though very imperfectly, the right to require of our Traffic Managers that they shall cause the rolling stock, safety appliances, road-bed, etc., to conform to such standards as we desire; and we exercise, though far too leniently, the further right to hold them strictly responsible to us for defect, failure, accident or loss due to their fault or negligence. The voluminous rules and regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission are but public expressions of a few of the rights of ownership and control which we, the public, already have in the railroad business.

As further evidence of the prevalence of public co-ownership in land and industries, may be cited the rentals or dividends, however small and inadequate, which we, usually as "silent partners," require our active or managing partners to pay us at regular intervals, in consideration of our "silent" contributions to the firm's

prosperity—rentals or dividends paid to us annually in the form of taxes, the non-delivery of which renders sufficient of *our partners' property liable to lawful confiscation by us*. In fact in this respect our rights in the firm are vastly superior to those of our partners, for we always retain the right to confiscate *all* such of our partners' property as may be necessary to protect our interests; whereas they can under no circumstances lawfully become possessed of any of our property or rights, without our consent. If the public or the Government owned the land wholly, and rented it out to tenants on condition of its being used to promote the common welfare, the situation would be very different in degree, but, I think, less different in kind, from the situation now existing, than is generally thought. At present, we the people, acting through "Government," while allowing individuals to apply the term "owner" to themselves, and to enjoy many rights in property, in reality permit such "ownership" to continue only so long as the annual rentals fixed by our elected officers are paid, and only so long as our own legalized conditions of "ownership" are complied with.

It is unnecessary to follow up the argument by showing the existence of partnership between the people, as a whole, and individuals throughout the industrial and social world. The endless rows of statutes and judicial decisions that fill the shelves of our law libraries are in large measure but collections of further public expressions and definitions of the rights of ownership and control which we, the public, assert and maintain through the means of legislative, judicial and other machinery. It has, of course, often been observed that the vast majority of these laws are of a restrictive character, designed to

prevent individuals injuring one another. In other words, they are but evidence, on a colossal scale, of a fundamental underlying cause of the evils and miseries that afflict society; namely, human selfishness. It is the selfishness of the individual in striving or desiring to promote his own interests regardless of the interests of All, that has caused the enactment or public expression through the legislature and judiciary of this vast aggregation of rules and regulations to prevent evil being done. Glad co-operation by each with his fellows to advance the common welfare, if substituted for the present selfish or altruistic effort of each to promote individual welfare, or the welfare of a group, regardless of the interests of society, would of course render at least the vast majority of laws unnecessary. Selfishness is the factor in our social and individual life which, above all others, renders law necessary at present. But even altruism is dangerous, in that in its zeal to aid a few it often runs counter to the interests of the Whole. If the spirit of selfishness could be replaced in the minds and lives of our people by the spirit of unselfish devotion to the welfare of the Whole, not only would the need for forceful restriction of the individual's activities be eliminated, but that portion—and it is a large one—of the productive power of our people which is now applied wastefully to repressive measures, could be diverted to productive activities, with the result of lessening the burdens of production and distribution now borne by a portion of the people, and the sharing of those burdens by all the able, according to their several abilities. The burden of each being less, the leisure of each and the opportunity of each for the development of character and

for the acquiring of a higher culture, mental, moral and spiritual, would evidently be correspondingly increased.

Except for the occasional efforts of misdirected altruism, it is human selfishness alone that necessitates repressive measures. It is clearly the part of wisdom for each and every friend and lover of humankind to do everything in his power to overcome the spirit of selfishness in himself and to help others to see the evils which selfishness produces. We have heard much of the duty of altruism, of the duty of each to care more for others than for self. Many of us have even been led to suppose, mistakenly, that altruism is the highest virtue. But as has been pointed out, altruism, as a philosophy, is radically defective, in that it justifies injuring self to aid another, regardless of the greater harm which such conduct

might cause, directly or indirectly, to the whole community. A more comprehensive philosophy is needed; one which looks primarily to the well-being of that Whole of which the Others and Self are but parts. It is time for social philosophers to give more thought to that higher philosophy of the All, which, heretofore, has been expressed in but general terms. The concrete thought itself has as yet been shared by so few, comparatively, that no adequate word to designate it has hitherto arisen. That the thought may gain wider currency, I take this opportunity of urging the wider preaching of what we may perhaps term *Omniism*—the philosophy which causes thought, word, effort, deed and life to be devoted to the advancement of the welfare not merely of Self, nor of Others, but of that Whole which embodies All.

THE PEOPLE

(TRANSLATED BY J. A. SYMONDS)

The people is a beast of muddy brain,
That knows not its own force, and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein :

One kick would be enough to break the chain ;
But the beast fears, and what the child demands,
It does ; nor its own terror understands,
Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain.

Most wonderful with its own hand it ties
And gags itself—giving itself death and war
For pence doled out by kings from its own store.

Its own are all things between earth and heaven ;
But this it knows not ; and if one arise
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

N. MYDDLETON

What is Success? At first glance this question would seem superfluous, when one thinks of the examples held up to us by magazine and daily paper as models of successful lives. If, however, we come to look into the matter we generally find that this success is limited to one thing, and that while the person may be successful in art or in literature, or in the accumulation of wealth, yet their lives do not come under the heading of successful life. Indeed, it is pretty safe to say that the most successful lives are the most unknown. It is true that this definition of success would not appeal to many who are in general considered to have achieved all that is possible in that line, but that is only in keeping with the spirit of the age. Partly owing, no doubt to the evils of the system under which we live, and partly owing to the inherent selfishness of mankind, the most of us cannot conceive of any success other than our own material benefit in wealth or the things that bring wealth and notoriety. Yet perhaps if we could get an honest answer from some of the most conspicuous examples of latter-day success we should find that after all there was something lacking, and that their hearts were not fully satisfied. There are papers and magazines published under various titles that aim at teaching us how we may succeed and that in long (and carefully edited) articles by "merchant princes" tell us how they have acquired their millions; assuming with the blatant self-sufficiency of *les nouveaux riches* that they are the envied of all men, and that no other or higher ideal possesses men than the acquisition of money by fair means or by foul, chiefly foul.

This is to a certain extent true. The old saying still holds true—There is no smoke without some fire. Although the success we strive for, may to a greater or lesser extent affect others than ourselves, still for the most part our various definitions of success are selfish. The world today presents the pitiful spectacle of a man who, filled with brighter hopes and

truer ideals in the first flush of his youth, has now in his old age become calloused and hardened; the better promises of youth trampled underfoot, and every energy bent towards the indulgence of his own desires and lusts. How low have our ideals sunk! We have set a premium on vice and trickery. We have deliberately chosen between good and evil and for the most part evil has been our choice. We hail as our successful man today those who, guided and helped by the unscrupulousness of their consciences, have attained enormous fortunes, regardless of the path of ruin over which they have advanced, and accept with grovelling gratitude the sop of a few thousands spent to endow a school or library, as the givers would seem to hope to bribe the Almighty by the erection of a church—churches in which many of them have their own paid preacher who shall from Sabbath to Sabbath tickle their ears with what may be palatable to them. Such is our idea of success today. When will men recognize that success is not to be measured by the length of a bank account, or the newspaper notoriety to be gained, but by the lives helped and brightened, instead of wrecked and ruined; by those whom we have helped to their feet, instead of crushing under our own feet; by the share that each one of us has done towards the uplifting of humanity and the sharing of the toil, rather than the uplifting of self and the laying our own burdens on the backs of others. If this be our idea of success it will be well for us and ours. What though the limbs grow feeble and the hair grey, and the bank account be small, so long as the heart beats in sympathy with our fellows and the hand be outstretched to help them. Public taste may change in art or in literature and the man who considered himself successful today may be unknown tomorrow; banks may fail and with them goes another success, but the success of an unselfish life is affected by neither and grows at a compound interest that the business world knows nothing of.

TOLSTOY ON EXCELLENCE IN ART

LOUVILLE H. DYER

ANY one who has a wide acquaintance with books, and to whom reading is not simply a diversion, but reads that he may become freer, stronger and better, can in moments of calm reflection bring to mind a few books that have been of real and lasting benefit to him. It is with deliberate intent that I have said a few books, because the writers who have elevated our thought and strengthened our characters are a chosen few. A great writer, one whose judgment of books and men was supreme has said, "We learn only that which we love." In this line is crystallized the potent and universal law of selection. We gather unto ourselves that which belongs to us. No matter how much we punish ourselves by trying to assimilate thoughts that are not for us, the attempt is futile. The mental strangers find no lodgment in our brains.

The most intellectual of men makes a servant give this advice to his master, who is a student:—

Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk.
The mathematics and the metaphysics fall to
them as you find your stomach serves you
No profit grows where is no pleasure taken,
In brief, Sir, study which you most effect.

Very wise are these words, but the wisdom they contain is not heeded by

many. With what ease and celerity some books become our friends, the thoughts they transmit to us become ours unconsciously. There are writers whom we have never seen, yet we know them more intimately than our daily companions. We shake hands with them as o'er a vast. The books that impart knowledge to us are of great value, but not the greatest. To appeal to the intuitions, to stir the emotions, and stimulate our spiritual nature, is the highest function that books can perform for us.

How few are the authors to whom we are really indebted, those who have enlarged our views of life, made our vision clearer, and elevated our moral nature. Can anyone who has made Emerson an intimate companion ever be unmindful of the vast good he has received from him? We study, reflect, and inform ourselves, until there comes a time when we feel that we are somewhat wise, that our information is indeed of considerable importance. At this time Emerson is introduced to us, and, lo! he goes through the inmost recesses of our minds, and shows us that which we thought treasure is rubbish. Emerson brings the mental search-light that exposes unerringly the follies of our minds.

If those who are styled educators would read "Spiritual Laws," and

profit by the truth it contains, they would cease to punish and dwarf children's minds by training them as though they were all endowed alike. "What we do not call education is much more precious than that which we do call so, and education often wastes its effort in its attempts to thwart and balk this natural magnetism, which with sure discrimination selects its own." Emerson was too wise to feed an imaginative mind on cube root, or make it acquainted with literature by using the same process with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that a demonstrator in anatomy uses before a class of medical students.

For a mind to come to its own, it must have a proper climate in which to develop. A pedant can no more appreciate a poet than a fish can enjoy a song of the hermit thrush. There is a spirit of abandon and unconstraint, a spontaneity of expression that pertains to all great writing, that is unknown to literary milliners. Professional critics seldom bring to their task the tender, warm, sympathetic quality of mind that alone can adequately appraise a great work of art. "For," says Tolstoy, "however strange it may seem to say so, critics have always been people less susceptible than other men to the contagion of art. For the most part, they are able writers, educated and clever, but with their capacity of being infected by art quite perverted or atrophied, and therefore their writings have always largely contributed and still contribute to the perversion of the taste of that public which reads them and trusts them." Writers that are extolled by the so-styled eminent expounders of art are accepted and lauded by the great unthinking mass of people, because they are too timid to assert dissent with the esthetic aristocracy.

Consequently—"Art is made tongue-tied by authority."

"As soon as ever the art of the upper classes separated itself from universal art, a conviction arose that art may be art, and yet be incomprehensible to the masses. And, as soon as this position was admitted, also, that art may be intelligible only to the very smallest number of the elect, and, eventually, to two, or to one, of our nearest friends, or to one-self alone. Which is practically what is being said by modern artists: "I create and understand myself, and if anyone does not understand me, so much the worse for him."

The above lines are a sort of prelude to the consideration of the rational, comprehensive, and sane views of Count Tolstoy, in his valuable work "What is Art." Having examined and analyzed the definitions of art given by the prominent philosophers and estheticians, and exposed the utter confusion that characterizes their views on art, Tolstoy proceeds in a clear and exhaustive manner to give the reasons that have conduced to bring about the chaos that surrounds the subject, and shows us, that the stress laid on the demand for beauty has confused the whole matter. May be it is well for me to digress here a bit, long enough to give the words of Halliwell-Phillips concerning Shakespeare. "He was not an elaborator, intent on making his work faultless in the eye of criticism." By this statement, it is not meant that he did not proceed by "cold gradation and well balanced form" in his writing, but that the spirit of pedantry had no place in his mind. He was "Nature's child, warbling his native wood songs wild." He did not strive to make something beautiful, but to see truly, and reproduce Nature faithfully, therefore

the spirit of beauty lives forever in his plays.

Is the oft repeated claim of the critics true, that the unlettered cannot truly appreciate great works of art? Let us examine the question in the light of facts. Shakespeare wrote his incomparable dramas between the years 1592 and 1613. At this time most of the people were absolutely illiterate. There was no elaborate scenery, the stage mechanism was crude, and such characters as the sweet and lovely Rosalind, Perdita, "The sweetest lass that e'er ran o'er the green sward," and that paragon of women, Imogen, were all personated by lubberly boys. These conditions excluded the possibility of the auditors' attention being diverted from the spoken lines. Under these conditions, the play houses at which Shakespeare's dramas were performed, were crowded to overflowing by eager listeners, who were charmed by the characters that were drawn with such a marvelous fidelity to Nature. This furnishes us with a demonstration, that the highest art appeals to the artistic instincts of the people.

At this time let me introduce Tolstoy's definition of art:—"Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others, feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them."

First, then, the artist must live under conditions calculated to induce powerful impressions, not in an exclusive manner, that separates him from the great world currents common to all humanity, but his feelings and experiences must be the rich stores gathered from the busy, varied, universal drama of life. Then he must select for his

subject matter, either those feelings that unite all men in one common brotherhood, or those experiences that are common to all.

Tolstoy says, "For the great majority of working people, our art, besides being inaccessible on account of its costliness, is strange in its very nature, transmitting as it does the feelings of people far removed from those conditions of laborious life, which are natural to the great body of humanity." These conditions being fulfilled, his work must satisfy the demands for individuality, sincerity, and clearness. The art product must be new, it must be an emanation from the writer's inner self, and not evoked from his impression of other works.

The imitator inevitably produces the counterfeit of art. All genuine art is distinguished from spurious art by the quality of sincerity. The mode of expression must be clear—the thought should be as nearly nude as possible.

When authors are writing for some special class, their work always reflects the views and spirit of that class. Can a court poet be natural and sincere? Tennyson's poems are to a large degree tinged with a spirit of aristocracy. He is too conscious of being the poet laureate. The great swelling ocean of human love, that sea whose waves are murmuring of brotherhood, has left small impress on his verse. The people, the men and women who patiently work, suffer, and bear the burdens of this working day world, find small solace in his verse. His work belongs to the twilight, and is shadowed by the dying day. The Rev. Peter McQueen says in a conversation he had with Tolstoy, he ventured to speak of Tennyson, saying there was in "Memoriam," a great lift to the world. "I most emphatically differ with you

on that," he said. "Tennyson broke away a little bit from conventional orthodoxy, he was too hesitating, never thorough, never natural like the pleiad of American writers." John Burroughs writes in reference to Tennyson, "That the culture, the refinement, and precision of a correct and mechanical age, have sunk too deeply into his soul. He has not the courage or the spring to let himself go as Shakespeare did. Tennyson speaks the language of poets, and not of men; he savors of the flower garden, and not of the forest." Tennyson has been selected for comment, simply because he is an illustrious representative of that coterie of writers, to whom Tolstoy's criticism of art for art's sake is exceedingly pertinent.

The art of any period portrays the sentiments and experiences of the ruling classes. True manhood inured to hardship and privation, contending with adversity, and ever dutiful and patient, creating the wealth of all countries and in all lands exploited, has no place in the work of those writers, who are the purveyors of the counterfeit art, that serves to relieve the wealthy parasites of society of ennui—born of idleness and vicious living, for whom art is constantly prostituted.

The songs of Burns are true art. They spring from the heart, are spontaneous and genuine. His figures of speech are all taken from Nature, he sings with the naturalness and simplicity of the birds. What tender pathos is contained in his song, "Afton Water," how musical are its lines, how notable the simplicity of its language! The songs of Burns are peerless. His love songs breathe such "dulcet and harmonious breath" that they will thrill the heart as long as lads and lasses dream of love.

Of what service to humanity is the modern novel, with its sickly amours and weak sentimentalism? Most of the writers of such clothe each detail with a wealth of minute description, thus hiding the poverty of thought and feeling behind what is termed realism. To people who live simple, industrious lives, whose tastes are not perverted by what is called culture, these works simply have no meaning and serve no good purpose. "To thoughtful and sincere people there can, therefore, be no doubt that the art of our upper classes never can be the art of the whole people." But if art is an important matter, a spiritual blessing, essential for all men (like religion, as the devotees of art are fond of saying), then it should be accessible to everyone. And if, as in our day, it is not accessible to all men, then one of two things—either art is not the vital matter it is represented to be, or that which we call art is not the real thing." There is a lamentable decadence in the tastes of people who can extol Kipling, especially when that people have such true universal art as Dickens produced. How sure is the artistic instinct that created "The Tale of Two Cities," and the "Christmas Carol." Again, can anyone fail to recognize the genuineness of Hugo's art in his superb story of "Les Miserables?" The above stories are examples of the highest art; art that is universal, and infectious in a marvelous degree. "The Cossacks," by Tolstoy, is a literary pearl. Here is supreme art; the impressions it makes are powerful and lasting, and the whole story may be termed a matchless epic of Nature. The true spirit of poesy glows in every line of this marvelous novel; his "Resurrection," too, is a remarkably strong story, and it is art of the highest

type. The characters are drawn by a master's hand, and the artist shows us most effectually the subtle change in character; how the human heart sways from virtue to vice under the influence of ruthless passion.

Nekhlugoff found that the poet was sound, when he said "Pleasure and revenge have ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision." The character of Maslova is wonderfully drawn; we seem to know her, we can see the beautiful girl whose eyes are as black as sloes, a lover of innocent sports, and filled with that joy that is known only to youth. We see her in the spring evening at the old country church, where are gathered the deeply religious and simple peasants, who have assembled, summoned by the tender emotions that are forever twined around Easter. How beautiful, how pure, how lovable! Nekhlugoff, too, was pure. He was a manly, impulsive fellow, and his heart was right, but his passion played him false. How divergent are the two forms of love; the real, unselfish love, ineffable, and the selfish love that has the lure and venom of the serpent. Nekhlugoff is a victim, a victim to the powerful call of animalism; a call that is one of danger, always. Beware of the voice that bids you do anything that gives you pleasure at another's pain; beware sowing seed, whose harvest will be misery to you and others. Those deeds that are pure and have the approving nod of the soul, do them, for at their doing, God ever smiles; for the voice of conscience is the voice of God.

The chastening process of suffering, the ridding one's self of error by penitence is a beautiful process, the character glows so with virtue afterwards. Tolstoy has delineated powerfully that

transformation in the character of Maslova. In her, as in us all, are the germs of good and evil; and with her, as finally it will be with all, the good prevails. Maslova is capable of truly and nobly loving, and this is the loveliest trait to which humanity is heir. I cannot feel justified in leaving the story, without saying a word on Tolstoy's portrayal of the ruling class of Russia; that official class, who make and mar the lives of their lowlier, and more virtuous brothers. His indictment of them is appalling. I think nowhere are the shortcomings and hypocracies of officials exposed with greater truth and power, than in the "Resurrection," unless it be in "Measure for Measure," where the Duke says:

"I have seen corruption boil and bubble, till
it o'errun the stew;
Laws for all faults;
But faults so countenanced, that the strong
statutes,
Stand like the forfeits in a barber shop.
As much in mock as mark."

Tolstoy has drawn a picture of official depravity that has its counterpart in America, in all countries:

"Plate sin with gold, and the strong lance of
justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce
it."

In the "Resurrection," Tolstoy has given us an example of universal art, art good in subject matter, because the three demands for excellence in art are here: Individuality, clearness and simplicity.

Let us remember the epigraph of John Burroughs. "The spirit of a man's work is everything, the letter, little or nothing." We should each use our influence to relegate to the shades, that false art, which not only perverts the tastes of people, but usurps the place which good universal

art should hold. Tolstoy has rendered the world great and lasting service in his work, "What is Art?"* The views that he voices are calculated to exert a salutary effect on the public taste, and those who produce works of art. His condemnation of art, for art's sake, and for that exclusive art that ignores the people, and appeals only to the select few, an art which divides men instead of uniting them, we cannot fail to recognize as just.

Tolstoy's art would break down all barriers between man and man, and make the world what it should and can be, the home of one family, that shall comprise all humanity.

"In all genuine art, we experience that simple feeling, familiar to the plainest man, and even to a child, that

sense of infection with another's feeling, compelling us to join in another's gladness, to sorrow at another's grief, and to mingle souls with another, which is the very essence of art." We should all strive to bring about that condition, in which art shall be the effectual means of holding up to the people, the highest feelings that are possible to man, to teach the grandeur of those men, who in all ages have lived lives that were consecrated to eternal truth and justice, and have been the champions of the suffering and oppressed. All should honor and reverence that grand, brave, loving soul, Count Tolstoy, whose life has been controlled and guided by the ethics of the loftiest being who has been sent to us, Jesus, the Apostle of Love.

Portland, Maine.

* *What is Art?* By Leon N. Tolstoy; translated by Charles Johnston. Published by Henry Altemus, Philadelphia. 60 cents.

SOCIETY IN RUSSIA

DR. E. J. DILLON

RUSSIA has still to be discovered.

It is still the misty land of the Hyperboreans for all but the smart politician who talks, glibly and knowingly, of the Tsar and Muravieff. And for him these two men stand for the whole nation, the Russian people being but a plastic mass, or rather a row of worthless ciphers, which two or three governmental units change into formidable figures. Even the dislike and mistrust of Russia professed rather than felt by members of the older generation does not repose upon a knowledge of the country and the people.

It is the survival of traditional prejudice, or the outcome of crude political ideas. And the gospel of peace and good will to the Slav preached by men of the new generation is too often the mere growth of political interests or of others still less unselfish.

And yet the globe harbours no more interesting race to study; and no more charming people to live among, than the Russians. In friendly social intercourse, which is as near as man can get to man, they are almost ideal. Their tendency to please seems inborn,

and their judicious choice of the best means to the end instinctive.

They weave a delightful spell over the stranger who has lived among them which nothing can ever break. Their ways are winsome to a degree, for which there is no parallel in history, and few in fable. Hence they readily blend with the peoples they conquer, and not with Orientals only. I have known scores of foreigners from various climes, who came to the country in a critical humour, lived in it with positive pleasure, and left it with deep sorrow. Few of them found peace of mind on their return to their native lands, and most of them came back and settled down for good in the Steppes of the Black Loam Tract, on the banks of the Volga, or by the shores of the Black Sea. The influence of this hospitable people upon the foreigner, however prejudiced he may originally be, acts like the lotos juice in the story, and makes him forget hearth and home.

Hospitality in Russia is heartier, more generous, and brighter than elsewhere. In fact, it diverges so much in degree as almost to differ in kind. Rich and poor practice it with the same zest, and it is enjoined by unwritten secular laws and customs which have the force of religious precepts. In those vast regions of the interior where there are no hotels, the wealthy land-owners receive respectable guests in their spare rooms and disreputable tramps in their kitchens or outhouses—hospitality, like the sun, cheering good and bad alike.

The traveller is welcomed without a letter of introduction, seated at the family table, asked no embarrassing questions, and taken at his own estimate. A Russian will cheerfully ruin himself rather than treat a guest to coarse fare or deny help to a hungry

man. "Money has not earned us: it is we who have earned the money," says his proverb. Some months ago two hungry University students in the South of Russia, coming home to their one bare room after a hard day's work for their living, caught a thief running off with their books.

"Are you the fellow that stole other books of ours yesterday?" they asked.

"I am, little fathers: but hunger and want drove me to it. I am starving."

"So are we, brother, or next door to it: and you ought not to have hit upon us as your victims."

"Well, your door is more easily opened: that's how it is," was the answer.

"We want those books for our examinations, brother: so you must get them back for us. But as you are cold and hungry now, come in and join us in our supper. It is not much, but such as it is you are welcome. Here are twenty copecks for the beer: run out and fetch it."

And the three ate and drank together: for hospitality is a religion and charity its foundation.

Like religion, it is often abused: but it never succumbs to the ordeal. One of the greatest and best-known of contemporary Russians, whose name is a clarion to his countrymen, kept open house in his mansion in the country. One day a well-spoken gentleman drove up to the door, deposited his luggage, and asked for hospitality for a few weeks. Although utterly unknown to the host and hostess, his claims were at once allowed, and the best spare room was placed at his disposal. Some days later his wife, a charming lady, appeared with her luggage, and asked to be accommodated too. She was duly installed in her husband's apartment, and received a

chamber next it as sitting room: and everything went smoothly and sweetly as an idyll. But at last trouble came.

One morning the hospitable host and hostess were awakened by "ructions" in the guests' quarters. On their going to inquire into the cause they were appealed to by the lady and the gentleman to act as umpires in the dispute. The pair, it appeared, were not married to each other yet, but were going to be as soon as they could obtain divorces from their legitimate spouses, who were living at home and whom they had left for a spell. The question on which they differed was whether it was worth while paying the extravagant sum needed for a divorce. The gentleman said it was not: the lady stoutly maintained it was.

The hostess, who was a bit of a Puritan and a stickler for the proprieties, nearly fainted when the problem was put before her. The amorous pair, who thus attempted to turn a hospitable mansion into a mere hotel, were deposited with bag and baggage at the distant railway station a few hours later. But the generous people thus imposed upon are as hospitable as ever.

At marriage feasts and funeral repasts among the merchant classes described by Ostroffsky, nobody's credentials are asked for. The majority of the guests, of course, wear familiar faces, but there are generally some who are known only to the bride or the bridegroom, and often one or two unacquainted with either. To those banquets, which are usually held in a species of "eating house" peculiar to the country, evening dress is an open sesame.

I was once appealed to for help by a pauper in Moscow under very uncommon circumstances. As soon as he

had enlisted my sympathy he asked me for a coat. As it was bitterly cold I offered him a serviceable overcoat, but he begged me to give him a good-looking evening dress instead. He accounted for what seemed a mad whim by telling me that he could eke out his wretched workaday livelihood in any costume, but that the red-letter days of his calendar were dependent upon the swallow-tailed coat. He was wont to appear at funeral banquets, wedding suppers, christenings, and such-like festivities as an unbidden guest, and he could depend upon his supple imagination and ready tongue to pilot him through any difficulties that might arise. But he could not dispense with evening dress to obtain ingress. I have since heard of others who imitated the example set by this pauper or his predecessors. It was rendered less easy a couple of years ago, when a band of thieves began to take their share in the good things at the banquets, and more than their share of the furs and overcoats in the wardrobe.

Many of these merry-makings are well-nigh as ruinous as a bad season, but a Russian is more concerned to be charitable than wealthy. And the feeling is shared by the poorest of the poor. Almost every hut in Siberia has a "tramp's window," where meat and bread are left for the runaway exile, and the hungry felon who crawls out of his hiding-place at night approaches the ever-burning light and greedily devours his meal. Thanks are neither lavished nor expected: the food being given and taken as a matter of course. I have known Slavonic noblemen to ruin themselves by hospitality alone. It was a right noble way to run through a fortune, no doubt, and they were conscious and proud of the fact.

In Russian social intercourse politics are tabooed, and the prosaic plodding man and woman are consequently bereft of the means of defraying conversation on the cheap. But the prohibition is a stimulant to richer natures and a benefit to all. The ground being thus weeded, hidden gifts and dormant sensibilities are all the more easily brought out. One's horizon is bounded by no party line, one's sympathies shut out by no conventional barrier. And this freedom is as indispensable as air to the Russian, who has a fellow-feeling for all the world, and like Burns, sympathizes with Auld Nickie Ben.

"There is no just man without sin, and no sinner without repentance," says one of his proverbs, and he acts as if he believed it. Politics and the weather being beneath notice, frequent excursions are made into the spheres of music, the drama, poetry, and science, and, above all, the long-lost art of conversation is cultivated on new and entertaining lines.

A freshness and picturesqueness characterize the genuine representative of Russian society which are lacking to people of other nations; yet his individuality never surprises or shocks you. He never flaunts it in your face or uses it as a barrier behind which to defend his fads and eccentricities. Everything he has and is exists for the good of all, and however great his intellectual gifts he manages never to tower above his neighbors. He uses all his talents to flavor his talk and make it agreeable to his companions. And Russians are born orators. The symbolic changes of the voice and intonation and the wide register of musical notes in their conversation, the sharps and flats, the legato and staccato of the syllables, and the sudden changes of key, are a

language within the articulate idiom and come with the surprise of a revelation to the foreigner. They leave no doubt about the meaning, and if only you have an inkling of the topic will tell you as much as the words: for the Russian does not merely think about a subject, he also feels on it, and his soul takes shape, color, and sound in his look, gesture and voice. The ups and downs of suppressed passion are substituted for the dreary oneness of cold reasoning, and make all the difference between interest and indifference.

Then again, the genuine Russian has a marvelous command of that persuasive eloquence which lurks in facial expression, and flows from graceful gestures. The latter are as lively and picturesque, if not so frequent and realistic, as those of a Neapolitan. He cannot narrate a story without taking off the principal characters. He is ever modifying his dialect, changing his phraseology, and altering his intonation to suit the individual whom he represents for the nonce. When he quotes a speech he unconsciously impersonates the speaker, copies his grimaces, reproduces his gestures, and imitates his voice, so that sometimes even from afar you may guess whom he is speaking of. Hence the preternatural quickness with which Russians apprehend one's meaning, sometimes before it has been articulately uttered.

A ludicrous instance of this occurred some years ago in the northern capital, A Yankee who had just landed at Cronstadt, and could not speak a word of Russian, hired a droshka, and told the man to drive to the equestrian statue of Peter the Great. But he was driven to the other end of the city instead. At last he angrily jumped down, vaulted on to the horse's back,

raised his right hand, and threw back his head in a lordly way, in imitation of the statue, and said, "Now, fly there." And the quick-witted cabby, nodding approvingly, took him to the statue in a twinkling.

Conversation in Russian society is considerably less vapid and time-killing than in most lands. It displays more ingenious sallies, more brilliant intellectual sparks, and a higher degree of originality than other peoples are wont to expect or expend. The same spirit is rife among them which might inspire a sculptor to put his best work into a statue of ice. Nothing is left undone to flatter and caress the senses and the higher emotions. A Russian interior is bathed in mellow light and beautified with the highest attainable art, and the hostess revels in a mid-

summer spirit of gladness which she usually has the secret of communicating to her guests. Simplicity of manner and fulness of nature characterize them both.

It is always the highest ambition and often the enviable privilege of the lady of the house to set the best chords vibrating in the breasts of those whom she entertains, and this without the least apparent effort, such is the perfection to which she has brought the art. Conversation, therefore, has charms in Russian society rarely experienced elsewhere. People mix poetry with their facts, and richly gild the realities of the work-a-day world, weaving a rainbow mist around the sordid things of life, and scattering suggestive ideas broadcast as they come, from the depths of the soul, unsifted and unsunned.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER I—THE DESCENT.

I journeyed across the world to London in the full expectation of being shocked; but to my surprise, not to say vexation, my first forty-eight hours were spent in giving shocks to the Londoners.

"But you can't do it, you know," friends said, to whom I applied for assistance in the matter of sinking myself down into the East End. "You had better see the police for a guide," they added, on second thought, painfully endeavoring to adjust themselves to the psychological processes of a

madman who had come to them with better credentials than brains.

"But I don't want to see the police," I protested. "What I wish to do, is to go down into the East End and see things for myself. I wish to know how those people are living there, and why they are living there, and what they are living for. In short, I am going to live there myself."

"You don't want to *live* down there!" everybody said, with disapprobation writ large upon their faces. "Why, it is said there are places where a man's life isn't worth tu'pence."

"The very places I wish to see," I trouble you may be able to identify broke in. me."

"But you can't, you know," was the unfailing rejoinder.

"Which is not what I came to see you about," I answered brusquely, somewhat nettled by their incomprehension. "I am a stranger here, and I want you to tell me what you know of the East End in order that I may have something to start on."

"But we know nothing of the East End. It is over there, somewhere." And they waved their hands vaguely in the direction where the sun on rare occasions may be seen to rise.

"Then I shall go to Cook's," I announced.

"Oh, yes," they said with relief. "Cook's will be sure to know."

But O, Cook, O, Thomas Cook & Son, pathfinders and trail-clearers, living sign-posts to all the world and bestowers of first aid to bewildered travelers—unhesitatingly and instantly, with ease and celerity, could you send me to Darkest Africa or Innermost Thibet, but to the East End of London, barely a stone's throw from Ludgate Circus, you know not the way!

"You can't do it, you know," said the human emporium of routes and fares at Cook's Cheapside branch. "It is so—ahem—unusual—"

"Consult the police," he concluded, authoritatively, when I had persisted. "We are not accustomed to taking travelers to the East End, we receive no call to take them there, and we know nothing whatsoever about the place at all."

"Never mind that," I interposed, to save myself from being swept out of the office by his flood of negations. "Here's something you can do for me. I wish you to understand in advance what I intend doing, so that in case of

"Ah, I see, should you be murdered we would be in a position to identify the corpse."

He said it so cheerfully and cold-bloodedly that on the instant I saw my stark and mutilated cadaver stretched upon a slab where cool waters trickle ceaselessly, and him I saw bending over and sadly and patiently identifying it as the body of the insane American who *would* see the East End.

"No, no," I answered; "merely to identify me in case I get into a scrape with the 'bobbies'." This last I said with a thrill; truly, I was gripping hold of the vernacular.

"That," he said, "is a matter for the consideration of the Chief Office."

"It is so unprecedented, you know," he added, apologetically.

The man at the Chief Office hemmed and hawed. "We make it a rule," he explained, "to give no information concerning our clients."

"But in this case," I urged, "it is the client who requests you to give the information concerning himself."

Again he hemmed and hawed.

"Of course," I hastily anticipated, "I know it is unprecedented, but——"

"As I was about to remark," he went on steadily, "it is unprecedented, and I don't think we can do anything for you."

However, I departed with the address of a detective who lived in the East End, and took my way to the American Consul-General. And here, at last, I found a man with whom I could "do business." There was no hemming and hawing, no lifted brows, open incredulity, nor blank amazement. In one minute I explained myself and my project, which he accepted as a matter

of course. In the second minute he asked my age, height, and weight, and looked me over. And in the third minute, as we shook hands at parting, he said: "All right, Jack. I'll remember you and keep track."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Having built my ships behind me, I was now free to plunge into that human wilderness of which nobody seemed to know anything. But at once I encountered a new difficulty in the shape of my cabby, a gray-whiskered and eminently decorous personage, who had imperturbably driven me for several hours about the "City."

"Drive me down to the East End," I ordered, taking my seat.

"Where, sir?" he demanded with frank surprise.

"To the East End, anywhere. Go on."

The hansom pursued an aimless way for several minutes, then came to a puzzled stop. The aperture above my head was uncovered, and the cabman peered down perplexedly at me.

"I say," he said, "wot plyce yer wanten go?"

"East End," I repeated. "No where in particular. Just drive me around, anywhere."

"But wot's the haddress, sir?"

"See here!" I thundered, "no more of this! You drive me down to the East End, and at once! Understand?"

It was evident that he did not understand, but he withdrew his head and grumblingly started his horse.

Nowhere in the streets of London may one escape the sight of abject poverty, while five minutes' walk from almost any point will bring one to a slum; but the region my hansom was now penetrating was one unending slum. The streets were filled with a new and different race

of people, short of stature, dirty and beastly of feature, and of wretched or beer-sodden appearance. We rolled along through miles of bricks and squalor, and from each cross street and alley flashed long vistas of bricks and misery. Here and there lurched a drunken man or woman, and the air was obscene with sounds of jangling and squabbling. At a market, tottering old men and women were searching in the garbage thrown in the mud for rotten potatoes, beans and vegetables, while little children clustered like flies around a festering mass of fruit, thrusting their arms to the shoulders into the liquid corruption and drawing forth morsels but partially decayed which they devoured on the spot.

Not a hansom did I meet with in all my drive, while mine was like an apparition from another and better world, the way the children ran after it and alongside. And as far as I could see were the solid walls of brick, the slimey pavements, and the screaming streets; and for the first time in my life the fear of the crowd smote me. It was like the fear of the sea, and the miserable multitudes, street upon street, seemed so many waves of a vast and malodorous sea, lapping about me and threatening to well up and over me.

I looked about. It was really a railroad station, and he had driven desperately to it as the one familiar spot he had ever heard of in all that wilderness.

"Stepney, sir; Stepney Station," the cabby called down.

"Well?" I said.

He spluttered unintelligibly, shook his head, and looked very miserable. "I'm a strynger 'ere," he managed to articulate. "An' if yer don't want Stepney Station, I'm blessed if I know wotcher do want."

"I'll tell you what I want," I said. "You drive along and keep your eye out for a shop where old clothes are sold. Now, when you see such a shop, drive right on till you turn a corner, then stop and let me out."

I could see that he was growing dubious of his fare, but not long afterward he pulled up to the curb and informed me that an old clothes shop was to be found a bit of the way back.

"Won'tcher py me?" he pleaded. "I've took yer haround 'andsome, an' there's seven an' six owin' me."

"Yes," I laughed, "and it would be the last I'd see of you."

"Lord lumme, but it'll be the last I see of you if yer don't py me," he retorted.

But a crowd of ragged onlookers had already gathered around the cab, and I laughed again and walked back to the old clothes shop.

Here the chief difficulty was in making the shopman understand that I really and truly wanted old clothes. But after fruitless attempts to press upon me new and impossible coats and trousers, he began to bring to light heaps of old ones, looking mysterious the while and hinting darkly. This he did with the palpable intention of letting me know that he had "piped my lay," in order to bulldose me, through fear of exposure, into paying heavily for my purchases. A gentleman in trouble, or a high class criminal from across the water, was what he took my measure for—in either case, a person anxious to avoid the police.

But I disputed with him over the outrageous difference between prices and values, till I quite disabused him of the notion, and he settled down to drive a hard bargain with a hard customer. In the end I selected a pair of stout though well-worn trousers,

a frayed jacket with one remaining button, a pair of brogans which had plainly seen service where coal was shoveled, a thin leather belt, and a very dirty cloth cap. My underclothing and socks, however, were new and warm, but of the sort that any American waif, down in his luck, could acquire in the ordinary course of events.

"I must sy yer a sharp 'un," he said with counterfeit admiration, as I handed over the ten shillings finally agreed upon for the outfit. "Blimey, if you ain't ben up an' down Petticut Lane afore now. Yer trouseys is wuth five bob to hany man, an' a docker 'ud give two an' six for the shoes, to sy nothin' of the coat an' cap an' new stoker's singlet an' hother things."

"How much will you give me for them?" I demanded, suddenly. "I paid you ten bob for the lot, and I'll sell them back to you, right now, for eight. Come, it's a go!"

But he grinned and shook his head, and though I had made a good bargain I was unpleasantly aware that he had made a better one.

I found the cabby and a policeman with their heads together, but the latter, after looking me over sharply and particularly scrutinizing the bundle under my arm, turned away and left the cabby to wax mutinous by himself. And not a step would he budge till I paid him the seven shillings and six pence owing him. Whereupon he was willing to drive me to the ends of the earth, apologizing profusely for his insistence, and explaining that one ran across queer customers in London Town.

But he drove me only to Highbury Vale, in North London, where my luggage was waiting for me. Here, next day, I took off my shoes (not without regret for their lightness and comfort),

and my soft, gray traveling suit, and, in fact, all my clothing; and proceeded to array myself in the clothes of the other and unimaginable man, who must have been indeed unfortunate to have had to part with such rags for the pitiable sums obtainable from a dealer.

Inside my stoker's singlet, in the armpit, I sewed a gold sovereign (an emergency sum certainly of modest proportions); and inside my stoker's singlet I put myself. And then I sat down and moralized upon the fair years and fat, which had made my skin soft and brought the nerves closer to the surface; for the singlet was rough and raspy as a hairshirt, and I am confident that the most rigorous of ascetics suffer no more than did I in the ensuing twenty-four hours.

The remainder of my costume was fairly easy to put on, though the brogans, or brogues, were quite a problem. As stiff and hard as if made of wood, it was only after a prolonged pounding of the uppers with my fists that I was able to get my feet into them at all. Then, with a few shillings, a knife, a handkerchief, and some brown papers and flake tobacco stowed away in my pockets, I thumped down the stairs and said good-bye to my foreboding friends. As I passed out the door, the "help," a comely, middle-aged woman, could not conquer a grin that twisted her lips and separated them till the throat, out of involuntary sympathy, made the uncouth animal noises we are wont to designate as "laughter."

No sooner was I out on the streets than I was impressed by the difference in status effected by my clothes. All servility vanished from the demeanor of the common people with whom I came in contact. Presto! In the twinkling of an eye, so to say, I had become one of them. My frayed and

out-at-elbows jacket was the badge and advertisement of my class, which was their class. It made me of like kind, and in place of the fawning and too-respectful attention I had hitherto received, I now shared with them a comradeship. The man in corduroy and dirty neckerchief no longer addressed me as "sir" or "governor." It was "mate," now—and a fine and hearty word, with a tingle to it, and a warmth and gladness, which the other term does not possess. Governor! It smacks of mastery, and power, and high authority—the tribute of the man who is under to the man on top, delivered in the hope that he will let up a bit and ease his weight. Which is another way of saying that it is an appeal for alms. Which, in turn, is another way of saying: "in expectation of a tip."

This brings me to a delight I experienced in my rags and tatters, that is denied the average American abroad. The European traveler from the States, who is not a Croesus, speedily finds himself reduced to a chronic state of self-conscious sordidness by the hordes of cringing robbers who clutter his steps from dawn till dark and deplete his pocketbook in a way that puts compound interest to the blush. In my rags and tatters I escaped the pestilence of tipping and encountered men on a basis of equality. Nay, before the day was out I turned the tables, and said, most gratefully, "Thank you, sir," to the fine gentleman whose horse I held and who dropped a penny into my eager palm. Other changes I discovered were wrought in my condition by my new garb. In crossing crowded thoroughfares I found I had to be more lively in avoiding vehicles; it was strikingly impressed upon me that my life had

cheapened in direct ratio with my clothes. When before, I enquired the way of a policeman, I was usually asked, "'Bus or 'ansom, sir?" But now the query became, "Walk or ride?" Also, at the railway stations it was the rule to be asked, "First or second, sir?" Now I was asked nothing, a third class ticket being shoved out to me as a matter of course.

But there was compensation for it all. For the first time I met the English lower classes face to face, and knew them for what they were. When loungers and workmen, on street corners and in public houses, talked with me, they talked as one man to another,

not as servitor to lord, and they talked as natural men should talk, without the least idea of getting anything out of me for what they talked or the way they talked.

And when at last I made into the East End, I was gratified to find that the fear of the crowd no longer haunted me. I had become part of it. The vast and malodorous sea had welled up and over me, or I had slipped gently into it, whichever way you will; and there was nothing fearsome about it—with the one exception of the stoker's singlet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FULFILLMENT

"And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,
I falter where I firmly trod."—Tennyson.

When this I find I falter not
But lightly tread as one on air,
To see in Nature everywhere
Such lavishness. On wings of thought

I rise from realm of wood and field
Into the realm where thoughts and deeds
Are broadcast sown like winged seeds
That shall a fruitful harvest yield.

For here, as in the lower earth,
Are myriads that reward not toil,
That fall on rock or barren soil
Where feeblest life-spark ne'er had birth.

So while I tread in careless haste
Beneath my feet, earth's scattered seed,
In this high realm of word and deed
How can I mourn a seeming waste?

CURRENT EVENTS

UNDER the stress of coal-famine the American Congress, in its beneficent wisdom, has condescended to allow the American people to get their coal from abroad without pay-

public it was explained that it was a mistake that there was ever any duty there at all—it was not the intention of the Republicans to have it there, and its insertion in the tariff bill was quite

intentional. However, now that we know it is there, and the whole country is agitated over the fact, instead of this careless stake being promptly rectified and the duty removed permanently, it is merely suspended for a year.

Of course, this duty of 67 cents a ton is not a very important matter, one way or the other. It is the duty of \$7 a ton which the coal barons and the rail dealers are forcing on the public, that counts. Let us remove the duty on coal, and

have it at cost.

REMOVING THE TARIFF.

Uncle Sam—That's right, old man, take that off, and we'll have "coal to burn!"

—Minneapolis Journal.

I have no doubt that both Senator Hoar and Congressman Littlefield expect to do something with their anti-Trust Bill switches, but I question very much whether the public

at large has any idea that the Trusts a fine, handsome, healthy animal, of which we are all a part. will be particularly terrified at the prospect before them.

The Trust is a great, fat boy, who is absorbing all the fat that should go to Uncle Sam; and it is just as uncomfortable for Uncle Sam to be hungry and skinny as it is for the Trust to be fat and lumbering; but switching the Trusts is not going to make them thin. A method should be devised whereby the fat could be equitably distributed. If we could roll Mr. Morgan and Uncle Sam into one individual, and let them distribute the fat over the collective body, we would have the problem solved. Whether Uncle Sam should swallow Mr. Morgan, or Mr. Morgan swallow Uncle Sam, doesn't make much difference, so long as the result is obtained, and the industrial and political government of the United States is united in one organism. Let the Nation Own the Trusts is a

good shibboleth, but it looks now as if a still better one would be—Let the Trusts Own the Nation. When that point is reached the people will see to it that they own the Trusts, and thus everything will come around about as we wished. There is no question at all that today the Trusts already own our political government; and it may be more difficult to make the snake disgorge the rabbit than it will be to let the rabbit be digested and make

The agitation against Child Labor in the South is still being kept up. However, even if any laws against it are passed it will be difficult to get them enforced, because the South is so anxious to get new capital sent into it by Northerners that it is willing to



SOMETHING DOING.

—Minneapolis Journal.

let these children be offered as a sacrifice to that end. The poor "Crackers," not seeing a nickel from one year's end to another, are seizing this opportunity of selling their children on the modern auction block into a slavery as horrible as ever the negroes lived under; so that, between the sordid avarice of the parents, who are willing to sell their children, and the greed of the Northern capitalists, who wish to grind them up in their mills into profits, the future of

the white children of the Sunny South is a very dismal one indeed. If those who fear negro domination in the South are relying upon the relative increase of the white population to prevent such

Eagle, while having the world in its clutches, is yet not a beautiful thing to look at. However, neither taunts nor sneers will prevent the rule of money; and as long as we have our competitive system, the immense resources of the United States, together with the freedom given to capital to combine upon the largest scale, will always place us in a dominating financial position. Certainly, if the European nations wish to retain their economic quality, the only way they can ever do it is by the introduction of international Socialism. Many of them are already recognizing this, when such great concerns as the Standard Oil Trust, threatening to control their industries, such as oil or tobacco, force them to try to circumvent the American by nationalizing these industries.

WHITE SLAVERY.

Northern Capital and Southern Child Labor.

—N. Y. American.

domination, it behooves them to see that stringent Child Labor laws are speedily passed; otherwise there will be no white stock left for the reproduction of the species.

The cartoon in *The Herald* representing the Trusts as an inverted pyramid is a very picturesque presentation of the actual condition of our industrial affairs; and the worst of it is that the pyramid has become more and more

That money dominates the world is an old saying, and when a new world-power comes up, with the enormous wealth of the United States, it is natural that the older and poorer countries will not only be aghast at their own comparative weakness, but will also throw out covert sneers at the new parvenu among nations. The cartoon from the *London Tatler* expresses the idea very well. The American



"The American Eagle," says Colonel Harvey, "will shortly dominate the world in literature, art, science, finance, commerce and Christianity."

top-heavy with every month that rolls by. The competitive wage-system limits the wage-laborer to the mere necessities of life, and all this tremendous industrial structure is being built upon his stomach, and certainly a time is coming when he is not going to be able to stand the pressure.

All the machinery we have is either machinery built to furnish directly food

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BUILT - IN THE DARK

-N. Y. Herald.

and clothing for the workingman, or to build machinery which will assist in the building of the direct machinery. We have machines to grind flour and machines to make boots. Then we have machines to make flour-mill machinery and machines to make boot-making machinery. These are the secondary machines. Then, we can go a step further and find that there are machines which make the machines which make the machines to make the boots and

grind flour. As soon as we get to the point where it is evident that the building of further machines is no longer of any economic value to the capitalists, then the whole of the industrial structure of society will topple over like a pyramid that has been standing upon its apex instead of upon its base.

The Philadelphia Record puts the position of the G. O. P. very neatly in

the annexed cartoon. When the campaign comes around, there must be fat to grease the wheels, and an easy way to procure it is to threaten the Trusts

We have Littlefield and Hoar and Roosevelt and Knox, and all the other stirrers-up of the animal, introducing anti-Trust bills, some of them honest and some of them dishonest, and all working to the same end, viz., that unless the elephant is fed he is sure to get hungry and become very unruly. The public meanwhile looks calmly on and seems to enjoy the performance, but without any particular interest, because they realize the futility of the attempt better than do the politicians. The politicians have a feeling, like the hired performers in a circus, that they must do something to give the people their money's worth; but the public feels that no matter how many antics these

FEEDING THE ELEPHANT.

—Philadelphia Record.

with divers and sundry perils unless something is done in the way of campaign contributions to feed the elephant.

clowns go through, they are being swindled out of their money in any event.

Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer the question.
—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Submission to injustice is a vice instead of a virtue, and he who thinks it a merit to signalize his unworldliness by failing to assert his own rights encourages oppression and fraud and endangers the rights of his honest fellowmen.
—PROFESSOR FELIX OSWALD.

Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of

thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—CHALMERS.

Honor to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams, and is something. For in the way of being worthy, the first condition surely is that one be. Let cant cease, at all risks and at all costs: till cant cease, nothing else can begin.—Carlyle.

They who voluntarily put power into the hands of a tyrant or an enemy must not wonder if it be at last turned against themselves.
—Æsop.

JACK LONDON'S "PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS"

We begin in this number a series of articles by the well-known literateur and Socialist, Jack London, describing his experiences on a recent European trip. Although but twenty-seven years old, Mr. London has already achieved great distinction in the field of literature. He has been called the American Kipling. He is a native of California, and resides near San Francisco.

JACK LONDON

As a sailor who has lost his clothes and money and is "on the beach" in London Town.

It was in this rig that he made his explorations.

NEW BOOKS

REVIEWED BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT. By Oscar L. Triggs. Sold by the Industrial Art League, 264 Michigan Ave., Chicago. Price \$3.50.

Professor Triggs has certainly put together here an interesting and useful volume. But it can hardly be called a book, in the full sense of that word. He calls it "Chapters in the History of the Arts and Crafts Movement"; he might better, perhaps, have given it the title of "Materials" for such a History, or "Studies" for it. It lacks the digested completeness and homogeneity that such a work ought to have. I suppose Professor Triggs lacked leisure for the enterprise; but he had gathered the elements together, and decided to publish them as they were, roughly connected, and to let them go at that. As it is, the volume is valuable and absorbing; but the subject is much in need of thorough handling, and the Professor seems so competent to do it that it is all the more a pity he did not.

He traces the relations of the movement to three great Englishmen—Carlyle, Ruskin and Morris; and to another not so widely known, Mr. Ashbee; and he adds an address given before the Chicago Industrial Art League on "A Proposal for a Guild and School of Handicraft," and another on "The Industrial League," as well as an essay on "Industrial Consciousness"—these last three chapters being apparently his own composition. The chapters on Carlyle, Ruskin and Morris are made up chiefly of quotations from their writings, connected by a running commentary. Whatever is in the volume is apposite enough; but the whole needs to be taken up and organized and explained; any reader, attempting to get his first conception of the topic treated from this compilation, would probably be puzzled, if not discouraged. A reader already familiar with the general subject, on the other hand, might

find Professor Triggs' materials very apt and acceptable. The theme is intrinsically most succulent and attractive. It is an illustration not merely of the expediency of Socialism, but of the inevitableness of it. Natural evolution is at work in the Socialistic phenomenon; let who will oppose or advocate. Socialism has got to be; the course of history has planted the seed in human bosoms, and the time is now at hand when that seed must come to flower and fruit. The arguments of its supporters or projectors are very good reading; but they only serve to make it clear that the thing would happen whether they argued or not. In all developments of this kind, the same method is observable; there is a pressure from the realm of causes into the realm of effects; and this pressure always makes itself felt first in minds especially sensitive to such enlightenments, and appreciative of their significance. The persons of these minds utter, each as best he may, the burden of the message thus impressed upon them, and they are known as the heralds or originators of the "Movement," though, if the truth were known, it originated ages before; or, indeed, it was potential from the very first dawn of human intelligence. Carlyle, Ruskin, Morris, and a score more men as good, or nearly so, have done their best to formulate the great truth that came knocking at their doors; but they could not have done it a generation before they did, and they could not help doing it when they did; the time, and they, were ripe, that was all. It will be so with Socialism in its entirety. We can do nothing but talk about it; we cannot bring it to pass; we can at most only oil the wheels so that, when they are ready to revolve, they will do so with less creaking and friction than otherwise. Nobody in the world knows, today, what Socialism will turn out to be, when it does fully and finally arrive. It is a theory only and not as yet a

condition. Some of us may happen to guess pretty close to what it will be, but we cannot be certain, simply because we lack experience. Carlyle and Ruskin lost their temper, and Morris was depressed, from not having recognized, practically, this fact. They had thought and talked and worked so much for the Movement that they could not help feeling (rather than really believing, perhaps) that it was in some sort a creature of their own. Being in a manner their own, as they felt, they had imported into it certain theories of their very own, which turned out not to be warranted by circumstances. So, when the thing in these points failed to answer to their expectations and prophesies, they got disheartened, for the general aphorism that truth must prevail seemed to be contradicted by this instance of a truth that refused to prevail as advertised. These seers laid more stress on their own pet misunderstandings of the truth than on the truth itself. They gave greater weight to what they imagined would be the way of the coming than to the coming itself. But no harm was done, except to their own self-esteem, or hope. The value of their labors in the right direction was not forfeited by the lack of value of their labors in the wrong.

This Arts and Crafts Movement is based upon the perception that the fine arts are getting out of their true place in human economy; ever since the Renaissance they have been divorced from their proper foundation, which is the crafts. In other words, painting, sculpture, architecture and music ought not to stand alone, or independently, but ought to be vitally and organically connected with practical craftsmanship of all kinds, with industrial products of all kinds; and the reason is, that they are, by nature, nothing more than the spontaneous flowering out, from industries, of the individual pleasure of the workman in the thing he is producing, because he recognizes its value and success. Art is typified by the singing or whistling of the worker at his work; which is the expression of his conscious mastership in the premises; it appears sometimes as the decorative carving of a window-frame or mantelpiece; sometimes as a gargoyle or statue on a waterspout or in a niche; sometimes as a painting in a panel; sometimes as an organ set up in a church to rhyme with the arches and aisles. This decoration is not essential to the structure which it adorns; but it is always in harmony with the feeling and aim of it, and it announces that the soul of the worker has entered into his work; that he no

longer regards it simply as a thing of use, but as having become, in virtue of this mystical marriage with his own spiritual part, a thing of beauty as well. Such was the origin of art, which, next to human beings themselves, is the most human thing in the world. And, of course, the quality or worth of the art is in direct proportion to the elevation, insight and nobility of the nature of the artist workman; his virtue appears in it, his self-denial, his integrity, his faith, his courage, his love.

But there have been several eras of art, and all of them have gone wrong at last. There was the old oriental art, such as the Egyptian, for instance. The first state of that art we do not know, but it was undoubtedly an efflorescence from the useful and practical, like the other styles; but then Egyptian mysticism and priest-craft got hold of it, and caused it to crystallize into types and symbols, from which it was unlawful to depart; and the result was the rigid figures which survive today. Greek art was derived from the Egyptian, but emancipated itself from that bondage; only, however, to fall into bondage of another sort—that classical perfection which makes Greek statues and temples the despair of imitators, but at the same time excludes from them the expression of human individuality. In the Middle Ages a new art began, the Gothic; and this was for many years a true art, redolent with individuality. It was practiced by craftsmen, who were the only artists, and whose art was the expression of their delight in what they were doing, and their conscious mastery of its secrets and capabilities. The Gothic art began to deteriorate in the great Gothic cathedrals, which were dominated by ecclesiasticism, and in which the ornament ceased to be merely the blossoming out of the architects' and carvers' pleasure, but became ornament for its own sake, and for the exploitation of the church's glory. The Renaissance completed this divorce, and made art a thing by itself, and left craftsmanship to labor on without that supernal addition. From this time artists became effeminate, the hangers-on of rich patrons; and workmen became degraded, merely utilitarian. Up to the middle of the last century, this divorce was maintained; then the enlightened ones began their crusade to restore art to craftsmanship, or to re-identify the craftsman with the artist. Of course it is not expected or desired that we should go back to the Gothic period with its divine ignorance, which wrought beauty without knowing it, as it were; ours will be a

conscious marriage between the useful and the beautiful, a wise recognition of the truth that neither can be its full self apart from the other. The task is difficult, because at least as much has to be undone as done. The workman has to be educated out of his degradation and indifference; and the artist has to be freed from his notion that he can be anything worth while of and for himself. The more the matter is looked into, the larger it appears; until at length we find that the whole fabric of society must be reformed and reorganized from the bottom up. In short, the alliance of art with craft involves the affirmation and creation of Socialism—nothing less! It means an industrial republic in which things shall no longer be in the saddle, and ride mankind (as Emerson puts it); but the contrary; in which the many poor shall not slave for the few rich, but all shall work freely and joyfully for one another and for their own pleasure in what they produce. Obviously this is a long road that must be travelled; long in principle, though for aught any one can tell, it may not be so long in time ere we traverse it. I make these comments in order that we may understand the place and function of the book now under examination here.

It seems easy to perceive the organic connection between the arts and the crafts, once it has been pointed out. But in truth it is the result of an analysis which was made with difficulty, and only after intense thought had been applied to the subject during many years. Even today, many who come unaccustomed to the idea, will be surprised to learn that art has or could ever have had any essential relation to the products of utilitarian industry. Art has been so long on a footing by itself, that it is taken for granted that such was always its condition; and at all events it is assumed that the separation, if there has been one, is proper, and in the line of progress. Carlyle himself, as Professor Triggs points out, was not conscious of the significance of the abuse which he denounced; he was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. He knew things were wrong, but did not see in what the wrong consisted. The changes were coming he knew, and he suspected that the new era would be industrial. Organization of labor, he declared, would be the problem of the next century. What the world needed, he thought, was an industrial Cromwell, and a new aristocracy—an aristocracy of labor, composed of men comparatively rude externally, but in spirit artists. Contemplating the smoke and

grime of Manchester, he detected beauty beneath that black pall—the triumph of men over matter; the ugliness was outward and transient, the beauty inward and lasting. He called the idle man a monster; and said that the cure for miseries and maladies, and the mission of man, was work. Work was its own reward; when it asked for wages, it was in the way of bondage. He also perceived the error of current methods of education; education should be of deed, not of word merely; it ought to cultivate the eye to see, the force to do. Grapple with Nature, he urged; put your theories to the trial; the speakable is but surface, but pith is in the Do-able. Set fitness against cheapness, the genuine against the hypocritical. What Carlyle lacked, which was his weakness, was the practical experience which his literary preoccupations compelled him to forego; his prophecies were wanting in immediate effect because he had no data in experience on which to base them.

Ruskin, who called Carlyle master, having been awakened, by reading his book *On Heroes*, to the new gospel, began where Carlyle left off, and during his long and diligent life, carried the work through theory into practice. Many of his expositions are still the text of the procedure of today. The first explicit definition of the true object of the crusade came from him. He began with Naturalism—the perception and celebration of the beauty and meaning of Nature; from that he passed to artistic interests, and from them to Socialism. In order to determine the economy of life, he examined the phenomena of art, which he described as being, of all modes of expression, the most human. He first interpreted art in terms of morality; in architecture, for example, he saw the virtues, the faith, the self-denial of the architect. The true reign of art can arrive only when workmen have become artists and artists workmen. His theories of beauty, work, and economy were fresh departures; the end of political economy was how to get the greatest number of noble and happy human beings. He demanded that development and scope be given to individual originality or initiative; and pointed out that the main source of economic waste was the suppression of this originality by the contemporary social order. There is more stability in good men than in much money; let the vast latent fund of original initiative be set free; there is no wealth but human life; and a noble thing cannot be wealth except to a noble person. From this conception of wealth, he proceeded to other definitions. The true end of work

consisted in making wealth, and not in earning profits. Value was the life-giving power of anything. Production consists not in things laboriously made, but in things servicably consumed; and the question for the nation is not how much labor it employs, but how much life it produces. Labor is spending of life—the contest of man with an opposite. Cost is the quantity of labor required to produce anything. Price is the quantity of labor which the possessor will take in exchange for it. Wages should be determined by what is necessary to sustain life at its fullest and best, allowing for recreation and rest. There are three tests of work: It must be honest, useful and cheerful. Government and co-operation are the laws of life; anarchy and competition are the laws of death. Beauty is not so much a thing of sense, as of moral and social principles. Art is determined not by beauty but by expression; it satisfies social needs. All fine arts hitherto have been supported by the power of the selfish rich, and have not been extended to the comfort of the people. The first thing to do is to make the country clean and the people beautiful; then to universalize art and to ennoble labor. Machinery should be a minister, not a devouring monster. Division of labor degrades the workman; it divides *him*, and, by subordinating quality to quantity in the product, injures the consumer. He urged workers to be fit for their work, to do not too much of it, and to feel an independent assurance of success in it. In wholesome labor there is no expense of life. As to education, he agreed with Froebel; educate a man not by telling him what he knows not, but by making him what he was not. He advocated manual training as a discipline in doing. St. George's Guild, which he founded, embodied his idea of an Utopia, and had the fate of all Utopias; but much of its principles control the ideas of reformers to this day. Ruskin was a mighty pioneer, who, more or less effectively, has traversed most of the ground now being worked over by followers of the new thought.

William Morris dealt less in theory than in practice; he was a demonstrator. He actually determined the relations of art with labor. In his career, his poetry preceded his craft; his craft, his Socialism. He saw the folly of wasting life in getting the means of living; he found the pleasure of existence in his work itself. The art of decoration, he said, was the expression of man's pleasure in successful labor; art should give people pleasure in what they

must needs use, and in what they must needs make. "Rather than the wheat (art) should rot in the miser's granary," he declared, "I would the earth had it, that it might yet have a chance to quicken in the dark." There were three kinds of work—the mechanical, the intelligent and the imaginative. The latter is the very blossom of civilization triumphant and hopeful; it is the symbol and sacrament of the Courage of the World. The problem of the world is to change the lower forms of labor into the higher. The art of the future will not be the art of instinct and ignorance; it will not be an esoteric mystery, shared by a little band of superior beings; but it will be a gift of the people to the people, a part of every life, and a hindrance to none. He affirmed that for well-to-do persons to profit by the labor of others must be wrong; that education should look towards revolution, and that the aim of his disciples should be to "make Socialists." He believed in sentiment in business, and detected the recognition of this truth in the founding of many great industries. Towards the end of his life, his hopes of the immediate triumph of Socialism declined; but he never lost faith in the final validity of the principles on which it was founded.

Mr. Ashbee is an extreme idealist, and yet is the founder and advocate of the "Reconstructed Workshop," which is designed to be at once state, school and factory. He regards machine-made work as soulless, and aims to bring back individuality to industry. Lower the standard of the work, and you lower the standard of the man; intimate human relationship must be the basis of the Reconstructed Workshop; men must be shopmates because they are friends, not friends because they are shopmates. He insists upon the human bond as distinguished from the money nexus. The workshop—unlike the studio, which fosters a refined sensuality and selfishness—is objective and social, and cultivates the higher Socialism; and its productions, being based on comradeship, are humanized. He expects the present boss-ridden factory, with its division of labor, to give place to the small co-operative society which shall be integral in its work, human as to its motives, and artistic as to its ends. The work should constantly tend towards imaginative production, and this higher production, which is art, thus becomes the crown and fulfilment of noble citizenship. In short, the humanization of business and industry is the object of this reformer, as well as of Ruskin

and Morris, from whom his inspiration was derived. The social question has a prior claim to the artistic; art must grow out of the life—to give it independent development is to overlook the spirit in favor of the form. The Rookwood pottery establishment, founded by Mrs. Storer (one of the famous Cincinnati Longworths), is adduced as a good example of the reformed factory. It is a factory with a soul, a school of handicraft and an industrial museum and social centre; it is also a successful business enterprise.

In his essay on "Industrial Consciousness," Professor Triggs looks forward to a time when the earth will be partitioned and equilibrium established; when nationalism will become functionless and variations will survive. The uniform machine-products of today are made without pleasure and give none; the workers must become an impersonal machine serving another impersonal machine; each man is hopelessly engaged in the performance of one never-ending and abhorrent task. The products are made for the abstract average individual—who has no existence. But if the work be individualized, it becomes to that degree a work of art, a part of the pleasure of men's lives. Then will art be synonymous with life, and the activity of life be artistic. He quotes Tolstoi, who declares that so long as the world upholds theories that tend to make beauty something "fine" and abstract, art will more and more separate itself from life and lead a poor, thin existence with the esoteric cults. We should understand art as a means towards human perfection and the brotherly union of mankind. It is a means of intercourse between man and man. One man, consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and these others are infected by them and also experience them. Thus the purpose of art is to create the sense of kinship, and its activity must be as diffused and common as speech. By speech we convey thoughts, by art we interchange feelings. Exclusiveness in art means a condition wherein the masses of the people are in virtual slavery to the privileged classes. The art of the future, therefore, involves a social revolution; it will not be a development of the present art, but will arise on wholly new foundations and require new modes of perception; the degree of the infectiousness of art is the test of its genuineness, and that depends upon the greater or less individuality of the feeling transmitted.

The evolution of political governments, in

Professor Triggs' opinion, is practically finished. Every person capable of self-rule is granted that privilege. The new civilization is industrial—not based on laws, but on co-partnership of men. Industrial relationship is personal, not legal. Competition was the agent for the elimination of the weak and the survival of the strong. Industrial monarchy is now forming; political machinery is too cumbersome for industrial uses, which recognize no artificial boundaries. Presently the Trusts will be merged in a universal Trust, which, having been perfected, the absorption of its conduct by the workers will begin. Then the condition of industrial freedom and equality will be permanently established, and the individual will rise to his full stature. At the beginning of this century the legitimacy and necessity of work is already recognized; and the best minds will gradually find their freest expression and exercise in originating and controlling industrial enterprises, or in engaging in some higher form of craft. The economy of machinery and of the Trust system seems now to counteract the general tendency of all to be active in some sphere—they tend to eliminate persons from the organized systems of production. But the solution is found in the field of individual work, which affords the greatest opportunity for free labor, and in which work is undertaken as a satisfaction to personality and as a pleasure. No one wishes to be free from work, but to be free and self-directive in his work. The drudgery of the machine furthers industrial liberty, and that voluntary co-operative individualism which is the goal of the industrial world.

Such is Professor Triggs' analysis of the situation; a very reasonable and charming one. But, as I began by remarking, we cannot be sure until after the event whether or not the prophesy be true. Theories which relate not to an existing problem, but to something still in the future, cannot be more than speculations. Nothing seems more certain than that some form of Socialism awaits us; certainly no path leading towards the unknown has been more assiduously trodden than this, by the feet of innumerable dreamers, multitudes of speculators, and some real thinkers. A great deal of imagination and not a little logic have been expended upon the problem. Yet, after all, it is quite probable that the final solution will be other than any one has foreseen. What has been done in this field has had one undeniable effect, and perhaps one only—it has prepared the

mind of the world for a change. It has demonstrated that the situation which now exists cannot be the final one. Incidentally, it has elucidated various collateral issues, which will enable us to proceed more promptly when the time arrives. But the Great Thing itself is on the knees of the gods; it is in the hands and the purpose of a wisdom and power which is above our own, unsearchable, having in view the interests not of today or of tomorrow, but of eternity. You and I will eagerly or slackly perform our little stunts; but their outcome will be overruled for ends better than we imagined—perhaps in opposition to those we hoped for. The ages have always mocked the pride of intellect, but the pure heart is mightier than time.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Sydney George Fisher. J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$2.

I can easily understand that Mr. Fisher's views upon our war of the revolution will hardly be made a text book in our common schools for some time to come.

We are accustomed to delight ourselves in the delusion that we became an independent nation by a spontaneous rising of all the good and respectable colonists against the totally arbitrary and unjust conduct of England. Mr. Fisher attempts to show that it was largely the rag-tag and bob-tail element of our ancestors, assisted by a sprinkling of "rights of man" idealists, who made up the revolutionary army; that England, while being guilty of many arbitrary acts, was not altogether the monster our school boys are taught, and that the efforts of the English to conciliate America, as evidenced by the dilatory tactics of Lord Howe in the beginning of the revolution, really went far to allow of the final success of the move for independence. He remarks in his preface: "The Revolution was a much more ugly and unpleasant affair than most of us imagine. I know of many people who talk a great deal of their ancestors, but who, I am quite sure, would not now take the side their ancestors chose. Nor was it a great, spontaneous, unanimous uprising, all righteousness, perfection and infallibility, a marvel of success at every step, and incapable of failure, as many of us very naturally believe from what we have read."

To be a rebel in those days entailed unpleasant consequences if you did not happen to be transformed by success into a revolutionist. Our forefathers, who happened to be revolutionists also, did not have to be very old to remember the frightful torturing and beheading inflicted upon the followers of the Pretender of 1745. It was not two hundred years

previous when "Bloody heads and hind-quarters of rebels hung about (London) like butcher's meat, the ghastly heads rotting and stinking for months on the poles at Temple Bar and on London Bridge, with the hair gradually falling off the grinning skulls, as the people passed them day by day."

Mr. Fisher contends that more than half the colonists were really against the idea of independence, and that practically all the "better classes" were aghast at such an idea as separation from the mother country. He says: "One of the first results of the revolutionary movement was the rise of the ignorant classes into power and the steady deterioration in the character and manners of public men. Cobblers and mechanics became captains and colonels, or got important positions in state governments. The Congress seemed to have become narrow-minded, factious and contemptible. At all the taverns could be seen ragged and drunken loungers, of three or six months service in the patriot army, conspicuously labeling one another captain or colonel in a way that was very astonishing and disgusting to respectable and conservative people." All this, says Mr. Fisher, "caused torturing doubts to many enthusiastic souls who had been reading about the rights of man. Thousands were halted altogether. It seemed too high a price to pay for independence, and, rather than submit to it, they went over to the side of the British government."

Even in Massachusetts the prospect of their (the ignorant class) rule seemed so terrible that the strongest of the patriots were often shaken in their purpose. How it fretted and unnerved John Adams is confessed in his diary. A man in Massachusetts one day congratulated him upon the anarchy, the insults to the judges, the closing of the courts, the mob violence, the tarring and feathering visited upon those who did not sympathize with the patriots.

"Oh, Mr. Adams, what great things have you and your colleagues done for us. We can never be grateful enough to you. There are no courts of justice now, and I hope there never will be again."

Adams for once in his life had no reply. This is what he writes of the incident:

"Is this the object for which I have been contending?" said I to myself, as I rode along without answer to the wretch; "are these the sentiments of such people, and how many of them are there in the country? Half the nation, for what I know; for half the nation are debtors, if not more; and these have been in all countries the sentiments of debtors. If the power of the country should get into such hands, and there is danger that it will, to what purpose have we sacrificed our time, our health, and everything else?"

While I cannot agree with all of Mr. Fisher's conclusions, yet it is certain that the spiritual side of the longing for the ideal which impelled our forefathers into the revolutionary struggle had a very substantial material base. Some, indeed, had nothing to gain, in a material sense, and everything to lose; yet they took the patriotic side. Still, it must be confessed that the patriot was usually the man who had nothing to lose and everything to gain, while the Tory was the man who had the opposite. It is exactly the same with the Socialist movement of today. Most Socialists confessedly have nothing to lose but their chains, and yet I know that their devotion to Socialism is not inspired so much by what they expect to get from it personally, or for their class, as it is the result of an irresistible and universal impulse impelling us all to strive for the organization of a higher and better life for all humanity.

While Mr. Fisher is correct in many of his deductions, yet his theory that communities and colonies have a natural instinct to desire independence, irrespective of general conditions, is incorrect. In this very book he shows that the American colonists desired to keep up their connection with England, and it was only England's stupidity and brutality that drove her children from her. Mr. Fisher would have us believe that Canada and Australia of today are only held as British colonies by force of arms. As a matter of fact, the British colonies of today are just as devoted to English rule as are the states of our Union devoted to Uncle Sam. Australia and Canada would no more think of separating from England than would a man's hand think of leaving his body and setting up an independent existence of its own. It is the general law of life that the unit has an attraction for the largest possible organism which allows it to function naturally. The larger the organism to which you are attached, provided, of course, it is a healthy, normal organism, the greater is your spiritual life, and it is toward the largest life of the spirit we all irresistibly tend. Our final goal is a universal state embracing all the world, the complete brotherhood of man. Nothing else can ever satisfy man's soul.—H. G. W.

THE STORY OF IJAIN, OR THE EVOLUTION OF A MIND. By Lady Florence Dixie. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 200 pages. \$2.

In very thin disguise, Lady Florence, under the name of Ijain, gives the story of her own life, and an interesting one it is, too, particularly to Socialists.

Lady Florence is probably the only member of the English aristocracy who frankly confesses herself a Socialist. It would seem that her radical

ideas were innate. Before she was five years old she had tempestuous discussions with her staid old nurse regarding the necessity of God having a wife, or rather the logical reasons as to why there should be a She-God if there were a He-God.

The book is to a certain extent written to advance more liberality in the religious education of young people. That there is more necessity for such a work in England than in the United States, where the old-time orthodoxy is fast becoming extinct, is palpable. I take it that our religious beliefs so largely hang upon our economic beliefs that it is almost useless to expect much headway to be made against false religious teaching until false economic teaching has become a thing of the past.

In this country a Coal Strike, combined with an honest ass like President Baer, has done more good in shaking the old-time religious belief in the sacredness of the right of private property than all the books ever written.

However, in England conservative ideas in religion are such a formidable bar to free discussion upon economic subjects that perhaps Lady Florence is right when she lays more stress upon the removal of religious than of economic superstition.

The extraordinary feature of the book is the revelation of the precocity of Lady Florence. Long before there were Vegetarian Societies and Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Lady Florence was an intuitive convert to vegetarianism and an earnest advocate of the rights of animals. Before she was sixteen she had solved—solved intuitively—many of the great riddles of the universe that are yet vexing less poetic souls than hers. The following is from her diary, written when she was fifteen, nearly thirty years ago:

"Science has not been able to unravel the past nor unveil the future. The men who write science are very clever, of course, and they know hundreds of things I know nothing about yet; but their brains are not perfect enough yet to tell me what I want to know, and only a bigger brain than we have now will tell us. . . . Truly we are still poor, blind caterpillars, waiting for our butterfly wings."

Yes, all this is only too true. The scientists have analyzed for us, and we now await the poets winging their thoughts upon knowledge gained from science to give us the synthesis. When that is done we will have that complete and spiritual union of all men, one with the other, to develop that "bigger brain," the brain of the perfect social organization of humanity, which will enable us all, as equal sharers in the divine intelligence, to solve the riddle of the universe.

For man to know himself he must have a brain; for the man to know his soul he must have the

brain of the perfect social organization, and that perfection can only come through Socialism.

Lady Florence's book is of especial interest from the great number of distinguished people with whom she has come into contact. There is a charming anecdote of the late Emperor of the French which throws a side light upon his character that may make him appear somewhat differently to the reader than he has usually been accustomed to estimate him.

Briefly, there was a French soldier sentenced to imprisonment for striking an officer. Lady Florence, then living in France, a child of six, was so wrought up by the spectacle of the man's public degradation that she wrote a pathetic little note to the Emperor, begging for the soldier's pardon. The Emperor immediately granted it, saying he could not resist the childish appeal. Later in life she met the Emperor, and he alluded to his clemency as one of the few pleasant remembrances of his life.

Lady Florence's Socialism may be seen cropping out in the following observation made after a night pilgrimage through Trafalgar Square :

"She glanced at other rough-looking *miserics* huddled on the steps of Nelson's Monument. 'Can the British Empire manage no better than this?' she asked herself. 'Was it to bolster up this strange arrangement of Society that Nelson fought and died? All around me lie the disinherited of the Earth; Poverty out here, Wealth feasting and revelling in the palaces. Is it right? No, it is hideously wrong. Why is it? I cannot tell.'"

Lady Florence wrote this years ago. She could not tell *then* why we had poverty, but now that she is a Socialist, she knows.

Here is her view of the greatness of the English

Parliament, which will hardly flatter the members thereof :

"She walked on towards Westminster, towards that Parliament of Men, who waste so much precious time in elegant poses, vapid utterances, dreary debates and useless legislation, and she wondered to herself how it was that the Nineteenth Century called itself civilized, and yet permitted the existence of such a silly anomaly as a House of Men trying to make sane and fair laws for men and women, without the assistance of women."

I fear Lady Florence will be a disappointed woman if she places too much confidence in any great effect woman suffrage will have upon the question of the abolition of poverty. While it is true the men have made but little good use of their right to the ballot, yet there is little to show that there are very many women like Lady Florence who would make much better use of it if it were given to them. The admission of women to suffrage in certain of our American states has been of advantage, possibly an unmixed advantage—certainly so to the women themselves, subjectively considered—but that the votes of these women have shown any greater appreciation of the right method of solving the social problem than those of the men is certainly not true.

Women should have the ballot, certainly, by all means; but the ballot without thought and force back of it did not solve the negro problem of the South, nor will it solve the woman problem of the North.

The only way we can have a solution is by the whole community, men and women, being educated to understand the iniquity of allowing poverty to remain in the land when such a simple remedy as Socialism is at hand to abolish it.—H. G. W.

GOLD THE KEY TO ALL LOCKS

Chas. Filer, serving a ten-years' term for burglary in the Trenton, N.J., State Prison from 1896, has been pardoned to become superintendent of the Perfection Blind & Lockstitch Sewing Machine Company, incorporated in that State July 16th, with a \$1,000,000 capital to manufacture a new drop stitch sewing machine which he invented after his incarceration, and it has been

used successfully in the prison for three years. Mr. Filer receives \$5,000 in cash and \$10,000 stock in the company, besides a handsome salary as superintendent. Richard Bosler, another convict, was pardoned at the same time in order to return to Germany to take possession of \$50,000 which he has recently inherited.—Financial Record.

CORRESPONDENCE AND BUSINESS

This department is opened for the purpose of keeping our friends and co-workers in touch with each other, and informed in regard to the progress of our mutual work. In it suggestions will be given from time to time as to how best to constantly improve and extend our work—yours and the Magazine's. The primary object of this Magazine is to take a stand, calmly and firmly amid the rush of passing events, and interpret them, as they pass, in the light of the Socialist philosophy, so that the people may clearly perceive whither it is we are travelling so rapidly and be prepared to deal with the tremendous problems of the not far distant future. We are trying to do our part; but we can accomplish much more with your co-operation. It is for you to help us put the Magazine in the hands of the largest possible number of readers. Let us be mutually helpful. If you strike upon some particularly effective method of getting subscribers that you think will succeed in getting a large number of people interested in the principles we are advocating, let us hear about it for our encouragement and inspiration. If you can suggest any improvements in the Magazine, we will be only too glad for suggestions.

Anaconda, Mont., Jan. 25.

We have been making a hard fight for Socialism in this town, and feel that there is no better book to do it with than your Magazine. Two years ago Socialism was almost unknown in this place, but today it is very popular.

Faternally yours,

JAMES T. BRENNAN.

Sumner, Ore., Jan. 17.

Life without Wilshire's is like dinner without dessert.

Very truly yours,

W. C. HARRIS.

We beg to draw the attention of agents and subscribers, who are entered in the Subscription Prize Contest, to the fact that the latter closes on May 1st, and that no subscriptions received in the office after that date will be counted. We therefore earnestly urge everyone to put forth their best efforts to secure subscriptions at the present low rate, as the subscription price will probably be advanced after May 1.

Kline's Landing, Ohio, Jan. 21.

Your Magazine is immense, and I enjoy it more all the time. I guess it must be the satisfaction of knowing that we are getting there in such fine shape. These \$\$ come mighty slow and hard, with the farmers, especially, in a tobacco section like this, where the Trust is getting in its work.

Yours truly, JOHN J. KLINE.

Pendleton, Ore., Jan. 14, 1903.

The newsdealer here ordered some of your Magazines. He sold them all out in less than half an hour, and could have sold many more. It was the first time the Magazine had been seen by the readers here, and they were delighted with it.

Yours, WALTER A. WYATT.

Wherever possible, Post Office or Express Money Orders should be sent for subscriptions. We have to pay exchange on checks, and at the present low price of the Magazine the item of exchange is disproportionately large. Cash is apt to be lost in transit. Money Orders, if you please, comrades!

Livingston, Mont., Jan. 10, 1903.

It is with pleasure that I send you the names of twenty-four new subscribers. Among these are the names of some county officials and lawyers.

Yours truly, MARTHA BAKER.

Hennessy, Okla., Jan. 17, 1903.

I enclose you a list of eighteen names, the result of about an hour of work on my part. My duties keep me quite busy, but if I can do anything to help the cause of education I like to do it.

Yours, A. B. CULLUM.

Eau Claire, Wis., Jan. 13, 1903.

Shall soon have in the neighborhood of one hundred subscribers here and surroundings for Wilshire's Magazine. Very sincerely, R. O. STOLL.

Wms Bridge, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1903.

I got these twenty-five subs in two days.

Yours truly, Jos. F. LOUGHERY.

Exeter, Calif., Jan. 11, 1903.

Enclosed find money order for which you will please send your Magazine to the twelve names enclosed. I like your Magazine better than anything I have ever read. I will send you another list soon.

Yours, T. M. DUNGAN.

We feel that a word of explanation and apology is due to those of our subscribers who have not received their Magazines promptly in the past. Owing to the sudden and rapid increase in the number of subscriptions pouring into this office, it has been impossible for us to handle them with the regularity and dispatch to which they are entitled. Furthermore, if subscribers will kindly bear in mind that all Magazines are mailed from Toronto, they will appreciate that a delay is inevitable between the receipt of the subscription at our office and the mailing of the Magazine from Toronto. As fast as possible these delays are being diminished and will soon be quite eliminated. In the meantime we beg that our readers will be patient.

However, when a reasonable time has elapsed and the Magazine has not been received, we will appreciate notice of the fact, and will promptly investigate the matter and remedy the trouble immediately. We earnestly request the hearty co-operation of our readers and agents in these matters, and beg to assure them of our sincere appreciation.

Reading, Pa., Feb. 9.

Enclosed please find one yearly card. Please send the Magazine to the address given. He is a very poor man, with a family of thirteen children, and I have him about half our way, and he is really too poor to pay twenty-five cents for any paper, so I thought I would send it to him. He is a good reader and knows when he reads what it means.

Yours, R. FISTER.

(Editorial Note.—Bravo, Comrade Fister. Here is, indeed, Christian Socialism doing its best work. Let us continue to uplift our poorer brother, so earnestly seeking the light of truth.—Editor.)

Okl., Okla.

Send two copies of your Magazine, one to me and one to my wife, Mrs. A. F. Connor, same P. O. address. When they both come I'll have one to loan. I don't want to miss a number of Wilshire's, if possible.

Yours fraternally,

S. J. CONNOR.

Portland, Ore., Feb. 2.

I am acquainted with most of the prominent periodicals, and I want to say with emphasis that Wilshire's is par excellence, the vanguard of them all. Your editorials are original, terse and logical, and

(may I say it) not devoid of idealism. It is a joy to read your Magazine. I am sorry that I cannot do much for the cause of Socialism. With such heroic and unselfish men as Wilshire, Wayland, and Father McGrady, and hosts of good men and women who are with us, and are to be with us soon, the cause will win.

Yours in comradeship,
THOS. R. KEMP.

Richmond, Va.

I was invited to speak to the street car men of this city last Friday and when I got through I called their attention to the merits of your Magazine and succeeded in getting twenty-four subscribers. Our local here, of which I am an organizer, is getting along splendidly. We had eight members one year ago; we now have eighty-six, and we have a fine hall for propaganda work. Our local makes it a point to impress on all its members the absolute necessity of giving the advertisers in your paper the preference. All our Wilshire's are loaned out to those who show an inclination to study.

Yours,

JOHN CATRELL.

Lynn, Mass., Jan. 23.

Please send me eight subscription cards. I received eight last month, which I intended to sell where I work, but I made two stops on the way and the cards went like hot cakes, and I arrived at the works empty-handed, save for a few back numbers of Wilshire's Magazine which I borrowed at my second stop. These were gobbled up before I had even time to glance at the table of contents.

Yours truly, F. L. JOHNSON.

It is of the utmost importance that agents and subscribers in sending a remittance should state explicitly whether the same is for a new subscription or renewal, as this information will save considerable time to both you and ourselves.

Deerfield, N. H., Jan. 26.

I was a delegate from Manchester to the Omaha convention, and I now realize how utterly inadequate all the measures proposed there would be to settle the industrial conflict now being waged, and am out for Socialism with a big S, as are most of the old populists here.

Yours truly,

J. A. WHITTIER.

Waterbury, Conn., Jan. 26.

Enclosed please find my check in payment for the thirty-four subscriptions enclosed. This makes one hundred and thirty-eight subs. to my credit in the contest.

Respectfully yours,

ERNEST D. HULL.

UNCLE SAM'S HEAVY LOAD

U. S. USES 800 MILLION POUNDS OF COFFEE EVERY YEAR—OVER 10 LBS. PER CAPITA (see report International Coffee Commission, 1902).

COFFEE CONTAINS .008 OF CAFFEIN (M. Payen's analysis, accepted as standard).

12 GRAINS OF CAFFEIN IS A FATAL DOSE (medical authorities).

A GRAIN IS $\frac{1}{7000}$ OF A POUND, AVOIRDUPOIS (Webster's Dictionary).

Let's figure it out. In 10 pounds of coffee there are $\frac{800}{10}$ pounds or 560 grains of coffee. Divided by 12 this equals more than 46 fatal doses of this deadly drug.

In other words, every man, woman and child (average) in the United States consumes by little in one year enough of the poisonous alkaloid, caffeine, to kill 46 people.

As the coffee drinker takes it in small doses and diluted, this caffeine does not kill outright. But it is easy to believe medical science when it tells us that coffee sets up all kinds of diseases. Science says coffee directly attacks the vital organs, causes derangement of the kidney troubles, ruins the coating of the stomach, and sets up all kinds of mental nervous ails.

Many physicians now absolutely prohibit drinking tea or coffee, on account of the deadly poisons they contain. But most coffee drinkers are too set in the habit that for every one who is cured there are ten who drink it on the sly. They never break away.

These are the people that science invented Postum Coffee. They instantly and never miss it after a day and will drink Postum in its place. Give them a chance and it will certainly knock down the diseases which coffee has set up. And while it is curing these it is nourishing, strengthening and building up muscular and nerve matter. **It is making red**

blood and health and happiness and a smoothly running mind and body are of any account. So, take on Postum for ten days instead of coffee, and see the result. Postum is a scientific food-drink made from healthful grains, heavy with food value and delicious in taste and aroma, when properly prepared.

Let Me Convince You

You who are sick and discouraged—
You who are doctoring without result—
Be fair with yourselves—ask me for the facts—
Learn how half a million others got well

What Proof Do You Want?

I have 65,000 letters from cured ones, and will send all you care to read.

I have a circular giving the names and addresses of one thousand people *in one city*, whom my Restorative has cured in just the past six months. Do you want it?

I have actual records of over half a million chronic cases which I have cured in the past 12 years. Almost every neighborhood in America has its living witnesses to what my Restorative will do. Just ask for evidence and I can overwhelm you with it, for the evidence is everywhere.

My Restorative has made these cures by strengthening the *inside* nerves. It will do that with you. It will bring back the nerve power which alone operates the vital organs. It will give the weak organ power to do its duty.

It does that invariably, and the results are permanent. I speak from a lifetime's experience with diseases that no common treatment cures. It will make you well all over.

A Month on Trial

Simply write me a postal card, stating which book you need. I will then mail you an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. You may take it a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself. And your mere word shall decide it.

That offer itself is the best evidence of merit that a remedy ever had.

Those who accept it are those who doubt that their cases are reachable. Yet you must know that I cure them, else the offer would ruin me.

Now, if you are not well, you need that help. A postal will secure it. All the proofs you want are waiting. Won't you write today?

Simply state which book you want, and address

Dr. Shoop, Box 454,
Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 8 on the Kidneys.
Book No. 4 for Women.
Book No. 5 for Men (sealed).
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

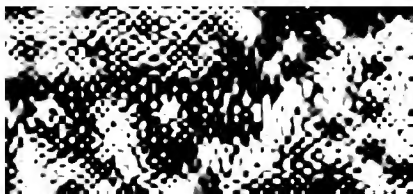
Buy direct from Manufacturer and save Middlemen's Profit

Send Us Sixty-Four Cents

and we will send you a pair of

**GUINEVERE
KID GLOVES**

which are daintier in shape, better in workmanship and more stylish in appearance than other gloves sold at con-



**8 ROLLS OF FINE GILT
WALL PAPER
FREE**

With each \$3 order or over we give FREE, 8 ROLLS OF ELEGANT 150. GILT WALL PAPER. Gilt Wall Paper as low as 2c. a roll. All Borders are also sold by the roll, 15 yds. for 2c. and upwards. Lowest Priced House in the World. Small samples free. Large sets of samples of Wall Paper and our Millinery and Dry Goods Circulars sent prepaid for 8c. and still larger samples for 5c. for postage. Premiums for taking Wall Paper Orders.

The one physician
who really conquered

RHEUMATISM FREE TEST TREATMENT

It is difficult to realize that a single preparation will permanently cure the worst cases of chronic and acute rheumatism. *But this is true.* Dr. Whitehall's Rheumatic cure, sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents, is doing this in 95 cases out of 100. The doctor says: "*I pledge my word there is not one iota of exaggeration in this estimate; and to help you realize that this is true, I will forward on application, a free proof treatment. I do not guarantee a free cure, but I do guarantee to convince you that this remedy will cure you.*" The free proof treatment will make you feel like a new being at once. No cost, remember, to be convinced of the realness of this grand fact that your rheumatism can be cured at home, easily, simply, pleasantly and at trifling cost.

A large practice, yielding from \$100 to \$500 each, for guaranteed cures, was brought to an end by success obtained in combining all the elements of this formerly expensive treatment into one single formula now selling to the public in drug stores everywhere at fifty cents a box.

Do right and write right now.

Address The Dr. Whitehall Megrimine Co.

125 Main St., South Bend, Ind.

Dr. Whitehall

The Physicians' Gazette said of him in 1902

"An astute student and sturdy character of Indiana, who reflects credit upon the medical science of that progressive state."

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Is Absolutely Guaranteed Against Sun, Wind and Rain —It Never Cracks, Peels Off or Blisters

It Is Absolutely Fire Proof and Water Proof, the Greatest Wood Preservative Known, Can be Easily and Quickly Applied by Any Man or Boy—It Costs Only One-Fifth as Much to Buy and One-Tenth as Much to Apply.

24 Sample Colors Sent to Any Address, Prepaid, Absolutely Free.

"Stay There" Paint is good paint. It's as much better than the ordinary kind as gold is better than brass. The name tells the whole story in a nut shell. It stays there wherever applied and it not only stays, but it holds its color and will not chalk, peel off or blister if properly applied; the sun cannot kill it; rain will not wash it off even when freshly applied; costs less than one-fifth as much as old style paint, and costs less than one-tenth to apply. Besides all this it reduces your insurance risk.

Any man or boy can apply it. Goes in just like any other paint, except easier.

Thousands of farmers are painting their barns now with \$5.00 worth of paint and \$2.00 or \$3.00 for labor, where it used to cost them \$25.00 for the paint alone. They put this paint on themselves at one-tenth the cost of what the paint bill used to be.

Men owning houses to rent or who live in their own homes, no longer dread the day they have to paint the house, for Mr. Hook gives a positive guarantee that he will furnish enough of the best paint in the world to paint any house or barn 25x50 feet, 20 feet high, for \$5.00.

Our book telling all about this paint and a handsome color card will be mailed free to anyone who wants to do painting.

GUARANTEED to look better, wear better and cost less than white lead paint. Send for booklet telling how to

Paint your Building for \$5.00

or how to figure the amount of paint required for any given surface, together with handsome color card and wholesale prices upon this wonderful paint delivered at your station. Energetic and responsible agents wanted in every county.

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ART DEPT WILSHIRE'S MAG

DEAFNESS CURED

Louisville man originates a simple little device
that instantly restores the hearing—

Fits perfectly, comfortably and
does not show.

90-page book FREE: tells all about it.

Your... Gold Mine

You have one if you have two square yards of earth. \$25,000 was made by a Missourian in one year on one-half acre, growing Ginseng. Any man, woman or boy can grow it. Millions of dollars worth demanded for export annually. Easily cultivated; hardy everywhere in the United States. Supply limited, demand increasing. Must be planted in Fall.

We sell the cultivated plants and seed. A small patch makes a fortune. Complete information free. Write today.

**Chinese-American
Ginseng Co., Joplin, Mo.**
Dept. "E"

Since the discovery of a Louisville man it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube or any such old-fashioned device, for it is now possible for any one to hear perfectly by a simple invention that fits in the ear and cannot be detected. The honor belongs to Mr. George H. Wilson, of Louisville, who was himself deaf, and now hears as well as any one. He calls it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, is built on the strictest scientific principles, containing no metal of any kind, and is entirely new in every respect. It is so small that no one can see it, but nevertheless it collects all sound waves and diverts them against the drum-head, causing you to hear perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the hearer irritation, and can be used with comfort day or night.

It will cure deafness in any person no matter how acquired, whether from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gathering in the ear, shocks from artillery or through accident. It not only cures but stays the progress of deafness and all roaring and buzzing noises. It does this in a simple, sure and scientific way. The effect is immediate.

Let every person who needs this at once send to the company for its 90-page book, which you can have free. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains many bona fide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India. These letters are from people in every station of life, clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc., and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from the use of this wonderful little device. You will find among them the names of people in your own town or state, and you are at liberty to write to any of them you wish and secure their opinion as to the merits of the only scientific ear drums for restoring the hearing to its normal condition.

Write to-day and it will not be long before you are again hearing. Address, for the free book and convincing evidence, Wilson Ear Drum Co., 701 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

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NATURE'S GREATEST AID

Impurity causes disease. To cleanse the body within and without is to insure retaining health or getting well if you are sick. Nine-tenths of diseases are caused by retention of waste elements held in the colon. Remove these impurities and the cause is gone.

"The J. B. L. Cascade" removes this waste and cleanses the body, and is the only appliance specially made for the successful practice of the Internal Bath.

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The record of its cures and benefits reads like a revelation to those hitherto unacquainted with it. The "J. B. L. Cascade" is used by hundreds of well-known people in all parts of the world—senators, governors, generals, ministers, lawyers, actors, merchants and other persons whose intelligence gives unequivocal weight to their testimony. Perhaps it is wise for us to make no stronger claims here; for if we told the half of what we have seen of its benefits in our own experience, or of what comes to us every week from physicians, nurses and persons of education and standing, we should be charged with exaggerating.

We want to send free to every person, sick or well, a simple statement setting forth this treatment. It contains matter which must interest every thinking person. If you live in New York you are earnestly invited to call, but if you cannot call, write for our pamphlet, "The What, The Why, The Way," which will be sent free on application, together with our Great Special Offer for this month only.

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IS SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION, ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS, CAN BE APPLIED BY ANY PERSON, IS INVARIABLY EFFECTIVE, ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL IN EVERY HOME, WILL SAVE ITS PRICE A DOZEN TIMES OVER IN A YEAR, AND IS THE MOST INVIGORATING APPLIANCE FOR PREVENTING AND CURING DISEASE IN THE KNOWN WORLD

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NEAR 26TH STREET 222 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Tapestry Paintings 2000 Tapestry Paintings to choose from. 38 Artists employed, including Gold Medalists from the Paris Salon. Special designs for special rooms furnished.

Artistic Home Decorations We can show you effects NEVER before thought of, and at moderate prices, too. Write for Color Schemes, Designs, Estimates. Artists sent to all parts of the world to execute every sort of Decoration and Painting. We are educating the country in Color Harmony. We supply everything that goes to make up the interior of a home—STAINED GLASS, RELIEF, CARPETS, FURNITURE, PARQUETRY, TILES, WINDOW SHADES, ART HANGINGS, DRAPERIES.

Russian Tapestry For Wall Hangings in colorings to match all kinds of wood work, carpets, draperies. To be pasted on like wall paper, 52 inches wide. It costs little more than Burlaps, and has taken the place of Burlaps in private homes, being softer, smoother and more rich and restful. We recommend these most highly. We have made special silk draperies to match them. Send 10c. for postage on samples.

Gobelin Art Cretons For Wall Hangings. They are pasted on like wall paper. They are taking the place of the latter, being softer and more artistic, costing a very little more—about the same as wall paper at \$1.00 a roll. We have them in styles of Grecian, Russian, Venetian, Brazilian, Roman, Rococo, Dresden, Festoon College stripe, Marie Antoinette, Indian, Calcutta, Bombay, Delft, Soudan—and, mark you, we have draperies to match. Send 25c. to pay postage on samples.

Wall Papers New styles designed by gold medal artists. Send 50c. to prepay express on large sample books and drapery. Will include drapery samples in package. See our Antique, Metallic, French, Pressed Silks and Ilda effects. Have 500 different wall hangings with draperies especially made to match.

Draperies We have draperies to match all kinds of hangings from 15c. a yard. This is a very important feature to attain the acme of artistic excellence in decoration. No matter how much or how little you want to spend, you must have harmony in form and color. Send 25c. for samples.

FREE If you will send us the floor plans of your house we will send you free a color scheme, illustrated by samples themselves. (Regular charge for this is \$25.00). Tell us what you want on the walls of the principal rooms—tint, paint, paper or stuff. We can decorate your house from \$200.00 up. If possible, send us the plans; rough pencil outline will do. Tell us if you want curtains, carpets, furniture—in fact, itemize to us everything you desire. If you have any or all of these articles let us know the color of them, so we can bring them into the color scheme. Send 25c. to pay postage.

Douthitt's Manual of Art Decorations The art book of the century. 200 royal quarto pages filled with full-page colored illustrations of modern home interiors and studies. Price \$2.00. If you want to be up in decoration send \$2.00 for this book. Worth \$50.

School Six 8-hour tapestry painting lessons, in studio, \$5.00. Complete written instructions by mail, \$1.00. Tapestry paintings rented; full size drawings, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are such advantages offered pupils. New catalogue of 225 studies, 25 cents. Send \$1.00 for complete instructions in tapestry painting and compendium of studies.

Tapestry Materials We manufacture Tapestry Materials superior to foreign goods and half the price. Book of samples, 10 cents. Send \$1.50 for trial order, for two yards of 50-inch wide No. 6 goods, worth \$3.00.

Multi-Color Photography Panes Special Reproductions of Old and Modern Masters in the exact colors and tints of the originals. Large catalogue containing 233 plates, showing sizes and prices, 50c., postage prepaid.

A GOOD WATCH

is a comfort and a joy, while a poor one makes life miserable. If you want a **good reliable** standard watch at a price that is **positively** from 10 to 40 per cent. lower than they generally retail, I would like very much to correspond with you on the subject, but if you want one of these so-called gold watches, warranted for 20 or 30 years, at \$2 98 or \$3.49, you will have to get it somewhere else as I **do not** deal in that class of goods. I have just issued my third catalogue that will be ready for mailing March 1st, that I want every lover of a good time-piece to have. It will only cost you a stamp. You will find quotations on such goods as Elgin, Waltham, Hampden, Illinois, Seth Thomas and South Bend movements, and Fahys, Boss, Crescent, Dueber, Wadsworth, Philadelphia and Illinois cases.

Something Select

12 size 25-year 14K elegantly hand-engraved (or plain polished or satin-finished), hunting Dueber case, fitted with a 17-jewel adjusted Hampden nickel movement

\$19.50

sent, as all goods I quote, C. O. D., with privilege of examination at express office before you pay a cent, or sent prepaid on receipt of price.

A Great RAILROADWATCH

21-jewel Crescent Street Waltham fitted in a patent dust-proof open-face Fahys 25-year 14K filled case, plain or finely hand-engraved, at

\$29.00

23-jewel Vanguard Waltham in above case

\$38.00

Verites Elgin 23-jewel same price. All other grades at proportionally the same price.

Hundreds of "Wilshire" readers are carrying watches bought of me. Why not you? Can give references in any state or territory in the Union, including Alaska. My large cash purchases and very low selling expenses explain why my prices are away below the average retailer's. And I especially wish to call your attention to my motto which I invariably carry out to the letter, "I use my customers as I want them to use me." Hence my large watch business.

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LACE COLLARS, our own importations in Irish Point, Renaissance and other most advanced styles, extremely beautiful. From \$1.25 up.

LACE CURTAINS, latest designs. From \$2.00 up.

SILK-E UNDERSKIRTS, truly silk-like, but wearing better. Colors—black, heliotrope, blue, green, red, rose. Lengths 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44 inches. \$2.50, express paid.

SILK-E HOSIERY rivals the genuine silk article, seamless, easy-walking goods, plain or open work, for men and women. \$1.70 ½ dozen pairs; 30 cents 1 pair, postpaid.

BRAID BELTS, made of elegant black silk braid, with handsome oxidized buckles in front and back. 50 cents, postpaid.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Goods also sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination, if \$1.00 deposit accompanies the order.

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Your Musical Education Free

**The Most Remarkable Offer Ever Made By
Any Responsible House**

A PRICELESS GIFT TO ANYONE

**The Cornish Company, of Washington, New Jersey,
Gives Free a Two-Years' Scholarship in the
United States School of Music.**

AND FREE TRIAL FOR A YEAR OF A PIANO OR ORGAN

**This Offer is Made in Good Faith to Everybody Who Will Accept of the
Great Cornish Plan—The Plan Will Be Sent to Anyone Who Will
Drop a Postal Card in the Post Office, Asking
for It and Giving Name and Address.**

The most remarkable offer ever made by any responsible, safe-to-deal-with house, is that now being made by the Cornish Company, of Washington, N. J., in which they give, absolutely free and without a cent of cost, a full scholarship of two years in one of the best and most widely-known schools of music in the United States. The tuition begins immediately upon acceptance of this offer and pupils are allowed to begin taking their lessons at any time or at any stage of their studies. If students have never taken lessons at all they can begin with the rudiments; if they are well advanced they can be taken up at any point they leave off and carried on through a full two-years' course. The teaching is done in your own home, and will occupy only your spare moments. No set time must be laid aside for lesson as is necessary when you have a private teacher. There are no travelling, board, school or other expenses to be paid. The teaching is done by mail by a plan which is perfected so that it accomplishes as much as a private teacher would, and at the same time giving you the advantages of greater talents than any one teacher could ever hope to give. You are given all the advantages of a large conservatory of music. The most careful attention is given to every detail of properly imparting the idea, theory, composition, harmony and technique of music to the pupil, fitting him to become a successful performer on the organ or piano. The instruction you receive will be from the best and most accomplished musicians and professors of music in the country. You cannot fail to learn. The lessons are so plain the merest child can understand them.

The only condition to this remarkable offer is that you

avail yourself of the CORNISH PLAN, in which you get a year's free trial use of a Cornish Piano or Organ, a make which has been before the public for fifty years and has been used in a quarter of a million of homes. They are perfect in construction, elegant in tone and contain particular qualities protected by numerous patents which distinguish the Cornish make all over the world as pre-eminently the best instruments in the world.

The CORNISH PLAN has been adopted for the purpose of saving money to the purchaser. It provides for the sale of all instruments direct from the factory to the user at lowest factory cost, thus giving the user the full benefit of better prices than agents can generally make with manufacturers. It saves one-half. Sales are made either for cash or easy payments on a scale of prices easily within the reach of slim pocketbooks.

Everyone who purchases a Cornish Piano or Organ gets a certificate of two-years' scholarship in the United States School of Music. The full particulars go with every Cornish catalogue sent out. The catalogue is accompanied by a set of colored and embossed miniature pianos and organs, with a description of the fifty different styles made at the factory and sold direct to the user at factory cost. Send for the catalogue, which is free, and select the instrument you want and the Cornish Company will ship it on trial. If it proves to be not as represented after a year's use, return it to the factory and the company will refund your money with freight charges and six per cent. interest added. Send a postal card to-day and find out all about it. Mention this paper and address, Cornish Company, Washington, N. J.

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

THE YANKEE SEARCHLIGHT

Yankee Searchlight, \$2.50.

Battery Renewals, 40c.

Lamp Renewals, 50c.

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PAINE'S PERFECT PIPE Without the nicotine or dust. You only get pure, refreshing smoke when you use Paine's Perfect Pipe. See the smoke chamber (A-A), all nicotine and dust stop there. The bowl can be lifted out and pipe cleaned while lighted. Stem can't clog. Smoke all you like with this pipe. It won't upset your nerves or burn your tongue. Made of FRENCH BRIAR.

U.S. or CANADA.

1/2 bit, straight stem, -	\$3.50 each
" - (case \$1 extra)	2.00 "
" - (case \$1 extra)	2.50 "
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" - (case \$1 extra)	85 "
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" - (case \$1 extra)	60 "

each; every pipe warranted.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

FRANKLIN Z. PAINE,

DULUTH, MINN.

CASH PRIZES IN GOLD FOR PUZZLED POETS

Everybody thinks he can write poetry. Editors don't usually encourage this idea, but the editor of *THE PILGRIM* is an exception. He offers *spot cash* prizes for the best solution of some poetical puzzles, examples of which are printed here. You will see that the last line of each stanza is missing. It is represented, however, by a picture. Turn the picture into a suitable line of poetry rhyming with the line it follows and you may win a prize. The missing lines are in *THE PILGRIM* offices. The contestants whose suggestions most nearly approach them will win.

THIS IS NOT THE WHOLE PUZZLE—ONLY TWO SAMPLE VERSES. A POSTAL CARD WILL BRING YOU THE FULL PUZZLE, THE TERMS OF THE COMPETITION AND THE LIST OF PRIZES. WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY. ADDRESS—

PUZZLE EDITOR,

THE PILGRIM,

Old Zachery Lord on a gusty day
Took his only child and he sailed away;
He was bound for a port in a distant land
With the rest of the Pilgrim Father's band.
Ah—sad was the heart of his daughter fair
For her Jonathan lover, he wasn't there.
Old Zach just smiled—so the story goes—

Each day, lest the charm of the thing might fade,
Fair Beth took the part of his waiting mald,
And the while Zach tossed on his sea-sick cot
She brought him his innocent viands hot.
They were 'Jonathan made' and they bore a share.

KENTUCKY'S GREAT WHISKEY

1817-FULTON-1903

DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY TO CONSUMER—EXPRESS PREPAID

The public has been frequently deceived by the reckless and extravagant claims made in the advertisements of irresponsible firms, who are not distillers. We invite the most rigid investigation of these facts for your consideration:

1. **Method of distilling FULTON Whiskey.** Hon. D. N. Comingore, for eight years U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, Sixth District, Ky., at Covington, Ky., to whom you may write, stated, after a thorough examination of our Distillery, "I found in the processes of manufacture you had adopted the very best and most approved methods for producing the highest grade Whiskey."

2. **Medicinal Quality of FULTON Whiskey.** For many years we have supplied a large number of Hospitals and Institutions, such as the Chesapeake & Ohio R. R. Hospital at Clifton Forge, Va., the Ogdensburg (N. Y.) Hospital, U. S. Government Hospitals everywhere, and many others to whom we can refer you.

3. **Our responsibility.** We own U. S. Registered Distillery No. 22, with offices and shipping warehouse located on the most prominent corner in Covington, Ky. We refer to First National Bank, all Express Companies and every business house and citizen here.

We ship, all express charges prepaid, securely packed in plain boxes with no indications as to contents, same day order is received, two gallons, of fully matured, mellow whiskey, either Rye or Bourbon, or one gallon of each, in Myers' patent glass demijohns, for \$5.00.

Or, if you prefer,

SEND NO MONEY

with two gallon \$5.00 order, as we will ship on terms of 30 days to persons who will have their bank or responsible merchant guarantee their account when ordering on these terms. This inducement is made to prove the superior quality of FULTON Whiskey and place it in households for medicinal purposes. Minors need not answer. If not pleased, return at our expense, and if paid for, all your money will be refunded by next mail, without question. Four miniature bottles Selected Reserve Fulton will be sent FREE to those who remit with two gallon orders.

Sample orders for one gallon are shipped, all express charges prepaid, in four full quart bottles or Myers' patent glass demijohn on receipt of \$3.00. Return if not pleased, and all your money will be returned by next mail.

"A Fair Customer"—a booklet of History about Whiskey, illustrated. SENT FREE. Address plainly—

Myers & Company,

Warehouse No. 143, Covington, Ky., U.S.A.

Orders for Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, must call for six gallons, by freight, prepaid.

✉ Write for Express terms.

GUARANTEED TO CURE
or benefit most
Obstinate Diseases.
A MOST REMARKABLE INVENTION

PHYSICIANS ASTONISHED AND THOUSANDS OF grateful users testify to the wonderful results obtained by using the famous

How You Can Make Money

IN THE SHEEP AND CATTLE BUSINESS

The Montana Co-operative Ranch Company is a co-operative company organized under the laws of Montana.

It has a capital of \$40,000.00, divided into 4,000 shares of \$10.00, but present price of shares is \$13.00.

Its ranch now consists of 8,440 acres of rich land in the famous Sweet Grass Hills.

It now has 204 shareholders, some of whom are bankers, merchants, doctors, mechanics and 47 ladies, scattered all over the United States and Canada.

Anyone can become a shareholder by buying one or more shares in the company. You are then entitled to put sheep, cattle, hogs, or Angora goats on the ranch, and the company guarantees to keep them, providing all feed, care and shelter for one-half of the increase.

Shareholders who had sheep on our ranch last year made over 40 per cent. interest.

You cannot find a safer, more practical or better paying investment anywhere.

Write for prospectus, testimonials and full information, to

MONTANA CO-OPERATIVE RANCH CO.

Lock Box 102

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

Or W. F. KAY, Ottavario, Ontario,
Canadian Agent.

5 to 25 lbs. STOCK FOOD Free

In order to demonstrate the superior merits of Pasture Stock Food, we will give a large package absolutely free to any farmer or feeder.

Every stock raiser and feeder will be glad to learn that Pasture Stock Food saves several times its cost by aiding digestion and assimilation, thereby permitting the animal to get the good of all it eats. It is not so much what the animal eats as what it digests and assimilates that goes to make the finished product. Pasture Stock Food induces perfect assimilation by supplying those elements present in green pasture, but lacking in dry food. It is Nature's substitute for June pasture. Pasture Stock Food is our best advertisement, and our faith in it is so great that we offer a free trial to any feeder who has not used it. We impose no conditions except that you agree to give it a trial. Simply write us stating the number of cattle, horses, hogs, sheep and chickens that you have, and we will send you the food and make no charge for it. You have much to gain and nothing to lose by writing us at once.

PASTURE STOCK FOOD CO.

654 Royal Insurance Building, Chicago, Ill.

to be returned and your money refunded if not as represented. Over 300,000 Cabinets sold last year. Customers delighted. You enjoy these famous Baths at home for 3c. each. They make beautiful complexion, rosy cheeks, cleanse inwardly and outwardly. Prevent disease and will surprise and delight you.

Special 60 Day Offer. Best Heater. Medicine and Vaporizing pan and 100 page Health and Beauty Book, reduced to \$3.50. Our \$10.00 Finest and Best Double Walled Cabinet, reduced to \$6.10. Our \$1.00 Face and Head Steaming Attch., 65c.

WRITE FOR OUR NEW BOOK AND OTHER OFFERS FREE!

Also testimonials, or order to-day. We're responsible. Capital \$100,000. Ship promptly. Write to-day sure.

World Mfg. Co., 904 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O. Representatives and good agents wanted. Big wages. Write

100 Persons Cured Every Day of RHEUMATISM

By Magic Foot Drafts. Sent on
Approval anywhere in America

TRY THEM FREE

They Will Cure YOU

If you read this, you will probably send for a pair of drafts and be CURED of your rheumatism.

The Drafts cured Mrs. W. D. Harriman, wife of Judge Harriman, of Ann Arbor, Mich.

They cured Carl C. Pope, U. S. Commissioner at Black River Falls, Wis., of Rheumatic Gout.

They cured severe rheumatism of the arms, neck and back for T. C. Pendleton, Jackson, Michigan.

Mrs. Casper Yahrsdorfer, Jackson, Mich., 70 years old, was cured in a few weeks, after suffering for 30 years.

The Drafts cured James Gilbert, Locomotive Dept., Mich. Cent. R. R., Jackson, Mich., after 27 years of pain.

They cured Dr. Van Vleck, Jackson, Mich., and he is now using them in his practice.

Letters from these persons and many others are reproduced in our new booklet on rheumatism—also sent free with the trial pair of drafts.



A great many persons try Magic Foot Drafts every month at our expense. Thousands are cured—and pay. Some are not cured, but have found out, without expense, that they have something else besides rheumatism.

Magic Foot Drafts open the pores of the feet, the largest in the body, and by means of the intricate capillary development of the blood vessels here, draw out and neutralize by alkaline reaction the acid poison accumulations in the blood, reaching and permanently curing rheumatism in every part of the body. Our free booklet will convince you that Magic Foot Drafts, which at first glance may seem unreasonable, are really the most logical treatment ever discovered for rheumatism. We want to send you a pair on approval, without a cent in advance. If you are satisfied with the benefit received send us One Dollar. If not, keep your money. Write to Magic Foot Draft Co., 342 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich., today. Send no money—only your name.

"THE STERLING"

PUBLISHED AUGUST 1924, 1924

"THE STERLING" CAN-OPENER is Radically Different from all other Can-Openers.

It is scientific. The principle of the lever has been carefully considered, the length being proportioned to the pressure necessary to be exerted. It is easy to operate, whether on a condensed-milk can or a beef tin. A child can use it. Made of cold-rolled steel, making it strong, durable and light in weight. There are no corners nor crevices to harbor dirt. Quickly cleaned with hot water, which will not loosen the handle. Square or round cans can be opened with the "Sterling." It has two knives, one for opening round and one for square cans. Turns the corners of square cans with ease. Blood-poisoning cannot result from a clean cut, nor will the "Sterling" permit it either. As it cuts the can it rounds the edge of the tin, therefore, making it impossible for the hand to be cut. Many cases of blood-poisoning have resulted from the use of other can-openers. Handsome, neat and well proportioned, and it has so little the appearance of a kitchen utensil that it can be readily used in the dining room.

Price 25 Cents, Postpaid. Agents Wanted.

M. F. TOBIAS & CO., 251 West 114th St., New York

FREE

\$1.00 Package FREE

Post-paid on 10 days' trial to any lady.

SE-NEP-O (open pores)

The perfect skin food. Makes healthy, soft, beautiful skin. It is Nature's remedy.

Take advantage of this liberal offer before it is withdrawn.

ANTICEPTINE CO.

191 Ottawa St.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

GRAY HAIR RESTORED.



"WALNUTTA" HAIR STAIN is prepared from the juice of the Philippine Islands walnut, and restores Gray, Streaked, Faded or Bleached Hair, Eye-brows, Beard or Moustache to its original color, instantaneously. Gives any shade from Light Brown to Black. Does not wash off or rub off. Contains no poisons, and is not sticky or greasy. "Walnutta"

Hair Stain will give more satisfactory results in one minute than all the hair restorers and hair dyes will in a lifetime. Price 60 cents a bottle, postpaid. To convince you of its merits we will send a sample bottle postpaid for 30c. PACIFIC TRADING CO., Dist. Office 36, St. Louis, Mo.

Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes

obtained by forcing the growth. LAYORINE makes them grow Long, Thick, Luxuriant. Price, 25c. Stamps taken. PROF. W. CLAY DAVIS, M.T., 1231-33 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

GRAY HAIR CAN

be restored to its natural color. Satisfy yourself by writing today for handsome free booklet telling all about NOTADI (Not-a-dye). Restores your hair to the exact shade it used to be. Large 5-oz. bottle mailed to any part of the world for \$1.50. Write at once to

THE NOTADI COMPANY

1316 Unity Bldg.

Chicago, Ill.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

I have been selling Perfumes for the past six months. I make them myself at home and sell to friends and neighbors. Have made \$710. Everybody buys a bottle.

I first made it for my own use only, but the curiosity of friends as to where I procured such exquisite odors, prompted me to sell it. I clear from \$25 to \$35 per week. I do not canvass; people come and send to me for the perfumes. Any intelligent person can do as well as I do. For 42 cents in stamps I will send you the formula for making all kinds of perfumes and a sample bottle prepaid. I will also help you get started in business.

MARTHA FRANCIS

11 South Vandeventer Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

The anagement

Of The Alta Mines Company is such as to insure the conservative investor. Given; a good gold mine and proper management, the result is sure success and the greatest possible profit on one's investment.

MR. N. T. MANSFIELD, of Telluride, Colorado, is the active and actual manager of The Alta Mines. Mr. Mansfield is a safe, experienced, practical mining man and capitalist, with a high personal financial rating in Dun's and Bradstreet's, who for twelve years was in charge of the world-renowned Smuggler-Union Mine and developed it into a property that produced over twenty millions of dollars. His reputation throughout his own state and in the financial world is the very highest. The Bank of Telluride, Colorado, will give you facts about Mr. Mansfield and his record for success and veracity. The officers of The Alta Mines Company are as follows:

PRESIDENT—Hon. John C. Koch, Milwaukee, Wis., Vice-Pres. Pritzlaff
Wholesale Hardware Co., and former Mayor of Milwaukee.

TREASURER—Albert C. Blatz, Pres. Val. Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

SECRETARY—Chas. Buchner, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE ALTA MINE, located in the famous San Juan district of Colorado, near the Smuggler-Union Mine, has shipped 300 cars of ore in the past 15 months, aggregating six million pounds, for which ore it has received to date \$103,060.51. Reports of each shipment are on file and can be authenticated by the American Smelting and Refining Co., at Durango, Colo., and Denver, Colo. From all these shipments, taken as a whole, the concentrates average \$33.35 per ton, and the crude ore \$44.85 per ton. Note that these figures are not from "sample" ore, but are obtained from 15 months' shipments of 300 carloads. And these large figures are taken from development work only, while there remains blocked out millions of dollars in gold, silver and lead ore to add to the world's wealth—and yours. (If you would know the difference between "ore blocked out" and "ore in sight" write us and we will inform you. It is a very important distinction; one based on actual values, the other on theoretical estimate.)

THE ALTA MINES COMPANY will have their big stamp mill in operation within 30 days, handling 100 tons of ore every day. New batteries of 5 stamps each will be added throughout the year until the daily capacity reaches 250 tons. To complete the payment on this mill a limited amount of stock in The Alta Mines Co. is offered the public at 50 cents a share. This price is subject to advance without notice. Here is a good gold mine, with a conservative, experienced manager and with officers of wealth and financial standing. The result of association with them in this company will certainly be of profit to you. Investigation is urged, both of the mines and of the officers, with a view to investment. Dun, Bradstreet, any commercial agency, any bank in Milwaukee, Wis., and in Telluride, Colo., will give you truthful information on request. For further and complete facts to date send for our free copy of "The Alta Nugget," our monthly publication, issued for information of our stockholders. This and other descriptive literature which we send you will tell you the entire truth about The Alta Mines Company. Address

WIN. J. MORGAN, Financial Agent
416 PABST BUILDING, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Pure Havana Cigars

in 19 styles, from \$4.75 to \$15.00 per 100. From work-bench to smoker direct, saving 40 per cent. from retailers' prices.

**Send \$1.00 for
Box of 12 Bouquets**

Express paid. Money back if not absolutely satisfactory. Catalogue shows all styles and tells of our methods. We are cigar-makers for thousands of Havana lovers.

LA RECLAMA CUBAN FACTORY

MANUFACTURERS OF

Pure Havana Cigars Exclusively

1895 1st Ave.

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15 CENTS

Will bring you, on trial, 13 weeks, the **PATH-FINDER**, the old reliable national news-review. This paper gives you every week **ALL** the important news of the world, stated clearly and without bias. It is the only news-review that is truly comprehensive; and it is at the same time not padded or bulky. It gives you the wheat without the chaff. It is a time-saver for all busy people. In purpose it is high-toned, healthy and inspiring; it is a protest against sensational journalism. It takes the place of periodicals costing \$2.50 a... \$3.00. Try it and you would not be without it for many times its cost—\$1.00 a year. Address

The Pathfinder
Washington, D. C.

Sight Restored

Quickly and at little expense in patient's own home without inconvenience or annoyance by the wonderful

ONEAL DISSOLVENT METHOD

Joy in many thousand hearts has been produced through the agency of the Oneal Dissolvent Method since it was perfected by Dr. Oneal, the noted Chicago Oculist, some 20 years since.

The testimony of many people who have been so wonderfully benefited by the Oneal Dissolvent Method is ample evidence of the merit which it possesses. It has not been in some isolated instance where a cure has been effected, but in every case where the treatment was given a fair trial. With all its marvelous power it is absolutely harmless, and it is for this reason that Dr. Oneal permits his patients to treat themselves in their own homes, which is not only convenient, but much less expensive than if they were obliged to come to him.

Dr. Oneal has just issued the twenty-third edition of his book, entitled "Eye Diseases Cured Without Surgery." The book accurately describes and illustrates all forms of eye diseases, contains many testimonials, and will be of valuable assistance to those who are afflicted. It is sent free to anyone who writes for it. A postal card will bring it.

Among Dr. Oneal's recent and notable cures is that of Carlton Hughes who is in charge of the bookkeepers of the Stamp Division of the Post Office Department, Washington, D. C. Mr. Hughes himself administered Dr. Oneal's treatment at home, and was cured of Cataracts which other oculists had told him could only be removed by the knife. Cross-Eyes are straightened by Dr. Oneal without knife or pain. Always successful.

If you write Dr. Oneal, describing your case, he will be very glad to give you his professional opinion Free of Charge, and will advise you what course you should pursue. You may safely write to him, for there will not be one penny of expense unless you wish to take his treatment.

If the reader of this article has a friend who is afflicted with any form of eye trouble, you may be the means of saving his sight by informing him of Dr. Oneal's offer and sending for his book. Address all communications to
OREN ONEAL, M. D., Suite 194, 52 Dearborn St., Chicago

Another Gold Mine

By Lee S. Ovitt

LEE S. OVITT

GOLD MINE! A Second Oregon! Good news to many men and women who have watched the marvelous development of that famous mine in Oregon, the Cracker Oregon. A little bit of story may prove of interest to those who have not followed the development of the Cracker Oregon.

Less than a year ago, or in April, 1902, I offered this stock to the public. It was expected to become, but it took a great amount of hard work to convince my public that

it was all I claimed for it. But I succeeded in placing the stock and the development work was begun. Then came the report.

First,—good ore, then better, then—a strike that set the camp by its ears, \$10,000 ore! and finally, the finding of a streak that assayed \$50,000 to the ton! Then there was a celebration and from all parts of the country, and in some cases from abroad, came orders for Cracker Oregon stock. But there was none to be had—although recently some shares were sold at \$1.50 each.

Such in brief is the story of the Cracker Oregon.

Those who get my paper "Consolidated Mining Reports" published monthly, have had the story in full, from month to month, during the past year.

Now then. In the face of the facts, regarding the Cracker Oregon, what will the public say when I offer them stock in another gold mine—the "Cracker Jack," and claim that it will, in my opinion, prove to be a greater and richer mine than the Cracker Oregon!

I am going to make that claim.

But not here. The burden of proof must come from the prospectus, which will show conclusively that the Cracker Jack claims lie at the fountain head of the Mother Lode!

It will show that directly south and adjoining is the Cracker Oregon group while directly west is the famous North Pole, the property that has recently uncovered a \$5,000,000 ore shoot! The Cracker Jack vein parallels the North Pole, and on one of the claims—the Apex—the formation of the mountain is such that the two veins will most likely converge.

Surface indications prove it almost beyond the shadow of a doubt.

But I am stealing the thunder of my prospectus in going into these details. This book will tell the whole story, and the main object in view now, is to get it into your hands.

The stock will go in sixty days—maybe less time, for I am in a position this time to say, this is a good mine, an annex of a great gold mine, a neighbor of another.

and its stock will pay. With the Cracker Oregon I could only say what I thought would prove to be the outcome of development.

In the case of the Cracker Jack I know whereof I speak! No "ifs" or "ands" about this gold mine. A condition, not a theory, confronts us.

A letter of inquiry to any bank in Sumpter or Baker City would tell you very quickly whether or not my expectations were apt to be realized.

Our properties are well known out there where they are located, and the methods of the men behind the mines are well thought of.

We conduct our business on business principles.

I am going to indulge in a little moralizing on the question of investments in general, before I wind up this article.

I want to present my argument in favor of my kind of an investment and see if you can find any weak spots in it anywhere.

I am a great believer in gold mines.

Out in Oregon I can point to three that I have had a good deal to do with, that are successes, and will prove to be dividend-earners for years to come, long after my work is done here on this earth.

For in this day of scientific attainments along the lines of geology men trained in that science can tell, with a certainty that is beyond question, just what the yield in mineral will be, of a certain block of ore. They can tell by surface showings what the trend of the vein is, and how far it extends, and can tell better when the tunnels are run and they can chip off pieces of ore here and there as the veins are uncovered.

It has become an exact science, and the crude guesswork of the old-time miner is not followed

So the gold mine business today is reduced to that of a great manufactory whose product is a staple that every man and woman in the world has need for, and which every government on earth is ready to buy at a fixed price. Gold is the standard by which all values are measured. I think my proposition is an interesting one, therefore.

All that remains for me is to prove that the mine contains the gold and that the men in control of the output are good business men, both of which I stand ready to prove to the entire satisfaction of every man interested.

When an expert of the standing of Warren Cable, a mining engineer who is known from end to end of this country, makes the broad claim that in his opinion we have a better property—judged by surface showings than the Cracker Oregon, basing his statement on the vein disclosed and the values carried therein, then I feel safe in making the claims I do, and I never make claims that I cannot substantiate. I think I am too smart for that, and have too much at stake personally. I am a heavy holder of this stock and am counting on dividends.

The prospectus, that I have had prepared, mention of which is made earlier in this article, will tell in detail, all that any would-be investor would care to know of the property, shows a photograph of the mine, and its topography as related to the Cracker Oregon, North Pole and other mines.

You may be skeptical of gold mines, but I am sincere in thinking that a careful reading of this book will convert you to my way of thinking. There is an entire absence of bombast in it. Every part of the subject is given scientific and technical treatment by men who know whereof they speak.

Glittering generalities are left out. The reader is left to judge for himself whether the promises made are certain of fulfilment.

All in all it is a business book, and presents its arguments in a businesslike manner.

I want to get it into your hands.

This stock will sell in a hurry, and I expect to sell the last of it at par. Prices will be advanced as improvements are added and developments made.

What does the future hold out to you?

Work till you die or will you put a little of your earnings to work now, and take things easy later on?

These are the questions that confront men and women daily.

The lines of concentration in the business world are drawing tighter every day and it is becoming a greater problem as the years roll on, as to how people shall live.

The man with \$500,000 who can buy railroad stocks is not worrying, but the one with \$500 is.

Alone he can do but little. Co-operating with others who have like sums to invest, his money becomes a power vast enough to move mountains, dig tunnels, build mills, install machinery and make the earth yield her increase, so that he and his fellow investors can enjoy a comfortable old age, secure from want and worry.

I think I am on the right track as far as investments go, don't you?

If you don't think so, I stand ready for the question—and I shall evade nothing.

I hope you will send for that prospectus, anyway.

NOTE—In buying stock make all Cheques, Drafts, Money Orders, etc., payable to LEE S. OVITT, Fiscal Agent.

LEE S. OVITT, FISCAL AGENT.

Main Offices,

P31-55 Merrill Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

New York	-	-	-	A331 Stewart Building
Boston	-	M831-832	Board of Trade Building	
Pittsburg	-	-	-	L711 Penn Building
St. Louis	-	-	-	A439 Oddfellows' Building

Write me at any of these addresses.

GROW YOUR HAIR and EARN \$500

DON'T BE BALD

DR. RHODES' DANDRUFF CURE Cures Itching Scalp, Eczema, Dandruff, Barbers' Itch, Ringworm, and all Diseases of the Hair and Scalp. **Your money back if it fails. MAKES HAIR GROW.** Don't allow disgusting scales of dandruff on your hair and clothing. One application will stop that awful itching.

I had a bad case of itching scalp, my hair falling out badly. I was in danger of becoming bald. I used your CURE as directed and in ten days I was entirely, and I believe permanently cured of the itching, annoying scalp disease, and the hair had stopped falling out. If you could see my hair, you would be surprised to see how long and thick it has grown in so short a time. I will send my photo. GEO. W. SAUNDERS, Supt. New Vulture Mining Co. Vulture, Arizona.

403 Manhattan Ave., New York.
DR. A. RHODES CO.

GEO. W. SAUNDERS

been greatly benefited by it. MRS. B. E. PETTINALL.

DR. RHODES' DANDRUFF CURE—Price 50c.

Sent by mail on receipt of the price. Free Sample. Cash Price. Send 5c to partly defray postage for Free Samples, interesting book on Scalp Diseases, Symptom Blank for Free Advice, and particulars of \$500 Cash Prize Hair Growing Contest. Address DR. A. RHODES CO., Hair and Scalp Specialists, 40 Merrimack Street, Lowell, Mass.

REFERENCE:—American or other Express Co., Lowell.
FREE Trial Bottle of Dr. Rhodes' Astringent Hair Lotion, the Great Hair Grower, if you ask for it.

D O Y O U

Want to know everything possible about anything?
Want to save time, hard work, wearying research?
Want to save money?

WANT TO OBTAIN EARLY ADVANTAGE OF A TRADE SITUATION?

Want to compile a scrap-book on a special subject, scientific, dramatic, biographic, political, social, financial, commercial, historic, economic, or otherwise?

Want to prepare a response to a toast; speech in a debating club or elsewhere; paper or essay in a literary club, or anything of that nature?

Want to know anything that is said of you, or anyone else, in print or pictures?

Want to keep yourself up-to-date in anything?

The easiest, surest, quickest, most economical and perfect way is to secure the services of

**THE UNITED STATES
PRESS-CLIPPING BUREAU
170 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO**

Send Stamp for our Booklet

50-PIECE DINNER SET

Wonderful inducement to sell our Swan Baking Powder. Every purchaser of a pound of Swan Baking Powder under our Plan No. 65 will receive this beautiful consisting of pitcher and six glasses, full size, free. Latest cut glass pattern. This Water Set is given absolutely free to every purchaser of household articles as by our Plan No. 65. To every lady who sells fourteen cans of Swan Baking Powder, No. 65, with the inducement of this beautiful Water Set free to each purchaser, we give a decorated 50-Piece Dinner Set or a 56-Piece Tea Set, absolutely free. We do not ask money in advance. Simply send us your name and address and we will mail different plans and full information. You will be surprised to see what can be done in a few hours' work. We will allow you fifteen days to deliver the goods and money before paying us. We allow large cash commission if preferred. We pay We also give Bedsteads, Tables, Couches, Chairs, Shirt Waist Patterns, Musical Instruments, and many other useful and desirable articles, for selling our goods. Write for Plans and full information.

SALVONA SUPPLIES COMPANY, 1127 and 1129 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

We assure our readers that the Salvona Supplies Company is thoroughly reliable.—Editor.

Paul's Safety Inks

FOUND AT LAST!

Are adopted by all U. S. Government Departments. **DO YOU KNOW** we will ship one Astor Library, No. 16, extra set, with No. 2 Filled, Automatic Safety Ink Wells, one Fluid, one Crimson, \$1.00? For sale by all dealers.

Paul's Astor (Oak) Library, No. 16, Extra Set. 6½x9 inches.

Safety Bottle & Ink Co., 117 and 119 Ninth St., Jersey City, N. J. (factory)

BRANCHES: New York City, 111 Nassau Street.

Chicago, Ill., 134 E. Van Buren Street.

SEW THIS



DEVICE
IN YOUR
COAT
SLEEVE

Pat. Dec. 5, 1923

Put an ordinary collar button in the rear or centre button hole of the cuff, slide it into the front circular opening—push it back to regulate the cuff—an inch or two or simply a white edge can be shown.

THE CUFF WILL STAY
WHERE YOU PUT IT

You take your coat off and hang it up, the cuffs will require no attention until they need laundering. One pair for every coat you own. Price 10 cts. a pair or 50 cts. for six pairs, by mail, postpaid. Agents wanted. Address

WOODMAN CO., Box 2872, Boston, Mass.

ANGORA CATS

Thoroughbred stock—aristocrats—beautiful, affectionate and intelligent pets. Lowest prices for finest stock. Walnut Ridge Farms, 3 State St., Boston, Mass.

FINE WATCH & CHAIN \$3.75

GENUINE \$50 GOLD WATCH
a appearance, magnificent full engraved double hunting case, stem wind and set, ACCURATE RUBY JEWELLED WORKS which is timed, regulated and fully GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS. Send this to us and write if you want Ladies' or Gents' watch, and we will send the WATCH & CHAIN C.O.D. \$2.75 and express charges to examine. If as represented pay \$3.75 and charges and it is yours.

Standard Watch Co., Dept. 134, Chicago

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

8% Dividends Sure

25 to 100% Possible and Probable

An established, growing manufacturing company, overwhelmed with orders, must increase their facilities. The product is a staple, yet a monopoly with an unlimited field. A small amount of treasury stock is offered in sums of \$10.00 and upwards. Proceeds to be used for the purchase of the additional machinery required to handle the increasing business. The best industrial stock ever offered to the public. Better than putting your money in a savings bank, because it is just as safe and you receive at least eight per cent on your investment instead of three per cent.

This is not a stock selling scheme, but a live, legitimate manufacturing enterprise, possessing all the requirements to make a fortune for the stockholders. The shares ought to double in value the first year. Investigation invited. References furnished. Write for Prospectus No. 401. Address

Union Security Co.,

Investment Bankers,

401 Gaff Bldg., Chicago.

PLATFORM OF THE
SOCIALIST PARTY

The Socialist Party of America in National Convention assembled, reaffirms its adherence to the principles of International Socialism, and declares its aim to be the organization of the working class, and those in sympathy with it, into a political party, with the object of conquering the powers of government and using them for the purpose of transforming the present system of private ownership of the means of production and distribution into a collective ownership by the entire people.

Formerly the tools of production were simple, and owned by the individual worker. Today the machine, which is but an improved and more developed tool of production, is owned by the capitalists and not by the workers. The ownership enables the capitalists to control the product and keep the workers dependent upon them.

Private ownership of the means of production and distribution is responsible for the ever-increasing uncertainty of livelihood and the poverty and misery of the working class, and it divides society into two hostile classes: The capitalists and the wage-workers. The once powerful middle class are rapidly disappearing in the mill of competition. The struggle is now between the capitalist class and the working class. The possession of the means of livelihood gives to the capitalists the control of the government, the press, the pulpit, and the schools, and enables them to reduce the workers to a state of intellectual, physical and social inferiority, political subservience and virtual slavery.

The economic interests of the capitalist class dominate our entire social system; the lives of the working class are recklessly sacrificed for profit, wars are fomented between nations, and indiscriminate slaughter is sanctioned in order that the capitalists may extend their commercial dominion abroad and enhance their supremacy at home.

But the same economic causes which developed capitalism, are leading to Socialism, which will abolish the capitalist class and the class of wage-workers. And the active force in bringing about this new and higher order of society is the working class. All other classes, despite their apparent or actual conflicts, are alike interested in upholding the system of private ownership of the instruments of wealth production. The Democrats, Republicans, the bourgeois public ownership parties, and all other parties which do not stand for the complete overthrow of the capitalist system of production, are alike political representatives of the capitalist class.

The workers can most effectively act as a class in their struggle against the collective powers of capitalism, by constituting themselves into a political party, distinct from and opposed to all parties formed by the propertyed classes.

While we declare that the development of economic conditions tends to the overthrow of the capitalist system, we recognize that the time and manner of the transition to Socialism also depend upon the stage of development reached by the proletariat. We therefore consider it of the utmost importance for the Socialist party to support all active efforts of the working class to better its condition and to elect Socialists to political offices, in order to facilitate the attainment of this end.

And such means we advocate:

1. The public ownership of all means of transportation and communication and all other public utilities, as well as of all industries controlled by monopolies, trusts and combines. No part of the revenue of such industries to be applied to the reduction of taxes on property of the capitalist class, but to be applied wholly to the increase of wages and shortening of hours of labor of the employees, to the improvement of the service and diminishing the rates to the consumers.

2. The progressive reduction of the hours of labor and the increase of wages in order to decrease the share of the capitalist and increase the share of the worker in the product of labor.

3. State or national insurance of working people, in case of accidents, lack of employment, sickness and want in old age; the funds for this purpose to be collected from the revenue of the capitalist class, to be administered under the control of the working class.

4. The inauguration of a system of public industries, public credit to be used for that purpose in order that the workers be secured the full product of their labor.

5. The education of all children up to the age of eighteen years, and State and municipal aid for books, clothing and food.

6. Equal civil and political rights for men and women.

7. The initiative and referendum, proportional representation and the right of recall of representatives by their constituents.

But in advocating these measures as steps in the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth, we warn the working class against the so-called public ownership movements as an attempt of the capitalist class to secure government control of public utilities for the purpose of obtaining greater security in the exploitation of other industries and not for the amelioration of the conditions of the working class.

For further information write to the National Secretary,

WM. MAILLY,
Omaha, Neb.

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A timely word of reminder of the above fact may not be amiss at this day. As the closing date approaches our friends are redoubling their efforts in this prize-winning contest and the results are most gratifying. FIFTEEN THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS IN FEBRUARY CAN EASILY BE MADE THIRTY THOUSAND IN MARCH AND SIXTY THOUSAND IN APRIL BY EARNEST EFFORT.

There is ample time between now and May 1 to accomplish this result, and we wish to urge all of our co-workers to put forth every energy and effort to turn in the greatest possible number of subscriptions before the close of the contest.

Great results can be secured for Socialism by "A LONG PULL, A STRONG PULL AND A PULL ALL TOGETHER."

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We will send you **FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES** of HAYNER'S SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE for \$3.20, and we will pay the express charges. Try it and if you don't find it all right and as good as you ever used or can buy from anybody else at any price, then send it back at our expense and your \$3.20 will be returned to you by next mail. Just think that offer over. How could it be fairer? If you are not perfectly satisfied you are not out a cent. Better let us send you a trial order. If you don't want four quarts yourself, get a friend to join you. We ship in a plain sealed case, no marks to show what's inside. Write our nearest office **NOW**.

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G A A Y

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On and after May 1st, 1903, the subscription price of Wilshire's Magazine will be \$1.00 a year.

Subscriptions will be received at present rate, 50 cents a year, until May 1st. Friends desiring a dollar magazine at half price will do well to send subscriptions at once and urge their friends to save half-a-dollar by subscribing for Wilshire's now.

The rates to subscription agents will also be doubled on May 1st, so agents should make hay while the sun of a quarter rate is shining.

\$7,500.00 GIVEN AWAY

In our July number a new prize contest will be announced. We cannot say positively just now what the amount of prizes will be, but it is near

as we can estimate at the present time the total will reach about \$7,500.

The prizes will be given in the order of their value to those sending us the largest number of yearly subscriptions or purchasing the largest number of yearly subscription cards, between May 1st and December 1st, 1903.

During the month of April on this present contest agents have the benefit of the low subscription rate and strong efforts should be put forth to capture a prize and boost the cause of Socialism.

A substantial prize will be given to everyone sending not less than twenty yearly subscriptions in this contest failing to win one of the capital prizes, so that everyone sending twenty subscriptions between May 1st and December 1st, 1903, is sure to win.

Prize winners in last contest will be named in our July issue.

If you are not familiar with our subscription rate to agents, write us at once.

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

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(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE)

PLEASING RESULTS

Following the use of

CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD

Lowville, N. Y., Jan. 26, 1903.

Cranitonic Hair Food Co.,

Gentlemen:—As my experience with your "Hair Food" has been such a success, I thought you would be pleased to hear of it. About five years ago my hair began falling out quite badly. For two years I tried different so-called "sure cures" but none of them helped me and my hair had dwindled down to one small braid. Three years ago last summer I read of your "Cranitonic Hair Food" and sent for the free trial bottle. At first I could see no change, but after a little I noticed an improvement. I then sent for a large bottle with the Soap and before it was all used, my hair stopped falling ENTIRELY. My hair began growing and is now five feet and five inches long.

My front hair I had always kept cut short. At the time I began using the "Hair Food" I let it grow, and now that is a foot and a half long. The most wonderful part of it is, I am fifty years old, an age when no woman's hair is supposed to grow luxuriantly.

I send you a photograph of my hair so you can see for yourself. You are at liberty to use this if you wish.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs C. F. Elliott

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By

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mines and practically unlimited resources yet uncovered—waiting for the concentrating mill. A 100 ton (daily) mill will earn the company \$300,000 yearly, and it is intended to enlarge the capacity to 500 tons (daily) in the near future.

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who would not permit their names to be used in connection with an enterprise not meritorious. President MARK R. SHERMAN, formerly Vice-president and Director of the Western State Bank, Chicago; Secretary, SAMUEL W. WINN, formerly Bank Cashier and Manager of the Securities Department; Treasurer, EDWIN HEARTT, practical miner of years of experience, who is now on the ground overseeing the work.

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1,500 will buy 5,000 shares, par 5,000
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If not convenient to pay the full amount of subscription in cash, we will accept 25 per cent. with Order, 25 per cent. in 30 days and 50 per cent. in 60 days.

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE BUREAU

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 57

TORONTO, APRIL, 1903

\$1 Per Year

HOAR, THE LAST OF THE ROMANS

SENATOR HOAR is about the last survivor of the Old Guard in the United States Senate. He is a man who is universally respected for the absolute honesty and courage of his views, and while we may disagree with him we cannot withhold our regard from him.

When he joined the Grand Army of the Anti-Trust bill Producers it was significant for two reasons: first, that a man so conservative as he should have seen the necessity of bringing in such a revolutionary measure, and, secondly, because we feel that he is bringing in a bill which, though it is easily seen to be absolutely futile, yet to him seems perfectly practicable. The Senator's bill has been pretty well exploited in the papers, and it is unnecessary to go over it here. It is on similar lines to other bills of the same nature, and it is unnecessary to say it will be a failure. The Senator, in making his speech on the bill, referred to the fact that towns in Massachusetts, like Worcester, having parted with the ownership of their local industries to a national trust, were no longer self-governed but had transferred their rights of government to a few men living in New York City. Of course a similar process has been going on all over the country. There was a time when most of our industries were owned locally, both in the East and in the West. There was a time when the local residents of Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, and other great cities, owned such local industries as the street cars, gas works, breweries, etc., but now they all have been sold to some great syndicate with head offices in New York, and the owners of these industries no longer live in the locality in which they are situated.

I was much interested in Senator Hoar's speech, so much so that I wrote him saying that I should be very glad to run down to Washington and have a chat with him, and

received the following very courteous note in reply :

COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY.
UNITED STATES SENATE.

Washington, D. C.,
January 9, 1903.

MY DEAR SIR :

It will give me very great pleasure indeed, to have such a conversation as you propose. It is very difficult for me to name a day. The next six or seven weeks are to be crowded with business. We can never tell when a particular measure may come up in the Senate. So that while the Senate is in session we can never be sure of keeping engagements, and I have Committee work and other duties in the other hours of the day. But if you come over, in all likelihood I could find a time, either in the day or evening, to talk over the matter which you and I are agreed, I think, is the most important with which reasonable men have to do just now. I like your little leaflet very much.

My Creed in general is this :

First. I believe that the great things that have been gained in these countless ages in which men have been dwelling on this planet—and I think that we have gained great things—have been accomplished by a very slow growth indeed. So let us have the patience of God.

Second. I believe that things are tending toward what is good, and not toward what is bad.

Third. I believe implicitly that the desires of the American people are for justice and righteousness, however much they may be misled at times. The permanent things are the stars and the sun, and not the clouds or the dust.

I am, with high regard, faithfully yours,

GEO. F. HOAR.

Senator Hoar is referring to the Trust Problem when he speaks of the matter which he and I are agreed "is the most important with which reasonable men have to do." The leaflet which he "likes very much" is a reprint of an editorial from the December number of this Magazine, entitled "Why Save Men's Souls."*

Not only are Senator Hoar and myself agreed as to the importance of finding some solution for the Trust Problem, but after reading his Creed I can say we are also in agreement in our religion. However, like all co-religionists, we have our differences as to

methods in converting the heathen. Still, even in that important particular we coincide in disapproval of the orthodox Republican Party program of the Water Cure and Gatling Guns for the Filipinos. In our foreign policy we agree as to creed and methods, but in our domestic policy we have, however, considerable difference, which is probably more apparent than real. Senator Hoar is right in declaring that the great things of life have been gained by slow growth through countless ages, although this frank, scientific confession of faith may hardly, without explanation, strike a sympathetic chord in those of his constituents who believe strongly in the literal six-day story of creation. However, I presume that the Senator will agree that while Nature needs long periods of time for the gestation of anything really great, yet when the time is ripe, the transformation, the act of birth, may and usually does take place in a comparatively short period. It may take a year to build a ship, yet the launching takes but a moment. The ship in the ways is but a promise of what the ship on the water is to be. It is the ship without its soul; the launching gives the soul. Probably even the most hide-bound Presbyterian and the most ardent evolutionist will now agree that when the time for the creation of man was at hand, whether it was by the fiat of an Omnipotent God without any previous preparation, or whether it was simply an evolutionary step from an ape-like animal to a man-like animal, to Man himself—when the time came, the event itself was sudden, a great leap forward, so to speak. The supposition that the first man was merely the end of a series of small successive steps upward, with practically nothing to distinguish him from his immediate ape-father except a slight

* Ten of these leaflets will be sent to any address for five two-cent stamps.

degree of superior intelligence, is shocking alike to the conscious intelligence and to the subconscious intuitional sense. Viewed in proper light, there is no conflict between the ordinary orthodox religious belief in a special creation of the species, including man, and that of the scientific evolutionist who knows that no organism exists without a basis in a lower organism.

Now, the Trust is simply a new species in business organisms. It is not merely an enlarged corporation as some would have us believe. The first Trust denoted the birth of a new industrial species. It starts out in life with an entirely new view-point. It is indeed a corporation like other corporations, fundamentally, in that it is organized for the purpose of making money; but in its monopolistic methods it displays an entirely new departure from the methods pursued by its immediate competitive progenitors. The corporation had as its aim in life the production of the greatest possible quantity of goods, and looked to other corporations to produce all they could, the profits to come solely from the multiplication of sales. There was no thought of limiting production and enhancing price through scarcity; thus making money by restricting production rather than by increasing it. The corporation is an organism designed to live in an environment of the fiercest competition. The Trust is an organism with a shell built about itself to shelter it entirely from competition. It is to the corporation what the snail is to the slug, though with a greater difference. The Monopolistic Trust is as different from the Competitive Corporation as is the frog with lungs for air from the tadpole with gills for water. It is just as absurd to try to force the Monopolistic Trust back into the Competitive Corporation as it would

be to hold a frog under water and expect him to regain his gills and be able to live under the water as he did when he was a tadpole. Even the United States Senate cannot accomplish this feat. While realizing the absurdity of anti-Trust bills, we all believe in the honesty and good intent of Senator Hoar. If Senator Quay introduced an anti-Trust bill and it failed to work, we would all say, "Why, of course; Quay is a creature of the Trust and he never expected it to work." But it is different with Senator Hoar. We know that if his bill doesn't work it is not because he didn't wish or expect it to work. That it will not work is a foregone conclusion, but its failure will be an excellent object-lesson, which, I hope, will not be lost either upon Senator Hoar or upon the general public.

In Article 2 of the Senator's Creed he declares his faith that all things are tending to good and not to bad. This is my belief, also; but I live up to my Creed, as far as the Evolution of the Trust goes, and that is just where the Senator falls from grace. I say that the Trust itself is one of the things "tending toward what is good." I say, let it "tend." Let the Trust develop naturally, and it will become an instrument of the greatest good for the human race. When it has developed, let us take it and use it for the good of the human race, instead of seeking to destroy it. If all things are tending to what is good, why draw the line at the Trust? Judging from Senator Hoar's anti-Trust bill, his Creed should read, "All things, *except the Trusts*, are tending toward what is good." According to my theory, however, the birth of the Trust is the most marked demonstration of the truth of this Article of Faith that could be wished for. It is the Sign in the Heavens that mankind has been

looking for, that will guide us out of this hellish, fratricidal warfare, where we are all striving to starve our brothers, and show us a way to a nobler life where each will live for all and all will live for each. However, it is rarely that men do not at first reject the gifts of the gods and stone their true prophets. It is one of the fortunate events in the development of humanity that the Trust, the greatest gift yet made to man, is being handed out to us by giants of the Morgan and Rockefeller type, who will force it upon us whether we will or not. To be a successful iconoclast you must have the biggest hammer. The Roosevelts, with their imitation hammers, and the Hoars, with their real but puny ones, can make no impression whatever upon the new image of the future Golden Age of man—the co-operative principle as incarnated in the Trust.

Yes; the permanent things are, as you well say, Senator Hoar, the Sun and the Stars, and not the clouds or the dust. But if we wish ever to hear the Song of the Stars as they sing together, we must put not only our individual selves into harmony with the universe, but we must lead all men into that harmony. The Trust is a step, and a great step, toward that harmony in the industrial world which leads us nearer to the day when the soul of each man will be united with the soul of all mankind.

Be not you, my dear Senator, of that unthinking mob which would reject the gift of the ages to the men of today—the Trust which points the way to that brotherhood of man for which the Earth is sighing. Do not seek to destroy the gift, but help us get it into the possession of the rightful owners—the People. Let your motto be: "Let the Nation Own the Trusts."

WHEN THE TRUST AND THE EARTH ARE MARRIED

MR. OPPER'S cartoon, showing the American Trust casting a leering eye upon Miss Earth is a striking illustration of how the artist often forecasts the future more accurately than does the scientific man. I doubt if there is a political economist in any of the colleges in all the world who can see as does Mr. Oppen that the Trusts are simply bound to own the earth by virtue of their ever-increasing accumulation of

profits. These professors always have a way of thinking they can discern that something unforeseen is going to happen, in some way or other, which will prevent the occurrence of what appears to Artist Oppen to be inevitable. The difference between the professors and Oppen is that the professors, while ostensibly bound to tell the truth, as a matter of fact are paid to hold up a particular theory of economics, viz.,

that the present competitive system of industry is one which is destined to last forever, and is moreover the very best that could possibly be devised to make men happy. Mr. Oppen, on the other hand, simply gives as an artist, what his impressions are, without reference to any particular theory of economics which he is expected to uphold.

We Americans are realizing, much more clearly than the people of other countries, what the Trust is bound to do. As far as I can see, practically nobody outside of the United States, except one or two Socialists like Mr. Hyndman, of London, England, realizes in the least the tremendous effect the American Trust is going to have upon world politics. Even Kautsky,

"Some Day She'll Be Mine."

—N. Y. American.

His impression that the American Trusts are bound to own the earth is a correct one, and certainly any reasonable man who sees Rockefeller and Morgan piling up their hundreds of millions of dollars every year, with nothing to do with them except to buy more earth, and, knowing that the earth though large yet is limited, must come to the logical conclusion that some day the whole sphere will be bought out.

the greatest of the German Socialist economists, and the one having the widest grasp of the situation, seems quite blind to the fact that the American Trust is going to have such a dominating influence upon the Socialist movement of the world within the next few years.

Three years ago the American Trust did awaken Europe considerably by its exports from the United States, but

Europe has since been lulled into a state of fancied security by the diminution of these exports, not realizing that this diminution is but temporary and has been brought about by the Americans stopping to take breath, in order to build more machinery in this country, which will place them in a position where, when this machinery is completed, they will be absolutely invulnerable on entering the European markets. The hundreds of millions of dollars which are now going into building up our American industrial plants, and which will render the American capitalists absolutely invincible, are now absorbing at home a surplus which would, if not so used, be exported. The day is coming, and coming soon, too, when this work of building up our American industries will be practically completed; then the whole surplus which we are now using at home will be diverted upon foreign markets. This means the bankruptcy of foreign countries, particularly of England, owing to her being cut off from her foreign markets. This bankruptcy of foreign countries will necessarily be followed by the bankruptcy of the United States. We will have killed the goose which laid our golden eggs. A bankrupt Europe means no foreign market, and no foreign market will mean bankrupt America.

It is a melancholy commentary upon the wisdom of mankind that the startling nature of this state of affairs seems to be quite beyond the comprehension of those who might do something to meet the situation.

The politicians of England and of the Continent do not dream of there being any great meaning to statements such as I am here making. Joseph Chamberlain, who is set up by many as a kind of wonder-child in world politics, is absolutely dense upon the subject of the danger from the American Trust to the existing industrial system of the world. He imagines that by parading about South Africa and satisfying the Boers as to the details of building up their ruined farms, he is acting the part of a world-statesman. One cannot blame him very much for so over-estimating his own importance when the English thinking world is quite as insane in its belief in the divinity of Chamberlain as he is himself.

Except the Russian, De Witte, no European statesman gives the slightest evidence of any world-view; and it is unnecessary to say that in America the only man who has a world-view is the American capitalist who is looking to own the earth. He is, of course, the one who has the clearest view; but he is making the fatal mistake of imagining that when he comes into possession of the world he can hold it. When Mr. Morgan owns the earth and has all its people working for him, what will he do with the surplus product? The earth will not be like the white elephant that bankrupted its owner because it consumed too much. His trouble will be that the earth cannot consume what it produces.

The white elephant starves from too little food. The earth elephant will starve from too much food.

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS SEES BLUE DRAGONS

SOME years ago Prof. E. Benjamin Andrews of Brown University, Providence, R.I., had some very radical ideas, especially upon the silver question and also upon public ownership. As a result of these ideas he lost his job. He finally got another one, and is now Chancellor of the University of Nebraska. It was generally thought he would become more radical than ever in his new position in the Wild and Woolly West, where he could talk as he pleased, without danger of again losing his head. However, instead of becoming more radical he has become an extreme conservative.

Last January he delivered an address upon Socialism before the State Bar Association, of Omaha, Nebraska. One of the absurd fears he has of the dangers of Socialism is as follows:

Whenever material betterment comes to the ignorant poor, as through a rise of wages or the cheapening of bread, it is speedily checked by increase in population. The principal consideration that forbade me to find in Socialism a panacea was the insight that, granting to Socialism as a purely economic resort all that is claimed for it, which was further than I could go; supposing Socialism to bring to pass economically all that Rodbertus, Marx, or any apostle ever claimed, the community would soon be again suffering from its old-fashioned ills through the irrational multiplication of the species. However great economic prosperity may come through Socialism or otherwise, the sort of humanity we have had to deal with thus far, the only kind of men we know, will use such prosperity to multiply perniciously, to develop a submerged tenth, an ignorant and vicious proletariat, whose woes will be so great

as again and very soon to lower the average weal well toward zero.

I am not forgetting what Socialists say against this. Marx would have us believe that economic welfare inevitably begets intellectual and moral sanity. I could never see any proof of this. It is another bland and thoughtless assumption. Innumerable cases of physical plenty could be cited, taken from all the historic centuries and from the most diverse conditions of race, climate and society, which are not followed by mental or moral uplift. I instance the good-for-naught Anglo-Saxon men in the most prosperous parts of this country—without large families, rarely sick, able to command good wages if willing to work, yet forever in rags, without a cent's worth of property or credit, e. g., Joe Beal, in Sam Walter Foss' poem, "He'd Had No Show."

HE'D HAD NO SHOW.

"Joe Beal 'ud set upon a keg
Down to the groc'ry store, 'an throw
One leg right over t'other leg
An' swear he'd never had no show.
'Oh, no,' said Joe,
'Hain't hed no show.'
Then shift his quid to t'other jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.
'He said he got no start in life,
Didn't get no money from his dad.
The washin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had.
'Oh, no,' said Joe,
'Hain't hed no show.'
An' then he'd look up at the clock
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.
'I've waited twenty year—let's see—
Yes, twenty-four, an' never struck,
Altho' I've sot roun' patiently,
The fust tarnation streak er luck.
Oh, no,' said Joe,
'Hain't hed no show.'
Then stuck like mucilage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.
'I've come down regerler every day,
For twenty years to Piper's store.
I've sot here in a patient way.
Say, hain't I, Piper?' Piper swore.
'I tell y^e, Joe,
Yer hain't no show;

Yer too dern patient'—ther hull raft
Jest laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed."

If, therefore, we wish to go upon a basis of fact and not upon dreams, we ought not to expect from Socialism, however triumphant, any permanent deliverance from the principal woes that are upon us.

This reincarnation of Malthusianism in modern days is an absurdity that would hardly be looked for from Professor Andrews. We know so well that we are increasing every year in productivity, both from the improvement of machinery and the massing of labor, that it seems incredible that a man of his intelligence should intimate that an increase of population would so encroach upon the means of subsistence that we may have to go upon short rations.

Then, again, his assumption that an increase of comfort and wealth will result in an increased population is also erroneous. It is a well-known fact that the increase of population comes largely from the poorer classes in this country and not from the well-to-do. The richer, the people, the fewer children they have. Of course, this is an extreme which we do not look for under Socialism. We can hardly see any foundation for Professor Andrews' idea that women, who under Socialism will be economically independent, will burden themselves with large families of unwelcome children. If the Professor really thinks that an increase of wealth will have a tendency to make us so comfortable that we are going to multiply so rapidly that we will all starve to death, then he is logically bound to advocate the destruction of all our machinery and a return to the primitive days when we had only the simplest implements to help us in our contest with Nature.

Then, the Professor has another pipe-dream. He fears that under Socialism

drought and unfavorable seasons may cause an occasional general famine. The reason people go hungry is not because there is not enough food, but because there is too much, so much too much in fact that we cannot get a job and earn wages by producing food. Here are his words:

Under such Socialism the evils of scarcity and glut might be mollified by the careful gathering of statistics telling supply and demand. It is to be remarked, however, that, owing to diversity of seasons and weather and to people's changing tastes and wants, the evils referred to can at best be only a little diminished, while what can be done in this way *Trusts* are now rapidly bringing about.

The proposed Socialism would not prevent crises. Crops may fail or immense conflagrations or epidemics occur as now. Ups and downs in the value of money may also take place. Any improvement in these respects is as likely without Socialism as with.

When we have a proper method of distribution a failure of crops in one part of the world will not disturb us. All will unite to help each other.

Again the Professor says:

I also pause when apostles of Socialism urge that their system would secure work at fair wages for all at all times, putting an end to necessity for charity. A Socialist government might, of course, artificially provide employment through wood yards, stone-breaking plants, etc., where men having no other jobs could earn small sums—a system of disguised charity. But present governments can do this as well as Socialism could. Socialists do not mean this. They affirm that normal and lucrative employment will be always ready. How will Socialism guarantee this unless it can, as we have seen it cannot, prevent scarcity, glut, strikes, lockouts, crop failures, floods, fires and epidemics?

Frequently the occasion of a man's being out of work is not that there isn't any work, but that there is none of his exact sort, or none of this without search and travel, or that the wages or other conditions do not suit. I am wholly unable to see how general public ownership could much, if any, limit these possibilities of hitch.

The absurdity he indulges in here is the supposition that the aim of production is not the product but the work which produces the product, and that, therefore, under Socialism, we will not be able to feed people when we have plenty of food, simply because we won't

have any work to do inasmuch as the food is already produced. This is the case under existing conditions, of course. We starve because we have too much food. But, under a Socialist system, when we have plenty of food for everybody we will simply sit down and eat it while we are resting. Professor Andrews seems to think we ought to make people break stones or saw wood or do any other kind of unnecessary work in order to justify ourselves in taking the wealth that we have already produced by other forms of labor. If at a future day we shall have such complete control over Nature that all our wood shall be sawed and our food raised by automatic machinery so that human labor is hardly necessary at all, we will then, according to the Professor's theory all starve to death, either because we have no work to do, or because the people will multiply so rapidly on account of the increased food that they will devour the food of the earth like a swarm of locusts.

He says further :

It would annihilate the power of this nation to compete industrially or otherwise with leading nations. Benjamin Kidd rightly depicts how quickly a people which conducts its life non-competitively must drop behind such as continue under that cruel but effective goad. On the nature and amount of such loss people would differ. If it meant merely lessened wealth or prestige among the nations not a few would contemplate it with some composure ; but few certainly would confront composedly the likelihood of our becoming a vassal nation or of our absorption by Great Britain or the German empire.

The answer to this is that, in the first place, Socialism is going to be international. All nations will enormously increase their productive power through the concentration of industry and the multiplication of machinery which will be the result of co-operative industry. The main object of production is to give the produce to those who produce it. Professor Andrews seems

to think that we produce in order to allow our great capitalists to bankrupt other countries and so to control them financially.

And then he fears the mob, this good man in Democratic Nebraska.

It would subject society to a species of mob rule at home. In what sense do we believe in democracy? Not in the Athenian sense that every man is fit for any office or that men are equally capable to give advice on all questions ; but in this sense : (1) that natural differences of ability are at any time sure to be found in any society ; (2) that society naturally selects for its various duties and functions those somehow specially fitted for these, and then follow such leaders ; and (3) that the result thus attained, though usually far from perfect, is on the whole better than if leaders were made such in any other way.

To assume that Socialism means "mob rule" is about the limit of absurdity. Socialism means a system of society which will accomplish exactly what the Professor wishes, viz., it will allow society to naturally select for its functions those that are especially fitted for such functions. Today society cannot make any selection. The selection is made for us arbitrarily by the hereditary owners of wealth. The Vanderbilts and the Astors and the Morgans may possibly be the best people to manage our industries, but, if so, it is simply a question of luck. They attained their positions through being the sons of their fathers, and if Professor Andrews designs selection in this manner then he is simply defending a hereditary autocracy.

I might say that after reading the Professor's speech, I challenged him to a joint debate upon Socialism. Although I offered to go out to Nebraska at my own expense and pay all expense of the meeting, leaving the conditions and date to be fixed by Professor Andrews, I felt instinctively that my challenge would be declined. That my intuitions were correct can be seen by the following reply :

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA,
LINCOLN.

Chancellor's Office. January 26, 1903.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,
125 E. 23d St., New York.

My Dear Sir :

I have yours of the 24th inst. Replying, beg to say that I never engage in joint debates, having never observed any good to result from such. Even if my habit were different in this regard I could not for lack of time accept your suggestion.

I may say that the address to which you refer was first delivered before the Denver Philosophical Society, and was replied to by several people ; among them, as I understood, a representative Socialist or two. Permit me to observe further that the address does not pretend to deal with what I presume you would call fundamental, theoretical Socialism, but rather with that popular form of Socialistic presentation so common nowadays, which I presume you would criticize, from your point of view, as trench-

antly as I from mine. I dealt with Rodbertian Socialism in the first number of the Journal of Political Economy issued by the University of Chicago.

Very sincerely yours,
E. BENJ. ANDREWS.

I may add that I consider the attempt of Professor Andrews to evade a debate under the plea of "no good result from debates" is simply a species of professional conventional cowardice that seems common to all our college professors. As to his excuse that he was not attacking "theoretical" Socialism, I would say that is simply rubbish. He attacked Socialism, or rather what he pretended was Socialism, and has neither the courage nor knowledge to defend his position.

WHERE IS THY BROTHER?

LILIA D. DE WITT.

"A man was found dead in the park, a bullet wound through his temple, a revolver in his hand. His pockets contained only a small slip of paper, upon which was written these words : ' Out of Work.' "

Who laid thee so low, my lost brother,
And set this dread mark on thy brow?
With weapon in hand though they found thee,
Yet who shall determine that thou
Didst place on thy Maker's own likeness
This awful, indelible, stain?
Was it thy hand that did it, lost brother,
Or that of thy lost brother, Cain?

The judgment of men hath condemned thee,
Their verdict as "Suicide" read;
I appeal to a higher tribunal,
Can any man live without bread?
God knows all thy long, fruitless effort,
Thy struggle for life, and for breath,
How thy prayer to the world was for service,
Its refusal, thy sentence of death.

God knows all the hostile conditions
That mocked at thy weakness and need;
How toil-worn, incompetent fingers
Must strive with fierce talons of greed;
And oft though thy feet may have stumbled
While groping, unsure of the way,
He knows all, weighs all in His balance,
And none shall this verdict gainsay:

"Oh, Prince, in the pride of thy millions,
Who can't by a nod, or a breath,
Decide, for another, a brother,
The issue of life or of death,
Remember, not thine is the power,
Thou art but the steward divine
Of the share of that other, thy brother,
Whose hand lacks the cunning of thine,

"Whose arm lacks thy reach comprehensive,
Whose fingers, thy grasp and thy hold,
Who knows not the map of that country
Where thou dost prospect for the gold
Which I have in store for my children,
And to thee have intrusted the key:
Inasmuch as ye do to the least one
Insomuch do ye even to me.

"But cover the pale rigid features,
And leave him alone to his night;
Let this spectre of want and privation,
Not stand between thee and thy light;
Return to thy sumptuous table,
And forget in the flow of thy wine,
That the knell of the soul of thy brother
Is also the tocsin of thine."

"Am I of my brother the keeper?
Man reapeth the thing he hath sown;
Let him reap then the husks of his harvest,
I keep but the fruits of mine own."
The response thunders down through the ages:
"Was Calvary's sacrifice vain?"
And the voice of the Lord in His anger,
Asks, "Where is thy brother? Oh, Cain."

Pasadena, Nov. 5th.

HOW LOS ANGELES GOT DIRECT LEGISLATION

ELTWEED POMEROV, A. M., President National D. L. League.

THE adoption by the people of Los Angeles on Dec. 1, 1902, of a Direct Legislation Charter Amendment by a vote of more than six to one, completes the tally of the big Pacific Coast Cities. All of the large cities west of the Sierras now have municipal Direct Legislation, and those to adopt it later have a stronger and better form than those who got it earlier.

In 1893 or 1894 some energetic reformers got a Direct Legislation provision into the Seattle charter, but in order to get it in they had to make the percentage for petition twenty-five per cent., which is entirely too large. Also it was not carefully drawn; the result is it is almost a dead letter. There has been only one attempt to use it, and then it was thrown out by combined executive and judicial action. This action, I believe, was both tyrannical and unjust, but the Direct Legislation law was not framed so as to prevent it, but instead had imperfections in it that permitted it.

On May 26th, 1898, by a vote of 14,386 for to 12,025 against, San Francisco adopted a charter containing a good Direct Legislation provision. This provides that fifteen per cent. of the voters can initiate any measure, even an amendment to the Charter, which must then be submitted to the voters, and if a majority vote in favor,

it is enacted. Also "any ordinance involving the granting . . . of any franchise . . . or for the purchase of land of more than \$50,000 in value, must be submitted."

On June 3rd, 1902, by a vote of 10,807 for to 1,253 against, the people of Portland, Oregon, adopted a Charter containing a stronger and better Direct Legislation provision than that in the San Francisco Charter. This provides:

"Section 53.—Whenever there shall be presented to the Council a petition signed by a number of voters equal to fifteen per centum of the votes cast at the last preceding city election, asking that an ordinance, to be set forth in such petition, be submitted to a vote of the electors of the city, the Council must submit such proposed ordinance to the vote of the electors at the next city election, but such ordinance shall not be valid unless within the powers herein granted to the Council."

And there are further strong provisions relative to franchises, etc.

On Dec. 1st, 1902, the people of Los Angeles, by a vote of 12,846 for to 1,942 against, adopted a fine Direct Legislation amendment, and by a vote of 9,751 for to 2,470 against, adopted a good provision for the Recall or Imperative Mandate, and by a vote of 11,180 for to 2,306 against, adopted strong civil service rules.

The full text of this Direct Legislation provision was published in the March Direct Legislation Record, East Orange, N. J. It is the best provision yet drawn. It provides for the

Referendum on any ordinance passed by the Common Council on a seven per cent. petition, and if fifteen per cent. sign the petition and ask in the petition for a special election, the Council must submit it to a special election. Five is the percentage required for initiating petition, and fifteen per cent. if the matter is to be submitted at a special election. On filing the petition, the Clerk is to go over them to find if the number of signers is sufficient. If he reports there is not enough, the petitioners have ten days to get more signers. The majority to enact is not to be a majority of those voting at the election, but a majority of those voting on the ordinance. These may be widely different. Then there are various other good provisions.

There have been to my knowledge three attempts to get Direct Legislation into the Los Angeles Charter, and I think there were several attempts that I know not of. But I have spoken and aided at least three times. Ardent reformers were beaten and some of them became discouraged and said nothing could be done, the people were too apathetic and could not be aroused. But each failure left a deposit of popular education in which each succeeding effort thrived better than the previous one.

Among the undismayed of previous agitations was a wealthy, popular physician, Dr. John R. Haynes. He and H. Gaylord Wilshire were on the Boards which drew up a previous charter and which was thrown out by the Courts on a technicality. Dr. Haynes is a man of abundant means, fine appearance, culture, large practice, many interests in life, hosts of friends. He is not in politics. Pushing his private matters aside, he made the time to write about Direct Legislation and he has a weighty pen; to talk to his friends

about it and to make frequent addresses and he is polished speaker; to make opportunities for others to speak and write about it and to draw around him earnest men into the Direct Legislation League of Los Angeles and later into the Direct Legislation League of California. He deliberately went into politics, not for an office at all, but for a measure. Preserving himself perfectly free and untainted from the corruption that seems inseparable from all our municipal politics, he was yet friends with all the city politicians, would give them fine dinners when the opportunity offered, would do them favors that were fit, wanted nothing for himself in return except Direct Legislation for his and their city and they all knew that. Gradually the influence he had started and wielded began to tell and finally, I believe, most of the politicians assented to Direct Legislation going into the charter because Haynes was so good a fellow and they knew he would be disappointed if it did not go in. Also they knew there was a strong sentiment for it in the city and the man who should be instrumental in shutting it out, would be spotted at once by the good Doctor and his friends and the public would know it. So Direct Legislation went into the charter as if the ways had been greased and was adopted overwhelmingly.

But the Doctor is not content. Blessed is the discontented man who strives to remedy an evil. Here is part of a speech he made right after Los Angeles adopted this Direct Legislation amendment:

"The Direct Legislation League of California most earnestly hopes that the legislature at its coming session will submit to the people a state constitutional amendment providing for Direct Legislation in state, counties and cities.

You probably are familiar with the fact that the great wave of Direct Legislation (which simply means majority rule) is sweeping over the United States. It has been in force in the New

England towns since the landing of the Pilgrims. Some of the towns (from 10,000 to 20,000 people) have refused to become cities, because by doing so they would have to give up Direct Legislation, and we all know that these

North Dakota. The people of Oregon, by a vote of 60,000 for to 5,000 against, last June adopted a radical Direct Legislation amendment which the legislature, by a vote of 200 for to 7 against, had submitted to them.

"Direct Legislation is in the city charters of San Francisco, Alameda and Pasadena, in this state, and Seattle and Buckley of Washington. Radical Direct Legislation amendments, as you are aware, have just been adopted by the voters of Los Angeles by a majority of 2,000 greater than for any other amendment voted on at the same time.

"Now, in conclusion, let me for a moment call your attention to the fact that the only apparently sensible objections to the introduction of Direct Legislation in state, counties and cities are that it will result in the passage of a flood of foolish and ill-digested legislation and frequent elections. With reference to the latter, in the proposed amendment the people of the state have not the power to ask for a special election—special elections can be called only in cities and counties. With reference to the objection that if the people have the power they will pass foolish measures, experience has shown conclusively that wherever Direct Legislation is in force the contrary result happens.

"Switzerland in twelve years passed only 107 laws. The city of Berne—one-half million people—averages only from three to five ordinances a year. The towns of New England, where ten people can propose legislation, have fewer ordinances and laws than towns governed by councilmen. Direct Legislation has been in the constitution of South Dakota since 1897, and it has never been used once.

"Listen to what the Governor of that state, who was opposed to its introduction, has to say concerning it: 'Since these referendum laws have been a part of our constitution, we have no charter mongers nor railway speculators, no wildcat schemes submitted to our legislature. Formerly our time was occupied by speculative schemes of one kind or another; but since the referendum has been a part of the constitution these people do not press their schemes on the legislature, and hence there is no necessity for having recourse to the referendum.'"

DR. JOHN R. HAYNES.

towns—Brookline, Mass., being one of them—are the best governed in the United States.

Direct Legislation is a part of the organic law of South Dakota, and, in a modified form, of

Among his most efficient aids was the Los Angeles Herald and Joseph

Asbury Johnson, one of its editors. Mr. Johnson was the original Direct Legislation man in the committee that framed the San Francisco Charter and his draft for Direct Legislation was adopted with some few changes. Of course, he knew all about Direct Legislation.

Among the many good things with which the Herald's editorial columns teemed, I clip but two or three short extracts. On June 9th, before the agitation had really started, it said in part:

"The principle of the referendum cannot be gainsaid; it has been too long recognized by American States in connection with constitutional amendments, and, we believe, has proved an almost entirely satisfactory safety valve for the prevention of much unscrupulous and imprudent legislation. Would not the power to compel submission of all vital questions of legislation to a direct vote of the people provide yet another safety valve? While we do not believe that the practice of Direct Legislation would prove to be a panacea for the ills of misgovernment to which communities are heirs, we are satisfied, in the light of precedents in the government of New England towns and in the administration of Switzerland, which has earned the title of 'the ideal republic,' that there would be no danger, but, on the contrary, much benefit by the amplification of the expression of the people's will. If we do not entirely subscribe to the adage, 'Vox Populi, vox Dei,' yet we do emphatically believe that city and State should be governed by the fullest possible use of the general intelligence of the people."

On Nov. 20th, it said in part:

"Every citizen of Los Angeles ought to vote for Direct Legislation and civil service rules because they will give good government by the shortest cut. People are apt to think that these amendments will add materially to the working duties of citizenship; but this is not so. Direct Legislation is more a preventive of bad government than it is a creator of good government. In other words, it prevents more than it cures; and prevention is better than cure. When we have something that will do both—and Direct Legislation goes farther than anything else that

has been tried toward filling the bill—we have an ideal government.

Direct Legislation begins at the beginning; it goes to the root of things. When we start right we are less likely to make mistakes. If amendment No. 12 is adopted, the responsibilities of citizenship will be increased in practice, but not in theory. The people themselves are already primarily and wholly responsible. The very fact of the added responsibility, and the increase in the legislative power delegated directly to the people will make the exercises of that responsibility less onerous. It will act largely as a preventive, rendering the present costly, annoying and often inoperative curative process superfluous. Why have a 'sick' city government when we can have a 'well' one?"

And on the day before election, it said:

"There are two amendments that rank high above all others in vital importance and urgency. They must be adopted if we are to have a better city government. Amendment No. 12, relating to Direct Legislation, and Amendment No. 15, relating to the civil service, are the foundation stones of real government by the people. We cannot afford to trust capital solely with the powers of monopoly; we cannot afford to delegate legislation solely to professional politicians and their tools and satellites. The people must have initiative and restraining powers. This Direct Legislation gives them.

"To vote for Amendments 12 and 15 is the first duty of all friends of good government.

"Remember that these two amendments come late on the ballot, and do not tire in well-doing before you come to the most important votes on the whole ticket. It should be the first pleasure of every loyal citizen to vote 'Yes' on Amendments Nos. 12 and 15, before he applies the rubber stamp to any other clause or name on the ticket."

The other papers should be given some credit, for they at last fell into line, and there were many other unselfish workers whose names should be recorded, but space does not permit.

Among the spreading corruptions of our great cities watch and see if Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland are not notable exceptions, because in them the people actually rule.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER II—JOHNNY UPRIGHT.

I shall not give you the address of Johnny Upright. Let it suffice that he lives on the most respectable street in the East End, a street that would be considered very mean in America, but a veritable oasis in the desert of East London. It is surrounded on every side by close-packed squalor and streets jammed by a young and vile and dirty generation; but its own pavements are comparatively bare of the children who have no other place to play, while it has an air of desertion, so few are the people that come and go.

Each house on this street, as on all the streets, is shoulder to shoulder with its neighbors. To each house there is but one entrance, the front door, and each house is about eighteen feet wide, with a bit of a brick-walled yard behind, where, when it is not raining, one may look at a slate-colored sky. But it must be understood that this is East End opulence we are now considering. Some of the people on this street are even so well-to-do as to keep a "slavey." Johnny Upright keeps one, as I well know, she being my first acquaintance in this particular portion of the world.

To Johnny Upright's house I came, shortly after I had lowered myself into the abyss, and to the door came the "slavey." Now mark you, her position in life was pitiable and contemptible,

but it was with pity and contempt that she looked at me. She evinced a plain desire that our conversation should be short. It was Sunday, and Johnny Upright was not at home, and that was all there was to it. But I lingered, discussing whether or not it was all there was to it, till Mrs. Johnny Upright was attracted to the door, where she verbally castigated the girl before turning her attention to me.

No, Mr. Johnny Upright was not at home, and further, he saw nobody on Sunday. It is too bad, said I. Was I looking for work? No, quite the contrary; in fact, I had come to see Johnny Upright on business which might be profitable to him.

A change came over the face of things at once. The gentleman in question was at church, but would be home in an hour or thereabouts, when no doubt he could be seen.

Would I kindly step in? no, the lady did not ask me, though I tentatively suggested that I would go down to the corner and wait in a public house. And down to the corner I went, but, being church time, the "pub" was closed. A miserable drizzle was falling, and, in lieu of better, I took a seat on a neighborly door-step and waited.

And here, to the door-step, came the "slavey," very frowsy and very perplexed, to tell me that the missus would

let me come back and wait in the kitchen.

"So many people come 'ere lookin' for work," Mrs. Johnny Upright apologetically explained. "So I 'ope you won't feel bad the way I spoke."

"Not at all, not all," I replied, in my grandest manner, for the nonce investing my rags with dignity. "I quite understand, I assure you. I suppose people looking for work almost worry you to death?"

"That they do," she answered, with an eloquent and expressive glance; and thereupon ushered me into, not the kitchen, but the dining-room—a favor,

End, it was nevertheless my intention to have a port of refuge, not too far distant, into which I could run now and again to assure myself that good clothes and cleanliness still existed. Also, in such port, I could receive my mail, work up my notes, and sally forth occasionally in changed garb to civilization.

But this involved a dilemma. A lodging where my property would be safe, implied a landlady apt to be suspicious of a gentleman leading a double life; while a landlady who would not bother her head over the double life of her lodgers, would imply lodgings

A STREET IN THE EAST END OF LONDON.

I took it, in recompense for my grand manner.

This dining-room, on the same floor as the kitchen, was about four feet below the level of the ground, and so dark (it was mid-day) that I had to wait a space for my eyes to adjust themselves to the gloom. Dirty light filtered in through a window, the top of which was on a level with the sidewalk, and in this light I found that I was able to read newspaper print.

And here, while waiting the coming of Johnny Upright, let me explain my errand. While living, and eating, and sleeping with the people of the East

where property was unsafe. To avoid the dilemma was what had brought me to Johnny Upright. A detective of thirty-odd years' continuous service in the East End, known wide and far by a name given him by a convicted felon in the dock, he was just the man to find me an honest landlady and make her rest easy concerning whatever strange comings and goings of which I might be guilty.

His two daughters beat him home from church, and pretty girls they were in their Sunday dresses, withal it was the certain weak and delicate prettiness which characterizes the Cockney lasses,

a prettiness which is no more than a promise, with no grip on time and doomed to fade quickly away like the color from a sunset sky.

They looked me over with frank curiosity, as though I were some sort of a strange animal, and then ignored me utterly for the rest of my wait. Then Johnny Upright himself arrived, and I was summoned upstairs to confer with him.

"Speak loud," he interrupted my opening words. "I've got a bad cold and I can't hear well."

Shades of Old Sleuth and Sherlock Holmes! thought I; and I wondered as to where the assistant was located whose duty it was to take down whatever information I might loudly vouchsafe. And to this day, much as I have seen of Johnny Upright, and much as I have puzzled over the incident, I have never been quite able to make up my mind as to whether or not he had a cold, or had an assistant planted in the other room. But of one thing I am sure: though I gave Johnny Upright the facts concerning myself and project, he withheld judgment till next day, when I dodged into his street conventionally garbed and in a hansom. Then his greeting was cordial enough, and I went down into the dining-room to join the family at tea.

"We are humble, here," he said; "not given to the flesh, and you must take us for what we are, in our humble way."

The girls were flushed and embarrassed at greeting me, while he did not make it any the easier for them.

"Ha! Ha!" he roared heartily, slapping the table with his open hand till the dishes rang. "The girls thought yesterday you had come to ask for a piece of bread! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

This they indignantly denied, with snapping eyes and guilty red cheeks, as though it were an essential of true refinement to be able to discern a gentleman under his rags.

And then, while I ate bread and marmalade, proceeded a play at cross purposes, the daughters deeming it an insult to me that I should have been mistaken for a beggar, and the father considering it as the highest compliment to my cleverness to succeed in being so mistaken. All of which I enjoyed, and the bread, and the marmalade, and the tea, till the time came for Johnny Upright to find me a lodging, which he did, not half a dozen doors away, on his own respectable and opulent street, in a house as like to his own as a pea to its mate.

CHAPTER III—MY LODGING, AND SOME OTHERS.

From an East London standpoint, the room I rented for six snillings, or a dollar and a half per week, was a most comfortable affair. From the American standpoint, on the other hand, it was rudely furnished, uncomfortable and small. By the time I had added an ordinary typewriter table to its scanty furnishing, I was hard put to turn around; at the best I managed to navigate it by a sort of vermicular progression requiring great dexterity and presence of mind.

Having settled myself, or my property, rather, I put on my knockabout clothes and went out for a walk. Lodgings being fresh in my mind, I began to look them up, bearing in mind the hypothesis that I was a poor young man with a wife and a large family.

My first discovery was that empty houses were few and far between. So far between, in fact, that though I

walked miles in irregular circles over a large area, I still remained between. Not one empty house could I find, a conclusive proof that the district was "saturated."

It being plain that as a poor young man with a family I could rent no houses at all in this most undesirable region, I next looked for rooms, unfurnished rooms, in which I could store my wife and babies and chattels. There were not many such, but I found them, usually in the singular, for one room appears to be considered sufficient for a poor man's family to cook and eat and sleep in. When I asked for two rooms, the sub-lettees looked at me very much in the manner, I imagine, that a certain personage looked at Oliver Twist when he asked for more.

Not only was one room deemed sufficient for a poor man and his family, but I learned that many families occupying single rooms, had so much space to spare as to be able to take in a lodger or two. When such rooms can be rented for from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents per week, it is a fair conclusion that a lodger with references can obtain floor space for, say, from fifteen to twenty-five cents. He may even be able to board with the sub-lettees for a couple of shillings more. This, however, I failed to enquire into, a reprehensible error on my part, considering that I was working on the basis of a hypothetical family.

Not only did the houses I investigated have no bathtubs, but I learned that there were no bathtubs in all the thousands of houses I had seen. Under the circumstances, with my wife and babies and a couple of lodgers suffering from the too-great spaciousness of one room, taking a bath in a tin wash-basin would be an unfeasible undertaking. But, it

seems, the compensation comes in with the saving of soap, so all's well, and God's still in heaven. Besides, so beautiful is the adjustment of all things in this world, here in East London it rains nearly every day, and willy nilly our baths would be on tap upon the street.

True, the sanitation of the places I visited was wretched. From the imperfect sewage and drainage, defective traps, poor ventilation, dampness, and general foulness, I might expect my wife and babies speedily to be attacked by diphtheria, croup, typhoid, erysipelas, blood poisoning, bronchitis, pneumonia, consumption, and various kindred disorders. Certainly the death-rate would be exceedingly high. But observe again the beauty of the adjustment. The most rational act for a poor man in East London with a large family, is to get rid of it; the conditions in East London are such that they will get rid of the large family for him. Of course, there is the chance that he may perish in the process. Adjustment is not so apparent in this event; but it is there, somewhere, I am bound. And when discovered it will prove to be a very beautiful and subtle adjustment, or else the whole scheme goes awry and something is wrong.

However, I rented no rooms, but returned to my own on Johnny Upright's street. What of my wife, and babies, and lodgers, and the various cubby-holes into which I had fitted them, my mind's eye had become narrow-angled, and I could not quite take in all of my own room at once. The immensity of it was awe-inspiring. Could this be the room I had rented for six shillings a week? Impossible! But my landlady, knocking at the door to learn if I were comfortable, dispelled my doubts.

"Oh, yes, sir," she said, in reply to a question. "This street is the very last. All the other streets were like this eight or ten years ago, and all the people were very respectable. But the others have driven our kind out. Those on this street are the only ones left. It's shocking, sir!"

And then she explained the process of saturation, by which the rental value of a neighborhood went up, while its tone went down.

"You see, sir, our kind are not used to crowding in the way the others do. We need more room. The others, the foreigners and lower-class people, can get five and six families into this house, where we only get one. So they can pay more rent for the house than we can afford. It *is* shocking, sir, and just to think, only a few years ago all this neighborhood was just as nice as it could be!"

I looked at her. Here was a woman, of the finest grade of the English working-class, with numerous evidences of refinement, being slowly engulfed by that noisome and rotten tide of humanity which the powers that be are pouring eastward out of London Town. Bank, factory, hotel and office-building must go up, and the city poor folk are a nomadic breed; so they migrate eastward, wave upon wave, saturating and degrading neighborhood by neighborhood, driving the better class of workers before them to pioneer on the rim of the city, or dragging them down, if not in the first generation, surely in the second and third.

It is only a question of months when

Johnny Upright's street must go. He realizes it himself.

"In a couple of years," he says, "my lease expires. My landlord is one of our kind. He has not put up the rent on any of his houses here, and this has enabled us to stay. But any day he may sell, or any day he may die, which is the same thing so far as we are concerned. The house is bought by a money-breeder, who builds a sweat shop on the patch of ground at the rear where my grapevine is, adds to the house, and rents it a room to a family. There you are, and Johnny Upright's gone!"

And truly I saw Johnny Upright, and his good wife, and fair daughters, and frowsy slavey, like so many ghosts, flitting eastward through the gloom and the monster city roaring at their heels.

But Johnny Upright is not alone in his flitting. Far, far out, on the fringe of the city, live the small business men, little managers, and successful clerks. They dwell in cottages and semi-detached villas, with bits of flower garden, and elbow room, and breathing space. They inflate themselves with pride and throw chests when they contemplate the Abyss from which they have escaped, and they thank God that they are not as other men. And lo, down upon them comes Johnny Upright and the monster city at his heels. Tenements spring up like magic, gardens are built upon, villas are divided and subdivided into many dwellings, and the black night of London settles down in a greasy pall over all.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PAINTING BY PNEUMATIC POWER

THE use of a pneumatic spraying-machine for painting was first brought prominently before the public proved itself a cheap, speedy, and efficient substitute for the slow brush in many cases. In The Scientific Ameri-

PAINTING A FREIGHT CAR WITH THE PNEUMATIC COATING MACHINE.

at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago, when the exhibition buildings were coated with paint by this means. Since that time pneumatic painting has developed a great importance, having

can (December 26), a correspondent thus describes one of the devices now in use for this purpose. He says :

"The machine comprises a self-contained air and liquid pump, fitted with a

special expansive plunger, and an eight-inch boiler-tube receptacle in which the liquid and air are compressed. The apparatus thus comprised is mounted upon a substantial platform. Attached beneath the receptacle are two valves, located one above the other at one side of the pump in a special valve-chamber, and playing in removable brass seats and cages. The suction-opening at the under side of this valve-chamber is L-shaped. Into the L, thus formed is screwed a piece of one-inch pipe to which the wire-wound suction-hose is attached. The suction-opening leading into the pumping-cylinder is placed about one and one-half inches above the bottom of the cylinder, and is connected with the lower valve-chamber. It is the object of this construction to allow the plunger to close the suction-opening on each down stroke, thereby crowding every drop of liquid or air through the upper valve into the receptacle. From this construction, it follows that the liquid can never come in contact with the packing of the plunger. Indeed, the liquid does not enter the cylinder at all, because on the upper stroke of the cylinder the lower valve is opened and the liquid is drawn through into the lower valve-chamber. The down stroke, whereby the lower valve is closed and the upper valve opened, forces the liquid through the upper valve into the receptacle. . . .

"Any length of pneumatic air-hose can be used; for when the discharge-valve is open the hose becomes a part of the receptacle, increasing its capacity to the extent of the additional volume of the hose. By means of an eight-foot extension-rod or tube the liquid can be spread fourteen to sixteen feet overhead without a scaffold or ladder. Within this extension-rod is another valve, which gives the operator complete control of the discharge, even though he is working one hundred feet away from the machine. A specially designed nozzle at the end

of the extension rod gives to the liquid a whirling motion, so that there is no possibility of clogging the outlet. This special nozzle, in connection with the compressed air, atomizes the liquid so that a fine, filmy mist is formed which penetrates everywhere.

"The merits of the construction of the machine are obvious. The pump has simply to compress the liquid and air, and is not used as a means of discharging the liquid. The air, confined above the liquid, forces the liquid out through the discharge-hose and nozzle, so that if the machine is charged with liquid and air, it is not necessary to operate the pump-handle in order to empty the receptacle. The chemicals in the liquid cannot reach or destroy the plunger-packing; for they do not pass through the plunger. Since the valves are located at one side of the plunger, they can not become clogged with sediment. By providing concave seats and giving the valves a rolling motion, each stroke of the handle cleans the valves. The air pumped in while the receptacle is full of liquid passes to the top of the receptacle, thereby stirring or agitating the liquid constantly. By spreading the liquid into a thin mist through the medium of a special nozzle it is possible to apply a coat more evenly than otherwise, and without the streaky appearance given by the brush.

Contrary to the prevalent opinion, the pneumatic coating-machine is clean. If the filmy mist falls to the floor, it is hardly noticeable. In painting by brush, huge drops often fall to the floor. The application of the machine is wide, but has found its chief use in warehouses, factories, and for painting large surfaces of any kind, whether they be rough or smooth. In painting rough surfaces the saving in time and labor is particularly marked; for the fine spray permeates every crevice, and the work is far better done than it could be by hand and brush."

INGERSOLL, THE ORATOR

LOUVILLE H. DYER

IN the little town of Dresden, New York, on the 11th day of August, 1833, Robert G. Ingersoll was born. Robert was a babe when his father moved to New York City, where he was baptized in the Chatham Street Theatre.

His mother died when he was two years old, and his father moved with his family to Illinois, where Robert attended the country schools; he taught school for a short time when he was sixteen, studied law and was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-three, in Southern Illinois.

In 1857, he opened an office in Peoria, with his brother, Ebon C. Ingersoll. In 1860, he was a Douglas democrat, but he went over to Lincoln and stumped for him. He raised a regiment, the 11th Illinois Cavalry. He was made Colonel of the Company. His first engagement was Shiloh. He was taken prisoner, exchanged, then resigned his commission as Colonel.

He resumed the practice of his profession, and in 1878, he went to Washington, D.C., where he practiced until 1885, when he took up his abode in the city of New York, in which city he resided at the time of his death, which sad event took place at his beautiful summer home, at Walston-Dobb's Ferry, on Hudson, on the 21st of July, 1899. His great and gentle spirit took its

flight as peacefully as the sun goes down behind the hills of the red west. He was at home, in the tender circle where for years he had been the loved and loving father and husband. His passing was as tranquil as his career was brilliant.

Ingersoll was a born orator. The witchery and magic of style was always his; he had histrionic gifts in a rare degree; he instinctively married his thought to dramatic utterance.

His periods were well poised and full of action. His sentences always throb and thrill with life. He was a master of imagery; bold metaphor was his natural form of speech.

Ingersoll's genius was early appreciated in the West, but his fame did not fold in the entire country until he had reached his forty-third year. Only a few months ago, I was fortunate enough to listen to a distinguished and well-loved member of the bar of Maine, who has recently joined the ranks of the myriad dead, who told of Ingersoll's first national triumph. This man was present at the now historic Republican National Convention, which was held at Cincinnati in 1876. Ingersoll presented to the convention the name of James G. Blaine. The lawyer said the effect of that speech beggared description. Language was tame and wholly inadequate to convey the magic of the

style, the magnetism of the orator, the marvelous infectiousness of the speech. Here was a display of eloquence that was as brilliant and sudden as a flash of lightning. George William Curtis, who sat near the lawyer of whom I have spoken, was simply carried beyond himself by Ingersoll's superb effort.

He heard the voice of genius, and genius unmistakable. Very apt would these lines have been concerning Ingersoll:—

"When he speaks,

The air, a chartered libertine, is still
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."

Ingersoll had, by his masterly speech for Blaine, won a secure place among the world's great orators. The effect of this speech was not ephemeral. The impression it made was not meteoric. It was not a temporary triumph produced by a showy and startling rhetoric, combined with charming delivery, but the speech when printed and separated entirely from the subtle charm of the orator was seen to be a masterpiece. It was apparent that Ingersoll was an orator, a thinker, a poet.

Not long after the delivery of his great nominating speech, Ingersoll took the lecture platform; his success was instant. Large and delighted audiences greeted him everywhere. He had a magnificent body; a fine, penetrating, pleasant, blue eye; a strong face, with clearly defined features, and his facial expression was superb. His voice was of wide compass, flexible and resonant. His personal magnetism was wonderful. To these unique personal endowments, he added a magic use of words. His rhetoric could not be surpassed. His speech was well balanced, clear and always poetic.

In the brief space of three years from his great nominating speech, his

eloquence was used on a very pathetic occasion. In 1879, his fondly loved brother, Ebon C. Ingersoll, was taken from him by death. No tenderer ties ever united two men than those that bound these brothers. There was a mutual agreement between them that on the occasion of either's death, the other should speak at the funeral. The sad duty fell to Robert. It was only after an heroic effort that he could deliver the exquisite and pathetic lines. A great, grief-stricken heart inspired in a noble brain the words of this classic. Here is a fragment from it:—

"Life is a cold and narrow vale between the peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights; we cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry.

"From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead, there comes no word, but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

No one but a born poet could ever conceive these lines. Then, too, the beautiful closing.

"The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower."

Never o'er the dead have love and grief whispered more wondrous words.

Ingersoll had greatness of head, and greatness of heart; he was lovable, tender, and sensitive to all the higher influences of life. His tributes to the dead were full of feeling, in them there was nothing cold or formal. They included all that reason, warmed with love, could say.

Let me repeat a few lines from his impromptu utterance at a child's grave: "From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth

the babes and patriarchs sleep side by side." The metaphor here is beautiful. How apt the comparison of life to a tree. The mind's eye instantly sees the "bud and blossom," and the ripened fruit—the babe, youth and venerable age.

When Roscoe Conkling died, Ingersoll delivered a masterly eulogy on him, at Albany. The characteristics of the great lawyer and statesman were vividly portrayed. The address has perfect balance and proportion, and is filled with sublime thoughts that are conveyed in terms of the highest literary excellence. The address is a superb specimen of oratory of the heart, and is notable for its perfect close:—

"As he lived, he died. Proudly he entered the darkness or the dawn that we call death. Unshrinkingly he passed beyond our horizon, beyond the twilight's purpling hills, beyond the utmost reach of human help or harm, to that vast realm of silence or of joy, where the innumerable dwell, and he left with us his wealth of thought and deed, the memory of a brave, imperious, honest man, who bowed alone to death."

No one could pronounce so brilliant and touching an eulogy as Ingersoll. They resembled the utterance of no other man; they have a charm of style that speaks of Ingersoll, unmistakably.

At the funeral of Mary Fiske his sentiments were perfectly fitting, and were aglow with the true poetic spirit. Speaking of her writing, he uses these words:—"Mary Fiske was like herself. She patterned after no one. She was a genius, and put her soul in all she did or wrote. She cared nothing for roads, nothing for the footsteps of others, or beaten paths. She went across the fields, through the woods, by the winding streams, and down the vales, and

over the crags, wherever fancy led. She wrote lines that leapt with laughter, and words wet with tears. She gave us quaint thoughts and sayings, filed with the pert and nimble spirit of mirth. Her pages were flecked with sunshine and shadow, and in every word were the pulse and breath of life. She wrote as a stream runs, winds, and babbles through the shadowy fields, that falls in the foam of flight and haste, and laughing, joins the sea."

The talented man could never write this tribute. This is possible to genius alone. Ingersoll was remarkably versatile, no matter what the occasion was that demanded his eloquence, he was always adequate to meet it. He was ever eloquent, never ordinary, often sublime. He was a life-long and loving reader of Shakespeare; they were kindred souls. Ingersoll rarely quoted; to use his own phrase—"He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought." When he did make use of a quotation, it was nearly always taken from Shakespeare.

Shakespeare has, to a great extent, been made a pack horse for literary Dogberrys to saddle prosy rubbish on, but Ingersoll's lecture on the great dramatist was devoid of dry-as-dust comment; he gave us no "fanned and winnowed opinions" regarding him, but his lecture is worthy the genius of him who conceived it. It is the loving tribute of the most eloquent man who ever spoke the English language to the greatest man who ever wrote in any language.

Ingersoll was a natural advocate. His speeches before juries are logical, clear, convincing, and eloquent. His speech in the Cammerer Case in New York was a model forensic effort; it contained sound philosophy, unerring logic, and was deftly worded.

It was at the famous Star Route Trial, which took place in Washington, in 1882, that Ingersoll probably made his greatest address before a jury. In this trial he was opposed by some of the leading advocates at the American bar, including the able and graceful orator, Richard T. Merrick. Ingersoll easily surpassed them all.

Mr. Merrick in his argument for the prosecution criticised one of the defendants for having his wife sit by his side during the trial. This attack gave Ingersoll an opportunity for the following peroration:—"I appeal to you for my clients, because the evidence shows that they are honest men. I appeal to you for my client, Stephen W. Dorsey, because the evidence shows that he is a man; a man with an intellectual horizon and a mental sky; a man of genius, generous, and honest; and yet this prosecution, this Government, these attorneys, representing the majesty of the Republic, representing the only real Republic that ever existed, have asked you, gentlemen of the jury, not only to violate the law of the land, they have asked you to violate the law of nature. They have maligned mercy. They have laughed at mercy. They have trampled upon the holiest human ties, and they have even made light of the fact that a wife in this trial has sat by her husband's side. Think of it!

"There is a painting in the Louvre, a painting of desolation, of despair and love. It represents the night of the crucifixion. The world is represented in shadow. The stars are dead, and yet in the darkness is seen a kneeling form. It is Mary Magdalene, with loving lips and hands pressed against the bleeding feet of Christ.

"The skies were never dark enough, nor starless enough, the storm was never fierce enough nor wild enough, the

quick bolts of Heaven were never lurid enough, the arrows of slander never flew thick enough to drive a noble woman from her husband's side. And so it is, in all of human speech, the holiest word is wife."

In taking advantage of Merrick's blunder, Ingersoll displayed consummate art. If in the storms and troubles of life, a wife is not by her husband's side, she is a woman who is unworthy of that sacred name.

Ingersoll touched no subject that he did not adorn. Everything he said sparkled with a style that was all his own. The more I contemplate him and recall to mind his charming personality, the tones of his full rich voice, his ease of movement, the words that "came trippingly on the tongue," and his incomparable use of metaphor, the more I am convinced that it is almost vain to strive to do him justice.

He was heroic and in polemics was a perfect stranger to defeat, yet his great heart was as sensitive and gentle as a girl's. His industry taxed his strength to its limits, but the fruit of his labor he bestowed with a lavish hand.

For his bounty,
There was no Winter in it; an Autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping."

He would ever answer a friend in need, in Antonio's words: "My purse, my person, my extremest means lie all unlocked to your occasion."

The memory of this great and loving man is dearly cherished by me, and I often read his words to be thrilled anew by his gems of thought. "For age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety."

Ingersoll left us but a brief while ago, and as I think of him, as the days fly on, this thought possesses me:—

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. HEARST

MR. HEARST is more or less a mystery to certain advanced thinkers. They see him publishing a great paper, with an enormous circulation, and with a policy which is, on the whole, very Socialistic, and whose editorials are the strongest to be found in any American daily, and yet they are always prepared for the most glaring inconsistency on his part at any moment. For instance, one day they find him showing up the absolute impossibility of doing anything in the way of destroying the Trust, because the Trust represents the natural evolution of industry, and the next day he comes out with an editorial declaring for the destruction of so-called Criminal Trusts, whereas by his own analysis he has shown that the Trust cannot be *criminal*, because it is simply a creation of natural law. Again, he will show the impossibility of one's obtaining justice under the existing competitive system, when the machinery of production is owned by a few great monopolists, and then he follows with an editorial to the effect that all one has to do in order to get along, is to attend strictly to the employment in which God has seen fit to place him in this world. Later on, he will have an editorial showing that all the poverty on this earth is not traceable to the monopoly of the earth by the Vanderbilts and the Rockefellers, but to the drinking of whiskey by the workingmen; and then, to cap the

climax, if more were needed to confuse people as to his sincerity, he keeps on putting before the public in a delicate manner, by quoting from other papers, the great desirability of Mr. Hearst's being elected President of the United States.

It seems to me that from his own standpoint, and from whatever way we may look at it, this last stroke is the worst possible policy. I can conceive how, in order to keep all classes of readers and hold his advertisers, he must give all sorts of views as to what should be done, and advocate temperance, the destruction of Trusts, national ownership of Trusts, Tariff Reform, and everything else which will bring fish into his net; but when he utilizes his paper to boom himself for the Presidency, he immediately makes a large number of people feel that after all he does not mean anything he says, but simply says his say in order to place himself in the Presidential chair.

My own theory regarding Mr. Hearst is a very simple one. He is following an irresistible law of his nature to bring about harmony in the universe, but he is ignorant as to how to do it. He is also following an irresistible law which forces him to take care of his own individuality, and the result of his ignorance of economic laws on the one hand, together with his extreme egotism on the other, has the effect of making many people misunderstand him.

THE MISSION OF MR. HEARST

W. ENGLISH WALLING

THERE are three great organizations making for Socialism in the United States, the Socialist party, the trades' unions and the Hearst syndicate of newspapers.

The N. Y. Journal, the N. Y. American, the Chicago American and the San Francisco Examiner have been prominently the newspapers of the working classes. They give the people what they want and what they need. They are read by nearly all the workingmen of the cities where they are published and by an incalculable number outside of them. Editorially, they are almost all that could be desired by the most revolutionary Socialist. In the true militant spirit, they seize on every occasion to expose the inward workings of the capitalist parties, the capitalist financiers and capitalist society; not in the spirit of envy or bitterness, but with humor, vivacity, amiability and even sympathy when occasion allows.

The trades' unions have no more staunch ally outside of their own ranks. Nowhere in the country has the trade union argument been presented more powerfully than in the Hearst papers. The official literature of the American Federation of Labor cannot compare with it in force or enthusiasm.

The so-called "friends of labor" almost invariably make some reservation in their endorsement of trades'

unions, of sufficient scope utterly to incapacitate the union were it allowed. The most common of these reservations is the widespread and inexplicable friendliness for the scab. In a recent editorial, The Journal has this to say on the subject (December 12, 1902):

"Men cannot stand alone. They must combine to enforce their rights and advance their interests. The individual who refuses to join his fellows for the common benefit, so far from being the 'hero' that President Eliot of Harvard College acclaims him, is the hut burner of Mr. Gompers's illustration—a source of danger to his fellows, a betrayer of the common interest. He deserves no respect or good-will from workingmen and is entitled to no sympathy, whatever, from anybody when he finds himself disliked, looked down upon and shunned by union men."

Later (February 2, 1903), the "scab" is effectively disposed of as one who is "commonly an inferior workman, often with bad habits added to his incapacity."

Not satisfied with a defense of the unions' much questioned tactics toward non-union men, The Journal goes further (December 15, 1902), and endorses Mr. Gompers's defense of strikes in their most revolutionary aspect. Beginning with a quotation from Mr. Gompers, the editorial says:

"We don't want to strike. There is no fun in a strike, no enjoyment. There is some experience, of an unkind and unsympathetic character. But people who won't fight when driven to the last resort, will never have their honor or their interests respected."

Bad as strikes are—productive as they are of loss and hardships while

they last—Mr. Gompers is profoundly right when he declares :

"There are some things worse than strikes—degradation, demoralization and a cowardly manhood. There comes a time when to refuse to strike is to sign the enslavement of the workers."

This constitutes the justification of the most revolutionary methods as a last resort.

Not only does The American justify the practice of the trades' unions, but it defends the principles underlying them. It justifies their attempt to "get as much as possible for what they do" on "business principles." Here is a justification of the Socialist doctrine of distribution in the same phrase with an implied condemnation of the whole system of private profit—a condemnation made in the plainest terms in another editorial in the same number (February 2nd) on the "American Captains of Industry" :

"A few years ago 600,000 armed men were ready to fight to the death, basing the righteousness of their cause upon the righteousness of human slavery. Today all of these men are glad that slavery is ended and not one would make a slave of a human being whatever the profit."

"Today there exists another slavery, which may be called industrial slavery. The great majority of human beings are the slaves of industrial conditions. Their bodies and souls are not owned in the eye of the law, but they are owned in the eye of necessity, and they are owned *in fact*."

The unions have not failed to respond to these yeoman efforts in their behalf. The papers have been endorsed by union after union, and it is only with difficulty that the rank and file can be prevented from expressing their gratitude by a personal endorsement of the energetic, erratic owner of the papers for the office to which he is almost ludicrously unsuited.

Since these journals have done this much for the vanguard of the labor movement, what may be expected when the militant battalions heave in sight!

So far we can say this much: on no occasion when Socialism has been mentioned, have any of the papers failed to receive it with open arms. Within the past three months there have been editorials praising in the warmest terms French Socialism, German Socialism, and the movement for municipal Socialism in England. In disapproval of French Socialism some public man said, "Everywhere the Socialists are composed of those who are discontented with existing conditions." On the other side, The American says that intelligent people all over the world are becoming discontented with existing conditions, and ought to become discontented with them. Of the German movement, The American says that it represents the only uplifting and hopeful movement in the Empire. Nor have any of the papers made any direct attacks on the Socialist parties in this country.

No one can deny that all three of the Hearst papers are endeavoring to work for and within the Democratic Party. But they are by no means mere party sheets. The Democratic Party which they favor is that small radical element which is causing the whole party to evolve a more intelligent and progressive program. The corrupt and reactionary elements they never fail to criticize and oppose, when occasion arises. There is a tremendous advantage in fighting against an intelligent enemy. Socialists have every reason for wishing the Hearst papers success in their onslaught on the "moss-backs" and reactionaries of the Democratic Party. The bitterest criticism that the Socialists have laid against that party has always been the confusion that has reigned within it. If we divide the Democratic party into four parts, the "solid South," the "moss-back"

farmers of the West, the corrupt machines of the cities, and the intelligent, but much bewildered radicals, we find that the Hearst newspapers have constantly opposed the first three elements and have turned all their energy in an attempt to educate the last and to bring it into a position of commanding power. Whether they can succeed so as not only to bring the scattered and confused radicals together, but to force that element into control of the party, is a question of the gravest doubt, but the heroic effort that they are making to accomplish this end is producing socialists by the thousand and preparing the way for Socialism, just as surely as the trades' unions or the Socialist Party itself.

That the attempt will fail, may be gathered from the interviews with the Southern Congressmen and Senators which The Journal, in its usual spirit of fairness, has been publishing on its editorial page. Almost to a man these men are opposed to government ownership and all other progressive measures. From the Socialist standpoint there is only one serious trouble with the Hearst papers; which is, that they show a blind faith that the Democratic Party can be and will be converted to Socialism. Socialists have abandoned it long ago as a hopeless wreck.

Whether the underlying motive of Mr. Hearst is purely commercial, or whether the success of his papers is mainly a matter of personal ambition, is beside the point. Whether these papers will succeed in their attempt to convert the Democratic Party to Socialism or not, is beside the point. In either case, their agitation is equally able, powerful, and we might almost say, sufficient for the purpose of converting the mass of the people to Socialistic principles.

Where else but among Socialists can we hear a speech like this?

"After a while people will catch all the drones and put them to work. After a while the man that doesn't work will be loathed, whether he is a millionaire or a tramp. After a while the man that does work will be the only honored man, whether he saws wood or fires a locomotive."

And where can we find a stronger recognition of the Materialist Philosophy than in these lines?

"By some well-meaning writers we are told that poverty is a blessing, that the poor are the really happy, and are to be envied. . . .

"Dire poverty is the worst of curses. It combines every kind of suffering, physical, mental, moral, and in the end it means either death or degradation. . . .

"Poverty means dirt.

"The thoughtless and comfortable have a way of saying: 'The poor might at least be clean.' But cleanliness is a *luxury*; it demands leisure and peace of mind, as well as bathtub, soap, hot water and good plumbing. The very poor cannot be clean.

"Poverty means ignorance, and it means ignorance handed down from father to son.

"Poverty means drunkenness. The pennies of *poor* men and *poor* women pay for more than half of the vile whiskey, gin and other poisons that men buy to help them forget.

"Poverty and its sister, Ignorance, fill the jails and the insane asylums.

"Poverty is the mother of disease, and it fills the hospitals.

"Tens of thousands of consumptives alone are murdered every year by poverty. They are too poor to do that which is required to save their lives. . . .

"Do you know what made the Revolution and changed conditions in France? It was not poverty. Not a single poor man was a leader in that Revolution. Every one of them was well fed, had a well-nourished brain — Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Desmoulins, Mirabeau—every one a well-fed brain in a vigorous body.

"The labor unions and the great strikes, although sometimes unwise and unreasonable, are great blessings to the Nation. They compel the worker to get such pay as will feed himself and his children, giving the Nation well-fed brains. The Union is the enemy of poverty, and for that reason especially it is an agent for good.

"As poverty breeds ignorance, so ignorance breeds poverty. The greatest enemy of poverty is the Public School. Work and vote, therefore, for public school betterment. Miserable women walk the streets by thousands on cold nights—poverty has put them there.

"Hundreds of thousands of children are born only to struggle for a few years through a stunted infancy — poverty digs their graves. For one genius that has fought and conquered in spite of poverty, ten thousand have sunk out

of sight in the fight against the worst of enemies. Don't waste time extolling the blessings of poverty—use your energies to diminish poverty's curse, and to improve humanity by giving it the full efficiency which freedom from worry alone can give."

What matter if there may be found elsewhere in the paper partisan Democratic propaganda and a few inaccurate, or even reckless, exaggerations of the news. With such a thunderous appeal ringing in a reader's ears no ordinary news item can live in the memory. And, whatever, else may be said, certainly there is no planned attempt in the news columns to slight any important phase of the labor movement.

Finally, we have an admission that is on the very verge of complete Socialism. In the discussion of the coal ownership plank, The Journal first attempts to put before the reader the objections of the conservative mind, as follows: "The Democratic proposal of government ownership goes deeper than the coal mines. It is the principle involved. If the government should take the mines, a dangerous precedent would be set. We should be started on the high road to Socialism, to government ownership of all industries, all property. That is the logic of the plank." This logic The American does not try to dodge, but accepts fully the ultimate goal of government ownership. If we have government ownership of the industries, while the people own the government (also one of the accepted principles of the Hearst papers), we have the foundation for all that Socialism asks.

"When dreamers and thinkers—the men who walk ahead of their time and break the trail for progress—tell the world how it could banish poverty, and all the sin and misery that poverty is responsible for, if it would but cease being selfish and narrow and dishonest—if the world would but agree in practice that justice and generosity are better than injustice and egotism—the reply is ever heard:

"Oh, yes; that is all very fine, but we won't have the millenium until there is a change in human nature."

"There is nothing the matter with human nature. . . .

"It is the environment, not human nature, that is at fault. . . .

"Americans have now been taught so well by experience that they now unquestioningly welcome as a benefactor anyone who appears with a device for improving the machinery of production.

"The space between the Carnegie steel works and the village blacksmith shop, between a locomotive and an ox-cart, between the cloth factory and the spinning wheel, marks the advance of improvement in the machinery of production.

"But how about the machinery of distribution?

"That is still almost in the blacksmith shop and ox-cart stage.

"We have gone forward wonderfully in the art of making in enormous quantities the good things of life, but the art of dividing them fairly has yet to be mastered.

"We see a few piling up fortunes so gigantic that they bewilder the world, but the masses of men still live from hand to mouth. Poverty accompanies progress like its shadow. Little children work in factories that are supplied with the very latest machinery. In this new country, overflowing with wealth, natural and acquired, women by the million go out daily as wage-earners.

"Labor does not get what it is worth.

"That is the cause of poverty."

And here is a principle which underlies the whole labor movement—a principle which when granted, must ultimately lead to Socialism.

After this conclusion, to which every Socialist will agree, and which is after all a conclusion of the very first importance, the editorial goes on to say:

"Labor does not get what it earns because we tolerate monopoly—private ownership of the nation's natural resources, private ownership of its highways and private ownership of public utilities of *all kinds*."

This conclusion, though less scientific than the Socialist principle, and inferior to it in every way, is yet a very broad one, and if *properly stretched* would include every Socialist proposal. "Public Utilities" is an expression with all the advantages as well as the disadvantages of vagueness.

Look for a moment at some of the achievements of the Hearst papers;—their exposures of public frauds and crime, their thorough-going American

policy, the striking and brilliant literary ability with which everything is expressed, the spirit of optimism and belief in human nature which underlies all; the scathing rebukes dealt out to such men as President Baer and ex-Speaker Reed. In all this they excel anything that we can possibly expect from the able and courageous, but poverty-stricken Socialist press.,

There is an individual and social morality that exists only as an outgrowth of Socialist philosophy. Such a morality is to be seen in all of the editorials of *The Evening Journal*; the editor, Mr. Arthur Brisbane so brilliantly points a moral to the men and events of the day. All this is applied Socialism of the highest and most serviceable kind. It is perhaps the best way to prepare the ground for a social program. Readers who have never given a thought to any social problem may be stirred and led by the splendidly sympathetic editorials on waiters, on office women or the postmen. With not a single false note they lay bare the life problem of these people, so that the most obstinate reader cannot fail to see what it is and to be stirred to an intelligent sympathy with them. None but a Socialist pen would draw such pictures.

Look at the policy of the papers! It is noticeable that the plank "Destroy the Criminal Trusts" has not appeared for many weeks. This is the most unintelligent and confusing doctrine that the papers have indulged in and evidently was inserted at the order of the business manager and against the advice of the editors. The main principle which runs through all the editorials and is insisted upon on every occasion is that the only remedy for existing evils is in the ballot box. It is only once in a very long while that the ballot box is made synonymous with a Democratic vote.

We have been speaking almost en-

tirely of the editorial policy of these papers; but the editorial policy also permeates their news columns. It is well known that the news of the modern newspaper is received either by telegraph or telephone, and is entirely rewritten at the office. Of course this work is handed over to the less capable and less well paid members of the staff, and is not so consistently and ably done as the main editorials on the back sheet, but the tendency is all in the same direction. In the news column there is no question that mathematical accuracy is lacking and that the presentation of the news is more hurried than conscientious. It is evident that those who are doing the writing have not as clear-cut Socialist principles, as many might desire. It is equally evident that the paper is not devoted exclusively to the teaching of the Socialist doctrine. Nor would this be desirable. Intelligent comment on the social news of the day is one of the functions of the modern paper. Other functions are to amuse, to educate, and to lend practical help to the people. In news columns, as in editorials, the Hearst papers are not scientifically Socialist; they do not present a complete case for Socialism or the working class; they are not absolutely logical, but they are in every phrase and every line and every word intensely and thoroughly human—and entirely devoted to American ideals and the American people.

[Regarding Mr. Hearst as either a seeker for money or a seeker for fame, one cannot view him in quite the harsh light one would were he considered merely as a teacher of false economics. In whatever light we may look upon him, however, we are forced to acknowledge that the trend of public opinion is moving rapidly toward Socialism, when it is generally admitted that the Brisbane editorials sell the papers. H.G.W.]

"NEW ZEALANDISM" AND SOCIALISM

MURRAY E. KING

THE *laissez-faire* doctrine is the ideal reflection of the political revolution that ushered in the Nineteenth Century. The state was to be limited strictly to the "essentials" of government—the so-called preservation of public peace, health and morality; the individual was to be "let alone" to cleave out a path for himself in a world of conflicting forces. Capitalism grew apace and broke out into "virulent and oppressive individualism" which rendered public peace, health and morality, alike incompatible with a continuance of this doctrine. The erstwhile *laissez-faire* doctrinaire broke back to cover and assisted the State, under the stress of sheer self-preservation, to put a bridle into the mouth of this monster he had helped to unchain. Then came that vast body of statutes and regulations—factory laws, trade restrictions, etc.—so prominent in English and continental European legislation, and to a very much less extent in the United States, all aiming at the domestication of the monster in order to avoid the necessity of killing him. This movement toward state control or regulation of enterprises impliedly private perhaps reached its climax in that insular "workingman's paradise," New Zealand.

Those Socialists who point out such acts of legislation as an exemplification

of the practicability of Socialism afford an example of stragglers who have unwittingly strayed into the camp of the enemy.

Where do we stand in this long-drawn-out controversy, which in the last analysis, is a question of state sovereignty or individual sovereignty? We belong on the side of the individual and not upon the side of the "State." We lean, if I may be permitted to stretch a point, to the *laissez-faire* side. We rather are disciples of Rousseau, Voltaire and Jefferson than followers of John Bright or Premier Seddon. The whole tendency of recent legislation, which Benjamin Kidd says is a "tendency to equip at the general expense the lower and weaker against the higher and wealthier classes of the community," or in other words an attempt to secure social equality by artificial means, this whole tendency is *from us* and not *with us*. Yet so persistently does this tendency fasten itself upon the Socialist movement, so deeply has it interpenetrated the consciousness of many who speak and write for the Socialist cause, that almost the total array of opposition is against *it* and not against *us*. What a stimulus the Socialist movement would receive; how its latent possibilities would be developed, if only by some means we could inveigle our opponents

into attacking *Socialism* and not this bogie man of straw!

Broadly speaking, State interference in private enterprises, recognized as such by law, arises from the necessity under the pressure of capitalism for governmental (not social) self-preservation, and its tendency to manifest itself in behalf of the "lower" and "weaker" against the higher and wealthier classes of the community, springs from a large body of humanitarian feeling which is the special product of our times.

And there is the ideological side of this movement; thoughts have been born out of it to find for it a rational sanction. What is the fundamental concept that has grown from this movement? This concept is that present social inequalities arise from innate individual differences hastening to their logical outcome through lack of intelligent public control. It says, primitively the strong man is strong because he is strong; the weak man is weak because he is weak. These are expressions of innate differences between persons and all legislation must be gauged to fit this immutable fact. The function of state is to lift up the weak and restrain the strong—to legislate equality into existence, as far as possible, and afterwards to maintain this equality by means of wise and far-reaching acts of legislation. "Weakness" excites its sympathy; "strength" stirs up its anxiety. Its mode of development is fostering care for the weak man and restrictions for the inordinately strong. Its ideal is man made perfect by perfect laws. Its direction is unquestionably towards paternalism.

When the Socialist orator stirs the sympathy of the audience for the down-trodden, helpless laborer and speaks of

the duty of the government to "provide" employment, to "provide" homes and proper nourishment, to "provide" education, etc.; when he compares the State to the loving mother who gives special care to the weakling because the able-bodied son can shift for himself; when he cries for the curbing of "unrestrained individualism" he is giving rationalistic sanction to a movement that has very little if anything in common with Socialism. The prevalence of such ideas is so common among those working for Socialism that further allusion to them is unnecessary.

Such notions are utterly shocking to the spirit of Socialism. That all succeeding generations of humanity are condemned to a sempiternal recrudescence of maladjusting forms of individualism it rejects with horror. That there exists in nature any necessity for such artificial makeshifts as "equipping" one part of society against another part it repudiates with contempt. That there is anything in the normal unfolding of individuality that needs restraining it cannot admit. That governmental care and favoritism and governmental "providing" can act in any way but derogatory to the recipient is contrary to its whole philosophy. Its main attack is directed against such "equipping," such "providing," such statutory favoritism. It is exactly this governmental paternalism that has helped so much towards equipping a favored class with social forces that well-nigh render its position impregnable. Stripped of the favoritism of law and the resultant powers of precedent and tradition how long would capitalism last? Scarcely a day. Like the old doctrine of *laissez-faire*, Socialism teaches that the individual will work out his destiny best with the

least possible intervention of personal authority in the shape of an organized governmental officialdom ; but it adds, he must work it out environed in his true social relationships. This addenda is the heritage of the Nineteenth Century so rich in sociological discoveries.

The pernicious error that social inequalities have their source in the person, which is the corner-stone of all individualist air-castles, thanks to evolution, has received its eternal quietus. Thought is at last relieved of this incubus that gave to theology its doctrine of total depravity and to political economy its topsy-turvy notion that social institutions are the outgrowths of individuals. Individuals are the outgrowths of social institutions, is the final dictum of science. We are products ; our personal abilities, disabilities and proclivities are products having their roots in social inter-relationships, past and present. Economic conditions are the soil whence we draw our material and moral nutriment. Life is a unit. Human life is a dynamic unit manifesting itself in unequal forms because of the unequal distribution of moral and physical nutriment in the economic soil. A change of economic base would entail corresponding changes in the manifestations of personal character. Life's manifestations in dissimilar forms may be broadly classified as variegation and inequality. Variegation is innate, and arises from the fact that life cannot duplicate itself. Inequality is economic, and is subject to change or disappearance. Two trees of different degrees of thriftiness represent the same quality of life expressing itself under unequal conditions. Had the conditions been equal the trees would have still displayed variety, but their dissimilitude could not have been expressed in terms of

equality. Inequality is not the natural variegation of human life ; it is the existence of different classes on different economic planes ; it is social stratification. The common human life growing from a common economic root may blossom into myriad varieties of being, but it cannot manifest itself unequally. How can it?

Such is the revelation of the evolutionary sciences. Such is their glory and triumph. They come into the domain of thought, like the chemist to his laboratory, prepared to handle social problems as quantitative and qualitative entities. They proclaim social inequalities the outgrowths of social systems ; behind these phenomena they find the economic cause ; the spiritual laboratory is completed ; henceforth character and happiness may be treated as reducible social quantities.

How does Socialism regard the inequalities manifested under the capitalist system ? It regards capitalism as the manifestation of a social favoritism which bestows social power on the capitalist class through the operation of the brutal law of commercial selection. With the individual it has no quarrel ; it is against this social favoritism that must necessarily operate through this brutal economic law that its attack is directed. There is nothing in individual character, *per se*, that it condemns or fears ; it is the economic necessity that bestows all social powers on the *commercially selected* that it inveighs against. The "weakness" that the humanitarian so much deplors is not individual weakness, as he supposes, but it represents a deprivation of social power. The "strength" that gives him so much anxiety represents a monopoly of social power. Capitalism is not "unrestrained individualism,"

as he would have us believe, but rather it is economic idolatry. It is the stubborn refusal of men to exercise their economic functions in order that they may bear them as gifts to their gods. The Pantheon of Commerce is the last citadel of superstition. The Socialist is an iconoclast.

All that is needed is a recognition of relationships that actually exist. Common wants have bound us inseparably together. The property of the Standard Oil Company bears a vital relation to me and I bear a vital relation to it. My birth, to the full amount of my consumptive capacity to use oil, adds a value to it. It furnishes me with a living necessity. This necessity was begotten by the same civilization that gave it utility. I am entitled to an interest in this property exactly commensurate with the value my existence gives it. The same is true of every other person in the scope of the Standard Oil Company's influence. Conjointly our existence gives it all the value it possesses. The value is really not in the property but in our necessities; for all value or wealth is the social power to command service, and only through my wants are others able to command me. Consequently we created all the value that exists in the Standard Oil Company's holdings. That value is ours. It began with our first wants, it will cease with our last. Cannot be recognized in fact? The same is true of every enterprise that supplies the general demand. Our consumptive capacities are the social values that constitute what is called capital; our productive capacities are our private title to all we create. The civilized being, through no fault of his, is heir to civilized wants and necessities; each of these wants or necessities constitutes a definite social value that

inevitably materializes into the great productive and distributive properties. What is wanted is a change to an economic base that will not require the transference of the ownership of these vital social values.

There is another relationship. The farmer raises wheat; for himself? No. He cannot subsist on wheat alone; for the market. The manufacturer (or rather his "men") makes baking powder also for the consuming public, because baking alone cannot sustain existence. It is the consuming public in each case that is to use the products and it is the consuming public that gave them existence by originating the demand for them, and it also pays for the producing of them. The producers in each instance have no further interest in the products than obtaining a livelihood from their production. Their sufficiency, continuity and purity are all problems that vitally concern the consumer. Even the price is as vital to him as to the producer. Yet the producer refuses to recognize this fact and stoutly maintains that he is conducting a private business—working for himself. The wholesome truth that social evolution is forcing upon us is that nowadays no man can work for himself. Should the consuming public withdraw its patronage from these men their means of livelihood would be cut off. Their only alternative, could they survive the ordeal, would be to actually work each for himself as did his ancient prototype, the primitive savage. But at what fearful sacrifices! Not only would they lose leisure, literature, luxury and love, but security of person and the opportunity to choose a specialized employment, which is the economic expression of individuality. There then is a natural relation between the consumer and the producer:

cannot this relation be recognized in fact? The consumer has a right to see to it that the producer does not mix alum and ammonia in his daily fare, squander the means and opportunities of production in useless commercial strife, or limit production by imposing a condition of organized poverty. A close analysis of the question reveals the relation that exists between consumers and producers to be a relation that has already been established in the political and juridical fields; it is a well understood relation outcropping in economics; it is the relation of constituents and representatives. It is but a further extension of the Democratic principle that we should exercise sovereign power over all interests that in any way affect our lives. It is just as urgent that each individual secure representation in the manifold processes of production as in the manifold processes of law. It is just as vital to the well being of each and every one of us that we make responsible to us the man who makes our coats as the man who makes our codes. The rise of the individual to the representative, democratic, relationship is the central feature of social progress; it foreshadows the ultimate attainment of complete sovereignty. The rise of man to complete sovereignty implies only the acknowledgment of social relations that actually exist. It implies the normal relation between the individual and society. It implies the reduction of government to an instrument of service and the executors of the public will to a body of public servants. It implies a full individual command over social forces. It implies the growth of all individualities from a common economic root, or social solidarity; for when every individual is represented in every process

of production and law we grow from a common soil, which is the indivisible wealth of the material and moral world.

The change of economic base implied in the simple recognition of vital social relations will render the individual invulnerable to all future encroachments. It will give him a command over social forces never guaranteed to him before. Sovereignty over the processes of production implies the power to conserve them and lift them to their highest standard of efficiency. Ample wealth for all means ample wealth for each. Ample wealth for each means absolute social power for the individual; it gives him the key that opens all the gates to opportunity and the means to embark on any enterprise of mind or soul. The maximum of service given to society means the maximum of service extracted from society. As a producer I am society's economic representative and execute its sovereign will. When I am a consumer society is my economic representative in the myriad processes of production: it is my servant; it lays at my feet its pleasures and treasures, and rushes to and fro to do my bidding. This is the economic norm; it comprehends the norm of moral law.

The stupenduous moral wealth of normal society can be dimly guessed when we comprehend the character it will give to the struggle for existence. The most vital activities rally to the preservation of self. In a world where self-centered activity is the frail economic thread on which our lives are suspended, cunning, selfishness, brutal disregard of others, are the passport to success. Such traits have no value in a society founded on public service; only those qualities that make for efficient public service are payable on presentation. When personal safety and security of

existence depend wholly on the purity and efficiency of public service the instinct of self-preservation will unerringly enforce that condition, but in so doing it will transform itself into a new moral force—social self-preservation. Commercial selection will be replaced by social selection where each will cash himself at his social worth. The principle of representation, democracy, having broken into every industrial group, will forever put an end to the irresponsibility, the arbitrariness, the isolation, and the idiocy of ownership. The creative function, production, will receive the sanctification of service, and the currents of our being will rush joyously to feed the River of Life that flows forever from chaos to cosmos. One of the most far-reaching moral transformations will be the centering of all the social powers and functions in the individual, forming as they will in each person powerful springs of activity; for the social functions are the true roots of individual character, and social power is the essential element of liberty.

The tendency toward state control or regulation of property that culminated in the New Zealand experiment is widely divergent in origin, issues and aims from Socialism. On the one hand we behold the political State forced by the encroachments of capitalism to enlarge its functions and restrain its most active invaders; on the other hand we witness a revolt of the victims of capitalism assuming the proportions of a world-wide struggle for representation in economic institutions like that struggle for representation that gave us political democracy. In the first instance we behold an effort to secure more equal conditions by artificial means; in the second an intelligent movement toward that natural equality that flourishes on a common economic

soil, which soil is the indivisible wealth of the moral and material universe. The first says, man is selfish because he is selfish; restrain selfishness, uplift weakness. The second says there is a cause for destructive selfishness, there is a cause for weakness; remove the cause and selfishness will find useful channels and weakness will uplift itself. The one mistrusts because it does not understand man. The other possesses that illimitable faith that rests on the terra firma of positive science. The two movements promise radically different results. A state gradually extending its functions from above is continually training a large class of officials to a consciousness of "State interests," while those outside of the charmed circle of official life have no such training. The governing apparatus tends to an abnormal development. The State comes to mean to those in the private walks of life the organized officialdom, a something quite distinct and having distinct interests from themselves, as is the case with the governments of to-day. The organized officialdom not being necessarily a part of the social life is a parasite—a capitalist—of the worst kind. It may be actuated by the most benevolent motives; it may seek to uplift the "weak," restrain the "strong," but its presence is an excrescence on the social life. The existence of such a State is a guarantee of the perpetuation of capitalism. It arrests the growth of the social organism. Political governments extending their functions are by no means the same as society extending its functions by centering them more and more in the individual, its unit and representative. The encroachment of the political state into the field of industry is a menace alike to capital and labor. It fetters capital

with intolerable restrictions and prevents it attaining its norm of efficiency and centralization. It legalizes labor's bondage by giving the working class a legal status. The increased security and bodily comfort it gives labor are indeed trivial compensation for labor's loss of sovereignty.

In a word the distinction between Socialism and the extension of the modern State toward the control of industry is that Socialism is the movement of the individual from below upward to the conquest of all the social functions and the reduction of government and the governing to instruments of service, while the extension of the modern State is a

movement downwards from above toward making the people instruments of governmental care. In its final aspect it is a question of individual sovereignty or the sovereignty of the State. And what is sovereignty? Sovereignty is control of social relations. State sovereignty is such control wholly or in part by the State. Individual sovereignty, elementally, is the natural mastership of each individual over his or her social relations; in the social structure this mastership assumes an organic form. Individual sovereignty means government by constituencies; it foredooms to extinction the last vestige of personal authority or officialism.

SOCIETY AND ART

FREDERIC W. BURRY

THAT product of Modern Civilization called Society is supposed to be first of all the patron of Art. It assumes this claim for itself, and as in most things, the people follow suit, yielding to the "leaders" of the social ranks every claim.

In Society, what is not up to its peculiar standard of Art is excluded. Its conventions, its canons, its customs, are hard and fast. And its standard of Art gets as near as possible to what is not real, what is affected, what is artificial, what is a sham. All suggestions of labor, expression, appreciation, life, actuality, are tabooed in Society.

It is an institution of veils and clothes—and a very aged and worn and wrinkled vesture it is, to be sure.

An age of Art has always been the dream of poets and the aspiring ones. This was the Golden Age, the Era full of promise and potentiality, that they could prophetically dimly see emerging out of the matrice of Time. An age of beauty, of harmony, when not only with words and sounds and pictures men should portray their ideals, but in the panorama of real life.

In Society, Art is dead. Its worship of Art is idolatry; for it (deliberately and purposely) mistakes the symbol

for the reality, the image for the thing signified. Society has no Heart, and therefore cannot understand Art. It is too mechanical, too mathematical—it is all technic, and no expression, no soul. In Society, Art is a matter of tags, labels, figures, numbers.

Society has marble statues, but it understands not their meaning; it has books, but they are not interpreted; its music also falls on unappreciative and deaf ears.

Society has lost its Life.

Grimly enough, the term Society is by general usage confined to the wealthy classes, the people of means and station; the great majority are the forsaken ones; they are outside Society. Very often, this is most literally the case, for if you have no money you are not wanted anywhere.

This talk about the sacredness of property and the rights of capital seems absurd, when one is brought face to face with the actual state of affairs. If the text-books and laws do not assist the pursuit of happiness, it is difficult to see why we should cling to them or reverence them. If rich and poor alike, in one way or another, are made miserable by the provisions and proportions of wealth, it is surely time to make some kind of a change.

Everywhere there is a lack of appreciation; people's senses are benumbed. The rich have things; but custom places screens and barriers in front of them. There is no possession without appreciation—and it is vulgar to appreciate; it is vulgar to be natural; of course, art is artificial.

Art must be of service before it can be worthy of our attention. Its mission is to raise our lives, to mould our character, to make us happier and stronger individualities. It is ever

hand in hand with labor; the best Art is that which portrays existence.

Those Artists (and I am using the word in the widest possible sense) who have come out of the beaten track of old schools, which had become marked with many of the false caprices of Society, have invariably been hooted by the conservative ones, even by the older artists themselves, who could not bear to see established precedents set aside so ruthlessly.

The greatest artists portray Nature; they are Realists, Impressionists. And how ungainly they and their work appear to the hot-house cultured scions of Society.

True, in due time, Society "accepts" the "new schools"—pretends to understand these "masterpieces of genius." Heavens, it knows nothing—it neither understands the old or the new—it is all pretence!

What an existence, to go on day after day, merely following with the tide—doing nothing, originating nothing!

The works of artists are of no account unless they impel us to create something glorious, to give expression to our capabilities, in our own sphere.

Artists are men whose souls cry out for a better life than the moribund average. They have ideals; and they give them expression in sculpture, painting, music, words—but Art must go further than this; it must become Incarnate. It must become Animated.

Mental Expression is nothing without Physical Expression—to this it leads. Let us not mistake the shadow for the substance. True artists have a very practical message for the world; they are reformers; and reformers are artists.

Artists are heralds of the Future. And they also come with good cheer

and encouragement and incentive for Today.

Those alleged artists whose work is kept severely within the prescribed limits of Society can only produce very inferior stuff. Art is preeminently nonconforming. To endeavor to fit it into the narrow moulds and grooves of Society is to produce an ungainly contortion.

I am using the word Society as representative of the dominating thought—of those who hold the reins of action. With very few exceptions, the Others, though so numerous, follow unthinkingly, blindly, dumbly.

So—in the past. But if ever people *en masse* were beginning to think, they are now. The atmosphere is charged with strong dynamic thought. Waves of a lofty ambition and idealism are in the air. People are being aroused by the negative currents of wholesome discontent and the positive currents of human aspiration which are now encircling the earth. Society from its centre to its circumference and very edge is being permeated with new thought. The concept of Oneness, with all that this suggests and signifies, is shattering the ridiculous walls that have imprisoned mankind.

All things work together for final justice. Nature makes a virtue of expediency—a law of necessity. In her motherly ways, she adjusts and renews with as little friction as possible. Thus she moves by the law of evolution and attraction—everything gravitating towards more and more perfect harmony.

From the formation of suns and planets to the petty mean actions of men in business this principle of attraction is the universal law. It is impossible to get out of the reach of its activities. For a season, man may

limit its working, but in the long run the cosmic principle of Justice cannot be cheated; the law of compensation forever holds sway.

At periods, called epochs, there come what may be called days of Reckoning. Life is a system of tides, of arcs, of cycles; and there are times of special precipitation, of marked ascension or descension.

We are now at the threshold of an epoch. Why just at this time we should be entering on any particular Era, of descension or ascension, it is not necessary here to enquire into. But that such is the fact is demonstrable. It needs no proof; it needs no wonderful clear vision to perceive; we have but to open our physical eyes and look.

Of course, we are entering an Era of Ascension. Though, to be sure, there will be some distinguished catastrophes in the Social world, as there have been before when events took an extra whirl or revolution. Nothing serious will happen—and then you cannot say that national confiscations of dangerous toys and privileges are really catastrophes.

After all, the pretty things that Society keeps to itself are not worthy of our envy. This Society-life is an entombed life. Always immersed in satiation, no want, no hunger—not even of the soul—O pitiable Society, we, against whom you slam your doors, envy you not. We at least live—you do not.

Our efforts towards reform, then, are not directed with any purpose of taking your possessions from you. What you have got you are welcome to keep—it will not last long, anyway. What we are after are the resources of life; we want the gates of opportunity opened, and the key cast down the bottomless pit; we ask for, we demand, Freedom.

The things you have got, O self-appointed vicegerents of Nature's bounties, great and fine as they seem to be compared to the poverty we the masses have been born and bred in, are but the merest intimation of the supply of the Earth, kept within its bowels, unborn, by your stupidity and greed and perversity.

It is the exclusiveness of Society that keeps it so spiritually poverty-stricken. The shadow of the word "Mine" hangs like a pall over its haggard features. It is secretive, close, self-fettered, suspicious, full of hate. All the finer elements of human nature, love, openness, cheerfulness, naiveness, it knows not—these are vulgar.

It may be said that the individual ought to concern himself with his own personal affairs, and not bother over the reforms of others, of communities and nations. But it is imperative for the individual to have social interests at heart; even from a selfish standpoint, his own happiness and progress requires this. The most secluded man cannot get away from the touch of the social elements; though, it is true, that we who are daily and hourly mixed up with the doings of civilization are the closest in contact with society.

And then there is a glorious principle of solidarity in each personal heart that compels the energies of men, who in a degree recognize humanity's true nature and mutual relationship, to be directed for world-wide objects.

Artists work with this universal end in view. Their productions are works of care and attention, to last through centuries, to be recognized by all men. While a work of Art is not always designed with any intention to instruct, but is generally the spontaneous expression of a soul that aspires, something born because it had to be born,

what some would call a play of the emotions—nothing is so fraught with suggestiveness and interpretation as a work of Art. It is a mirror, an image of Life. Those despised emotions! And Artists are well known to be so emotional. But is not emotion the motive power—force, energy? Only to be complemented with intellectual guidance to express and create things?

In thus summing up a few principles of Art, I have not one only nor a few of the Fine Arts in mind; all that is excellent work, useful, ornamental, beautiful, mechanical, are here included.

The work of man should have one purpose before it—the pursuit of happiness. Whatever tends to make healthy and strong characters is worthy of man's time and attention. Work and the products of work should be alike interesting and serviceable. The end of materials is the formation of character. Things are subject to decay and change—they are the shells, the envelopes—but character ever goes on progressing, unfolding, down the ages of infinite duration.

Our surroundings, then, should be representative of the real goal of existence—the birth of character, of ever-expanding consciousness. Our hours and days need to be ruled by system and thought and concentration.

People ought to stop in the midst of their eternal hurry, and ask themselves the meaning of things. Society and Art require interpretation.

There can be no reform without interpretation. It is all very well for a certain class of reformers to look with disdain on the metaphysical and æsthetic presentation of life's problems—talking and writing as they do in a strain that rings with the airs of desperation, destruction, despoliation—who seem to imagine that all social

requirements will be fulfilled if we only tear things down—for do they not say in so many words that a new and perfect social order will rise of its own accord, if the present system is but overthrown?

However, allowing a place in the sequence of evolution for the iconoclasts and pessimists, surely the most practical ones are those who construct—who dissect and analyze, but only for the purpose of a more harmonious construction. Surely, the builders, the creators, are the scientific ones—and those whose work bears the stamp of material promise and surety.

It is folly to overlook the value of the past and the present—for these are steps leading to the future. The most beautiful and useful things of life are born and reared in the midst of soil and darkness.

The most practical reformer is one who is well-rounded, who would improve what exists, who is bent only on the destruction of barnacles and parasites and impediments, who is prepared to make the most of things, in every possible way, whose creed is hope and not despair, who believes in all humanity.

Therefore, we must be unbiassed in our minds, remembering that the race is growing. We must overlook the little vanities and make-believes—in ourselves and others. At the same time, we need not neglect any opportunity of reminding ourselves or others of the now glaring imperfections and limitations of present-day existence. With all kindness and complacency, let us not become strolling saunterers in this journey of Life.

People need more action. Society needs more action. Art needs more action. A general resurrection is the crying need of the hour.

Men—all men—enshrine 'multiplex and divers capabilities in their being. Give them expression—expansion. Let things grow. Let them develop.

The world requires to be opened out. The forces of life must be unfolded.

Talk about expeditions, explorations, discoveries—we have it is true got something today, at the commencement of the twentieth century, far superior to the past dark ages; but the age of inventive genius is only beginning.

Men's forces are shackled — and mostly by self-imposed fetters.

The earth is to be made glorious by the touch of Art.

Tradition, authority, precedent, have been exalted to a place of infallibility. Men have been afraid to move on, afraid to trust the voice of their own intuitive convictions, afraid to follow their ideal, which is the product of inherited and acquired experience. And Art is the expression of ideals.

A few have not been afraid. Though sometimes their mental creations bore signs of superstition, crudity, morbidity, they had a live faith in their ideals, and this was sufficient to make them do something that had an enduring impression.

And the majority today are followers of these heroes and originators of the past.

It will be a long time before those who lead in the vanguard of existence are in the majority, before the multitudes give birth to their inner powers, forever latent in them, only waiting for the magic influence of recognition to express themselves. But it will not be a long while before great numbers express their inherent capabilities more fully. We can today observe a marked display of human action. And the world is to be reformed and reconstructed by human action.

In humanity is the centre of Nature's conscious power. Let a man only yield his soul's testimony to the eternal fact of human creativeness, let him but have faith in himself, and behold the dynamic energies of the universe, his universe, his kingdom, are surcharged with additional potency. Nature has waited long ages for this creature man to ascend the throne of mastery and become a creator.

Yes, the works of the departed geniuses are suggestions for all of us to go and do likewise—or rather to do according to our special phase of genius. A genius is one who does something well. All have this capacity. Faith and recognition bring it to the front.

And shall we put off the creation of beautiful things until there is a sweeping social and national change? No; Art calls for immediate attention. Beauty is really an essential attribute of a created thing. Art is really the foundation of an ideal Society.

Though our possibilities are limited by discordant circumstances, let us not forget that difficulties are always disguised opportunities. Was there ever anything great or glorious that was not conceived in the midst of apparent incompetence and even corruption? Have not men been made to achieve through the administration of sundry hard knocks and kicks and spurs?

Without wasting too much time and energy, then, in angry declamations against things as they are, we cannot do better than make a virtue of necessity, thus following Nature's invariable example, and remembering that there is always active a principle of compensation, proceed at once to make something of ourselves.

While it is evident that there are going to be many speedy changes in governments and laws, it is also evident that the most advanced sociological theorists will have to wait some time before their ideas are materialized.

Not that there is necessarily any distress in having to wait; on the contrary, when we see the upward trend and gradual improvement and reform, there is a keen delight in watching and aiding the development of society; one feels privileged in living at this unsettled time, and thus able to personally assist in the race's unfoldment.

We do not feel called upon to take any public hand in the social redemption. But if we keep before ourselves our own ideals, trusting ourselves, making the little world just around us better day by day, we are doing well—we may extend our influence later—but surely it is something for a man to be a good example.

The world is influenced by Characters. The Exemplars are silent powers in the world. Yes, an Example is a most appealing sermon; it is a living testimony; it is the strongest statement or affirmation; it is the Word in flesh and blood.

Art is the crown of Science—its eternal complement. Life, as it approaches perfection, becomes a Science and a Fine Art. Our ideals are the moulding material, the creative material. They can be expressed in a measure today; and we shall be able to do more tomorrow. Each act of expression opens out new possibilities. As we follow out our inner suggestions and inspirations, though they may be small, new ones are born.

Life is here for Expression. This is the reason of existence. Expression in its ultimate is Art. Society is a unit; and the action of the personal means a move of the universal. A strong and definite personal move, a characteristic move, will create a marked world-wide vibration. Such activities are being made now—individuals are arousing their long-dormant energies; and thus there is a continuous mutual interchange of sympathy and encouragement—all that is necessary for renewed life and growth.

TALK WITH HOBSON, the English Economist

JOHN SPARGO

[Mr. John A. Hobson, the subject of the following "Interview," is one of the best known and most influential of the younger school of Economists. He was born in Derby, England, in 1858. In 1876 he obtained a scholarship at Lincoln College, Oxford University, and graduated with Honors four years later. He took up teaching for some time, and then, when the Oxford University Extension movement spread, he became one of its most popular lecturers. For a number of years he has been a frequent contributor to the leading English and American Reviews, and his published works form a small library in themselves. The following list does not pretend to be by any means complete, but it gives a good idea of his industry as a writer and the wide range of his thought: "The Physiology of Industry" (written in collaboration with A. F. Mummery); "Problems of Poverty"; "The Evolution of Modern Capitalism"; "The Problem of the Unemployed"; "The South African War"; "John Ruskin"; "Studies in Imperialism"; "The Economics of Distribution," etc.]

PROBABLY no living writer upon economic subjects, outside of the Socialist movement is so widely quoted by Socialists as Mr. John A. Hobson, the well-known English economist. Two of the large number of his published works, "Problems of Poverty" and "The Evolution of Modern Capitalism," have been of inestimable value to many a Socialist propagandist.

Almost a decade ago I heard Mr. Hobson deliver some of the lectures contained in "Problems of Poverty" in the centre of the tin-mining industry of Cornwall, England, under the auspices of the Oxford University Extension Movement. Incidentally, those lectures led to my becoming a Socialist. It is not an unusual thing for the pupil to rush ahead of the teacher.

I had not seen Mr. Hobson from that time until recently, when in response to a kind and cheery note, I called upon him at his hotel here in New York. But during the years which had elapsed since I heard him in Camborne, I had followed his career with marked interest as was, perhaps, quite natural under the circumstances. When he joined my good friend and comrade, Herbert Burrows, and others, in the Ethical Culture propaganda at South Place Institute, London, I felt that it was but the prelude to his declaring himself to be a Socialist; and when he and others took such a brave stand upon the Boer war issue, it seemed to me inevitable that they should join the Socialist movement, especially in view of the utterly demoralized condition of the Liberal Party. And I confess that I felt all the more disposed to esteem lightly sundry beatings and kickings which were administered to me in the sacred name of "Patriotism," by reason of that expectation. But while I do not even now despair it must be set down that neither Mr. Hobson nor the others I have in mind have declared for Socialism.

Hobson is forty-five, but looks older. A tall, spare man, slightly cadaverous,

with a strong accent, he looks like the typical Oxford man he is. One evening shortly after my interview with him, I dropped into Cooper Union to hear his lecture, "England's Political Outlook," and realized as never before, I think, the vast difference between the platform "style" of the two countries. I do not consider Mr. Hobson to be by any means an accomplished orator, though he is certainly a pleasing speaker.

I think the first question I asked Mr. Hobson, when we had exchanged greetings, was concerning English conditions. He looked dolorous and shook his head. "Everything is dead—worse than dead," he said. "There is apparently no moral vitality left; probably never, and certainly not in my time, has such a state of absolute stagnation existed." When I suggested that the stagnation began with the Boer war, or the events immediately prior thereto, he replied that to him it had been apparent long before the war. "But the war was a great factor in the decline of moral sentiment and responsibility," he said. "But I am strongly of opinion that a great awakening must come, and come soon. There must be a tremendous unemployed problem, a period of general depression, and that will stir things up a bit. Then the trades-unions, in view of the Taff Vale Railway decision, must, if they are to exist at all, take up independent political action. Their strength, as unions, as fighting machines, must depend upon their financial resources, and when those are not safe they will have no option but to enter politics."

"And what part will the ethical movement play in the awakening?" I asked him. In view of his position as one of the foremost leaders of the English Ethical movement,

his reply was decidedly interesting. "As a definite movement, the Ethical movement has not, in my opinion, much of a future before it," he replied. "It is difficult to stir people with any deep enthusiasm upon such a comprehensive platform of abstract principles as properly belong to Ethical Societies. You need a narrower platform of specific propositions to do that. The societies have done and are doing good, especially among the various churches, but they are very insufficient."

"But what of the Socialist movement?" I asked him and told him how I had expected him to declare himself a Socialist. "I don't know whether you would label yourself a Socialist now," I added.

"No," he said "to be quite frank, I doubt very much whether there is much hope for a definite political Socialist movement in England, or even in America. I don't know so much about America, but speaking from general principles, I am not inclined to think that the Anglo Saxon people will take readily to Socialism of the 'Continental' type. They are not built that way."

As rising out of that remark I asked Mr. Hobson why, in his opinion, in England and America comparatively few men of intellectual prestige, scientists, authors, artists, college professors and the like, identify themselves with the organized Socialist movement. "That's it," he replied. "In Italy or in Germany for example it is very different. They are accustomed to more bureaucratic forms of government than are Englishmen or Americans. Rightly or wrongly, the conception of Socialism which obtains is that of a huge bureaucracy in which there would be no opportunity for individual

development or enterprise. Yes, I know that some Socialists disclaim any intention of destroying private property in its entirety [this in reply to an interjected protest of mine in which I cited Kautsky, Bax and others], but why don't Socialists make it clear? That's where I quarrel with their methods. Why do they persist in publishing demands for the Socialization of *everything* when they only mean *some* things? Why don't they discriminate between things which can, and things which cannot, be privately owned with safety? There are, it seems to me, certain things, which are by their very nature unsafe in any other hands than those of the community, and certain things which are best left in private hands."

"In England at any rate," he continued, "the Socialists are too rigid after the continental fashion, and they repel instead of inviting support. If only they were more tolerant and reasonable, more practical in fact, a strong alliance might be formed between them and the more progressive labor unions and the advanced radicals. Such a combination of forces might win upon a good programme of perfectly practicable proposals. In my judgment these forces could be got together upon a program including some measure of land nationalization, government ownership of railways, some measure for the security of trade unions, and, most important of all in my opinion, at present, government banking. Side by side with this a good sound municipal policy might be pursued."

"Yes," he said in reply to a further question, "I am firmly convinced that some system of compensation must be agreed upon. It is not only just, but expedient, also; the great thing is to get control now."

"But," I replied, "would not that be perpetuating the essentials of the problem economically speaking? Bearing in mind Lord Avesbury's criticism, would not the piling up of a vast debt, covered by interest-bearing bonds, be most disastrous?"

"No, I think not. I have not yet fully investigated the matter," but I have an idea that the problem would solve itself. Suppose you take over all those great enterprises, the railways and the banks for example; it seems to me that as these are the prime sources of present investment, by cutting them off as you would do, you would leave little scope for investment other than your own stock. If you have taken a number of enterprises, socialized them upon a basis of compensation extending over say thirty years, when you have made initial payment the receivers must look for some form of investment. Where will they find it except in government stock? And I see no reason why the demand for safe investment might not cause the interest to fall to zero—to become a minus quantity altogether."

"In a way," I said, "that reminds me of the trust theory of our friend Wilshire. I was rather surprised to see a letter from you endorsing his position."

"Why, isn't it correct that the essential qualities of the trust system imply a growing unemployed problem on the one hand and an increasing difficulty to find profitable investment on the other?"

"Granted for the moment. But what of his idea that the Morgans and Rockefellers finding that difficulty become greater and greater, will eventually 'hand over' their holdings to society?"

"And why shouldn't they?" he asked. "Come, now, what reason is there against the idea? Why, only the other day, at Columbia, I was told of a great capitalist who said he'd be glad

to be rid of his holdings. Is there a good reason why he should not be believed?"

"There never has been a ruling class in the world that voluntarily surrendered its power," I said, "even when it was no longer profitable. The deep-seated, universal love of power seems to me a sufficient reason."

"Yes"—this with emphasis.

"Then again," I said, "there is Wilshire's idea of the inevitability of a near-at-hand collapse of Capitalism and its supercession by Socialism. Does this seem sound to you? Does it not seem that nothing is 'inevitable' in this connection? I mean, that the coming of Socialism must depend upon the necessary preparedness of the people politically."

"Yes, I think that is so. But, then, you know, I don't look for what you call Socialism. It is a complex problem. Side by side with the great concentration of the various industries, new industries are constantly springing up. And, as I have said, these ought to be encouraged as private enterprises."

"But to get right down to my previous question," I said, "is there any reason, apart from the will of the people—their political preparedness—why Capitalism might not change its venue, so to say? Just as the economic centre changed in modern times from Portugal to Holland, and from Holland to England, it seems now to have shifted to this country. Might it not again shift almost at any time, to Africa, for instance, where there is a plentiful supply of cheap, virile Bautu labor?"

"There are certain important differences in the conditions," said Mr.

Hobson, "but it does seem to me perfectly reasonable. And that is the danger of this Imperialist frenzy. I've touched upon the question in my recent book, 'Imperialism: A Study.' Just as the South of England as a network of resorts is parasitically feeding upon the rest of the country, so it is perfectly possible, I think, for things to develop so that we shall have a sort of Western parasitism in which America, and perhaps England and Germany, will exist by the exploitation of African or other labor."

"But, in that case, what of those at home?" I asked.

"Become the flunkeys and lackeys, personal attendants of the rich. With their press, their colleges, their libraries and so on, it would not be difficult to maintain their grip. It is part of their business to control the press and other sources of public information, you know."

"Finally, Mr. Hobson, do you think the problem has been properly measured yet—is there not a tendency to over-state the extent of Trustification?"

"Frankly, I don't know. It is hard to say where monopoly begins. If you control, say, forty per cent. of the output in a given trade, you can largely influence prices, but if you control sixty per cent. your influence is correspondingly increased. It must be borne in mind," he added, "that the problem in England differs somewhat in form from the problem here. There the control is direct, centered in the industry itself, while here it is largely done in a financial way upon the Stock Exchange through a control of values."

Then, before I left, Mr. Hobson became the interrogator. But that is another story.

THE MAN WITH THE "DOUGH"

W. E. P. FRENCH, Captain U. S. Army

Inscribed to Edwin Markham in grateful regard for THE MAN WITH THE HOB.

Written after seeing Portrait of a Multi-millionaire.

*Yea, they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders.
Behold, the hire of the laborers who mowed your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth out.*

Bowed by the weight of millions filched by fraud
And law of Might from Labor's scanty purse,
Distilled by covetous and grasping greed
From out the very life-blood of the poor,
From strong men's sweat, from women's work and tears,
From toil of children wan and white from want;
Coldly aloof from those he wrongs, he stands,
And, leaning on his blood-bought bonds, he leers
Upon the cheated people he has robbed
Of their vast birthright. Where his heart once beat
A petrification hard as adamant
Defies the sword of Justice, "dulls the edge
Of husbandry," and turns kind Pity's tears
As the eternal rocks turn summer's rain.
In the domed chamber of his sordid brain,
Where noble thoughts should father kindly deeds,
The worm of avarice breeds in the dark,
The gold-bug burrows, keeping watch and ward
Over the modern pirate's buried hoard.
Those hard eyes glitter with gold's yellow gleam;
Those ears are deaf save to the chink of coin
Or rustle of the mortgage on our Land;
That covetous, set mouth is dumb, except
To voice accursed Mammon's cruel creed;
That white right hand rapes millions from the poor,
The left, reluctant, gives a thousand back—
In what? In charity? Oh, no, fond fool!
'Tis but a trick of the great juggler's art,
That, watching how he *spends* his ill-got gains,
We may not notice quite how much he *takes*.
The soul behind that smiling, crafty mask
Is birth-marked with the dollar's sordid sign.

* * * * *

What father bred this bloated thing that hugs
To its cold breast a nation's looted spoil?
What mother bore this mangled dog who growls
Fierce menace o'er the piles of plundered wealth
For which he gave no just equivalent,
And which he cannot eat or drink or take
With him to Hell, since even thread of gold
Will not sew pockets on dead Dives' shroud?
His sire's name is Human Greed, his dam's
Extortion; Cupidity, not Cupid, read their bans,
And Usury's High Priest made this twain one,
The sacred edifice where they were wed,

The Church of the Most Holy Golden Calf.
 The child, begotten in fierce lust of gold,
 Was suckled on the full-fed dugs of craft,
 Rocked in the cradle of false pride of wealth,
 And taught to fold his baby hands in prayer
 To triune God of Fraud and Force and Fear.

* * * * *

The laws that make for poverty make wealth,
 And rob the many to enrich the few.
We made this man and made his plundered dupes;
Ours is the fault; he is our handiwork,
 As much our brother and as much our shame
 As that disfigured, crushed and outraged thing
 That stoops its brutal face above the hoe.

* * * * *

Looking upon this face, I seem to see
 A monstrous python, fetid, swollen, foul,
 Gorged with the substance of ten thousand men,
 And crushing in its merciless, slow coils
 A Goddess, on whose fallen cap I read
 The torn and blood-blurred legend—Liberty.

MAETERLINCK ON JUSTICE

An act of injustice must always shake the confidence a man had in himself and his destiny; at a given moment, and that generally of the gravest, he has ceased to rely upon himself alone; and this will not be forgotten, nor will he ever again be wholly himself. He has confused and probably corrupted his fortune by the introduction of strange powers. He has lost the exact sense of his personality and of the force that is in him. He can no longer clearly distinguish between what is his own and comes from himself and what he is constantly borrowing from the pernicious collaborators whom his weakness has summoned. An act of injustice is almost always a confession of weakness. He who commits an unjust deed that he may gain some measure of glory, or preserve the little glory he has, does but admit that what he desires or what he possesses is beyond his deserving, and that the part he has sought to play exceeds his powers of loyal fulfillment.

Our entire moral being, our mind no less than our character, is incapable of living and acting except in justice. Leaving that, we leave our natural element; we are carried, as it were, into a planet of which we know nothing, where the ground slips from under our feet and all things disconcert us; for while the humblest intellect feels itself at home in justice, and can readily foretell the consequences of every just act, the most profound and penetrating mind loses its way hopelessly in the injustice itself has created, and can form no conception of the results that shall ensue. The man of genius who forsakes the equity that the humblest peasant has at heart will find all paths strange to him; and these will be stranger still should

he overstep the limit his own sense of justice imposes; for the justice that soars aloft, keeping pace with the intellect, creates new boundaries around all it throws open, while at the same time strengthening and rendering more insurmountable still the ancient barriers of instinct. The moment we cross the primitive frontiers of equity all things seem to fail us; one falsehood gives birth to a hundred, and treachery returns to us through a thousand channels. If justice be in us we may march along boldly, for there are certain things to which the basest cannot be false; but if injustice possess us we must beware of the justest of men, for there are things to which even there cannot remain faithful. As our physical organism was devised for existence in the atmosphere of our globe, so is our moral organism devised for existence in justice. Every faculty craves for it, is more intimately bound up with it than with the laws of gravitation, of light or heat; and to throw ourselves into injustice is to plunge headlong into the hostile and the unknown. All that is in us has been placed there with a view to justice; all things tend thither and urge us towards it; whereas when we harbor injustice we battle against our own strength; and at last, at the hour of inevitable punishment, when, prostrate, weeping and penitent, we recognize that events, the sky, the universe, the invisible, are all in rebellion, all justly in league against us, then may we truly say, not that these are, or ever have been, just, but that we, notwithstanding ourselves, have continued to remain just even in injustice*.—Maeterlinck.

*From essay on *The Mystery of Justice* in *The Buried Temple*. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE CLASS WAR IN HISTORY

PROFESSOR THOMAS WILL

1.—THE SPARTANS AND THE HELOTS.

SOcialism recognizes that society is split into two horizontal strata consisting of those who own the earth and its fullness and those who do the work. This situation, of course, is neither new nor peculiar. It is found in many lands and ages: in the relation of master and slave, of lord and serf, of capitalist-employer and wage-earner, of the "House of Have and the House of Want." It is typified by the picture of the Old Man of the Mountain sitting astride the shoulders of Sinbad the Sailor.

The explanation for this relationship is simple. Men purely selfish prefer that others shall toil that they may enjoy. They are entirely willing that bread shall be eaten in the sweat of the face provided they may do the eating while the other man does the sweating.

Between two such classes there is, of necessity, an irrepressible conflict of interests. Whether this conflict assumes the form of open strife depends upon circumstances. Sometimes, as under the slave system that existed in the Southern States, the grip of the master upon the slave was so irresistible that open war seemed vain. Sometimes the conflict in interests is so carefully veiled that but few, comparatively, of the disinherited realize that it exists. Illustrations of the latter are afforded

by the western farmer and the trusts and monopolies which exploit him while he enthusiastically votes their ticket; and by the wage-earners in American manufactories who assume that their capitalist-employers are conferring upon them a special favor by furnishing them work.

One of the most striking examples which history affords of the conflict between classes is that of the Spartans and the Helots.

About 1104 B.C., occurred the Dorian Migration. By this a powerful people invaded the Peloponnesus and conquered the native inhabitants; one of these groups of conquering Dorians was called Spartans.

Some of the aborigines submitted more readily than others and were accorded comparatively mild treatment. They were called Perioeci, or dwellers roundabout. They retained their lands but paid tribute to the conquerors.

Other of the native peoples resisted to the bitter end. When finally conquered they were reduced to a condition of serfdom and like the Israelites in Egypt, their lives were made bitter by hard bondage. They were called Helots, meaning, probably, captives or prisoners. They were made state property. Like the medieval serf, they were bound to the soil. Like the southern negro, according to the Dred

Scott decision, they had no rights which their masters were bound to respect. They were apportioned by the state to private individuals; they tilled the soil and performed all kinds of menial labor. They were even required to fight in battle for their masters. Those who worked the land paid a fixed rent to their masters. They had no place in the constitution of the state and enjoyed no protection of life, liberty or property. Naturally the Helots hated the Spartans with an undying hatred and watched every opportunity to rise in revolt.

Between these unhappy Helots and their lordly Spartan masters stood the Perioeci, serving as a sort of middle class and buffer, and, like the middle class of today, aiding the ruling class in the work of holding the Helots in subjection.

Another fundamental teaching of Marxian Socialism is that the industrial institutions of the country dominate all the other institutions; in other words, that all other questions are subordinated to the "paramount issue" of bread and butter. This, again, is illustrated by the institutions of Sparta. The dominant question in that city was how to hold down the Helots and maintain them as a positive force engaged in feeding the community, instead of permitting them to convert themselves into a negative force for the destruction of the community.

The Spartan answer to this question, formulated by Lyscurgus, was to make of the State a purely military concern. Every other interest whatever was subordinated to the art of war. Women were taught that their highest glory was to be found in bearing sons who would die in battle for "their country," *i.e.*, for the continued dominion of their class. Weak and unpromising

infants were promptly destroyed by the State. Boys were taught that the chief end of man was to fight. Death in battle was glorious. To survive a defeat was ignominious, and to fly from the enemy was an inexpressible disgrace.

The education of youth turned wholly on preparation for war. The boy was at seven years of age turned over to the State for training and, thereafter, no parental leniency could shield him from the requirements of the discipline thought necessary for a successful fighter. Almost everything, save athletics, esteemed in the schools of today was ignored in Sparta. Physical training was carried to the limit. To endure cold, boys wore the same clothing winter and summer. They slept on hard beds, ate coarse fare, and submitted for no offence, and without a cry or groan, to castigations under which victims frequently dropped dead.

Ethics, likewise, gave place to military necessity. The successful soldier must be able, on occasion, to forage and escape with his booty. For this reason the soldier boy was taught to steal, and was severely punished if he permitted himself to be caught.

Probably because he recognized the weakening effect upon society of unequal distribution of wealth, Lyscurgus carefully excluded this condition from Sparta. Substantial equality of possessions among Spartans was, apparently, ensured; and luxury was strictly forbidden. Excepting the ephors, all, including even the kings, were required to eat at public tables spread with Puritan simplicity. So hard, in fact, was this fare that a luxurious Athenian who had seen it once declared that he now knew why the Spartan was so reckless of life in battle, for any sensible man would prefer death to such diet.

Conversation at these public meals ran largely on military themes, and nothing said was permitted to be repeated outside.

The evil which Malthus feared manifested itself among the Helots as among the Israelites in Egypt. They multiplied. Later, vast additions were made to their numbers by the conquest of the neighboring State of Messenia. After this the treatment accorded the Helots by the Spartans became more galling than before. Insult and odium were constantly heaped upon these helpless victims of war. Unusually bright and athletic Helots were carefully selected and—assassinated. A secret police force called the *Crypteia*, suggesting the regiment of young millionaires in New York City, was made up of young Spartans and employed in killing off all Helots who were regarded as dangerous. Thucydides states that, on one occasion, the Spartans officially announced that all Helots who had performed signal service for the Spartans in the Peloponnesian war should enter their claims and be rewarded with freedom. The Spartan theory underlying this announcement was that "such as had the greatness of spirit to claim their freedom in requital of their merit must also be the ripest for rebellion." About two thousand were adjudged worthy of freedom, led about in procession, crowned with garlands as befitting those about to be set at liberty, and then—secretly murdered.

That, in such circumstances, a class war should smoulder and, on the least opportunity for success, flame out is not strange.

The first serious danger of a great

rising of the Helots occurred in 469 B.C. Pausanias, a discredited Spartan leader, made common cause with the Helots and planned a "general insurrection of the serfs of Laconia and the massacre of the Dorian oligarchy." His plot, however, was betrayed and his attempt failed.

The second danger occurred in 464 B.C. and resulted in an actual eruption of the social volcano. A great earthquake shook down most of the buildings in Sparta, destroyed an enormous number of lives and threw the State into temporary confusion. Now, if ever, was the time for these Gibeonites to strike the blow which should make them free. They arose: all Messenia as one man and much of Laconia.

Never before had Sparta faced such a crisis. So great was her danger that she actually called upon her rival, Athens, for help. This servile war lasted ten years. At last the Helots were driven to bay, besieged in their stronghold and finally compelled to leave the Peloponnesus on promise never to return.

The value of this history lies partly in the light it throws upon the present conflict, civilization wide, of interests when not of ballots or bullets, between the exploiters and the exploited; and partly in the evidence it affords that slavery and true freedom can not subsist side by side. The chain that binds the slave binds also the master. The air polluted by servile breath carries the seeds of consumption to the vitals of the ruling class. "Those," said Lincoln, "who deny liberty to others deserve it not for themselves and, under a just God, they can not long retain it."

FOREST PROTECTION

THROPHIL STANGER

THESE are interesting moments in the school-days of the human race in general, and the American people in particular. The Socialist, with his theory, has been a little ahead of his class, but, the method of Froebel having been applied of late, a few object-lessons in economics have performed educational wonders. The Meat and Coal Trusts having insolently interfered with the material interests of the respectable middle class, and convinced them that the *laissez faire* policy will no longer serve the majority, they have consented to apply themselves to the next lesson, entitled "Public Ownership." However, before this class rallies round the banner of the proletariat for the final struggle, there are more object-lessons necessary to open its eyes to the anarchy of Capitalism, and not the least of these will be the manifold baneful consequences of the reckless destruction of American forests by the lumber companies.

We need not consult a naturalist to learn of what vast importance forests are in the economy of our earth. While our sweat-shops are grinding out the lives of millions of slaves, the busy forces of Nature are at work in the mighty forest, conducting a process of absorption and assimilation and reconstructing the very foundation of terrestrial life. The forest is the foster-

mother of the field and the meadow. Its shade, its mosses, its network of fibrous roots retain the moisture from the heavens and regulate the flow of the streams that fertilize the lands. "It influences the humidity of the air and mitigates extremes of heat and cold." It affords shelter for man and beast, for crops and dwellings. It yields gums, dyes, drugs, nuts and countless other products of inestimable value. And yet, with characteristic ruthlessness, our lumber companies sweep down our primeval forests as though they were cobwebs on the fair face of the earth.

Of all the governments of our modern civilization, Germany was the first to recognize the importance of maintaining its forests, and today she is still far in advance of the other states in the study and practical appliance of the science of sylvaculture. Of course, we are not surprised that the administration of a nation which produced so great a naturalist as Alexander Humboldt and so great an economist as Karl Marx should merit this distinction. Throughout the empire, with a central office at Berlin, there are numerous schools in which young men are instructed and trained for positions as cultivators and wardens of the forests of the state. The courses in the forest academies include the studies of geology, botany,

natural philosophy, zoology, chemistry, mathematics, surveying, hydrology, drawing, etc. The length of the course ranges from two to five years. These training schools of forestry are conducted partly as separate schools, partly in connection with agricultural colleges, polytechnical schools and universities. After passing the final examination, students are invariably required to serve several years as apprentice under experienced forest officers before they are eligible for responsible positions in the government employ. The fact that nearly four hundred thousand of Germany's most talented young men are engaged in this pursuit, shows of what importance the government considers the woodlands, and how profitable their careful, economical culture has proven to be. Forest fires, which yearly destroy vast tracts of American timber, are impossible in the German forests, for the underbrush is periodically cleared away and serves as free fuel for the poor. The spread of diseases among trees is promptly checked and vermin exterminated. Trees are not felled until they have attained their fullest development, and a young sapling is substituted wherever an old giant has fallen. All work done and its exact results are minutely recorded, while associations of foresters (*Forstvereine*) stimulate the interest in the practical, experimental and theoretical pursuit of the work. The system seems to be complete.

Other governments of Europe are also taking steps to check the disafforesting of their realms. Spain, however, has permitted the destruction of most of its woodlands, and to this cause certain historians have ventured to ascribe its political decadence. It is known that the disastrous droughts in China and India are largely the

consequence of the denudation of the mountain-sides which contain the sources of the rivers.

In the United States, ever since the formation of a Forestry Association, feeble efforts have been made to retrieve somewhat the mischief done by private greed to the timber-lands of the Central and Eastern States, but, owing to the fact that the plutocrat is in no country so powerful as in the "Land of the Free," little progress has so far been made; and as long as our present system of government prevails, there is small hope of much being accomplished. The wealthy anarchist who owns a whole tract of forest and the starving anarchist who hews down the thriving elm before his little cottage for a few cords of wood to keep him from freezing to death, are, by reason of their position, alike enemies of the public good. To the lumber merchant, who is in the business for all there's to be made out of it, the most magnificent Sequoias of California represent only so many feet of lumber that may be converted into gold, though at the cost of some of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity this country has to afford the astonished tourist. Aye, we will not have long to wait for the announcement from the lips of one of these privileged vandals, that "God in His infinite wisdom has ordered the venders to convert the earth into a desert."

The nation can well afford to wait a few years before appropriating the coal-fields, those buried forests of past ages, but it cannot afford to let this work of devastation in its living forests go on, since it must take generations to repair the damage done by the ruthless axe of private cupidity. However, we may rest confident, that the officials heretofore elected by the Socialist party and those who will be elected in the near future,

will introduce and support measures tending to the protection of the nation's woodlands. When the coming revolution shall have restored to the people their rightful inheritance and these United States shall have become again a government by the people, then the question of forest reservation and forest culture will also find its solution, and in that day thousands of the children of our factory-slaves will regain their true manhood and womanhood as aids out in the busy workshop of Nature. The menacing signs: "Private hunting grounds, Trespassers will be prosecuted," will, self-evidently, become obsolete, and there will

be hunting grounds for all, under restrictions.

There is another aspect, above that of mere utility, in which we must also regard this all-important question of forest-protection; but as to this, let those who have leisure wander in spirit through the groves of Italy with Ovid, through the woods of England with the boy Shakespeare, and through the forests of America with Bryant and young Washington, and they will learn to cherish and defend, as they would their own hearth-stone, the haunts where genius is born, where imagination is fed, and where deeds that move the world are inspired.

PRE-HISTORIC REMAINS

PROFESSOR H. J. DAVIES, Yale University

IF it be true, as Goethe says, that the man who knows no language but his native tongue does not know that well, it will readily be admitted that he who has never ventured outside his own town or country must be ignorant of its true condition and is an object of pity. He is not unlike the man who has never learned to read; who knows nothing of history and has never peered into the past—"the rock whence we were hewn, the hole of the pit whence we were digged." Fortunately the number of such people is growing less and less in these space-annihilating days; though it is not long since that I knew an old woman, a good, kind soul, who had never boarded the cars, and who, when shown a train, was filled with alarm and requested to be taken away.

But what I want to point out, in introducing the brief descriptions that follow, is that for the man who can and will travel or read history scarcely anything can be so fascinating as the discovery and examination of some old document or remain, wherein, as it were, the spirit of the long-dead past is embalmed. All who love humanity will understand my feelings when I say that such a lot was mine last summer when travelling in England; and I am constrained to believe that for all who are interested in the evolution of social life out of a state of barbarism into what is now called civilization, such discoveries will always prove most fascinating, and, upon due reflection, scientifically important. In the year 4000 A.D. our present physical and

mental condition will be full of a like certain characteristic ornaments and interest. But to our task. implements belonging, at least, to a

The discovery was made by Mr. Reddie Mallet, who had purchased a pre-Roman stage of civilization in Great Britain.

lot in St. Merryn, Cornwall, on which A number of scientists, including he had intended to erect a private Prof. Muller, Baring Gould, R. A.

PROFESSOR H. J. DAVIES

house. This lot proved to be the site of a necropolis. For during the work of digging and prospecting for water the spade of a workman struck something hard at a depth of fifteen feet, which proved to be a slate cist or chest containing, besides human remains, Bullen and others, were quickly summoned to the spot to investigate and if possible determine the significance of the discoveries. Meanwhile Mr. Mallet wisely and generously erected a museum instead of a private house in order the better to preserve the objects found on

his property for the purpose of anthropological study and further proposes to roof over a number of typical cists *in situ* to facilitate this object. It is said that some fifty thousand of these cists abound in the neighborhood, which is, of course, only a guess, the actual number unearthed falling far, far short of that. But it is obvious that a neolithic cemetery of great antiquity and interest has been discovered, and as

Anthony to Tennor. Belonging to the later neolithic age is a large quantity of implements, celts or chisels, arrowheads, beads, whetstones and flint knives, while to the early iron age (or bronze age?) belong the circular enclosures and supposed British huts in Bodennar Crellas. The stone circles at Boscawen and other places, probably anterior to Stonehenge, 1600 B. C., the barrons and monumental pillars at

CONSTANTINE BAY AND ISLAND

these ancient places are, one by one, laid bare, we begin to see with new vision the storied past more clearly and the culture and civilization entombed with them.

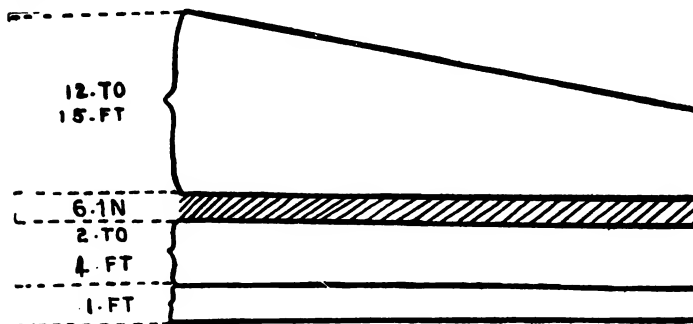
The reader will gain a better idea of the importance of this antiquarian find if he be reminded that similar finds have previously been made in Cornwall. Some of these are admittedly so ancient that the date is uncertain. Such are the hill and cliff castles, the holed stones and dolmans found all the way from St.

Trenuggo and Trevear are undoubtedly of the stone age. The bronze age is witnessed in the discovery of daggers, buckles, pins, fibulæ or clasps, long chisels or celts, spearheads, axes and swords found in Penzance and St. Michael's Mount and in many other places. From this it is clear why Cornwall and its neighborhood is the happy hunting-ground of antiquarians in search of pre-Roman remains. The reader may learn, in the Journal of the Royal Institute of Cornwall, vol. 5, of Roman

roads and of heaps of coins of the period, as well as other objects of art, which have been found. To the above localities Harlyn Bay may now be added, and accounted as among the most important on account of its antiquity.

A description of the discoveries at Harlyn should include a general idea of the disposition of the land. The accompanying photo of Constantine Bay and Island will give a hint of the nature of the coast line. Harlyn Bay is one of the small inlets in which the North Cornwall coast abounds, and is contiguous to Constantine. The outlook seaward is grand, and the climate is unsurpassed.

The soil, in which the various objects which are to be described were found, is within two hundred yards of the sea, and is curiously composed of three or four layers, which may be represented diagrammatically as follows :



The first layer, about fifteen feet, is composed of ordinary blown sand, is rather bright in color, and without particular interest so far as the search for relics is concerned. But under this there occurs a narrow strip of dark sand which proved to be a veritable mine, for in it bodkins of all sizes and materials, as well as curiously wrought fragments of worked rock and stone, have been discovered. Immediately under this narrow strip is the third layer, about four feet wide, in which

the cists or chests, and their interred remains, etc., were mostly localized, while at the lowest depth, rubble, or broken rock, was discovered in large quantities; in fact, rubble seemed to be the foundation of the strata. As indicated in the diagram, the inclination of the burial ground is towards the sea, which has, according to some authorities, encroached on the Cornish coast 183,000 acres since Roman times, and Leland states that the distance between Land's End and the Scilly Isles was formerly continuous and contained one hundred and forty parish churches and presumably as many villages. The extent of the Harlyn Bay cemetery has not yet been determined, but it is agreed that it is much greater than Mr. Mallet's property, which covers about one-half to three-quarters of an acre. It is supposed to contain about 50,000 cists, but this is not a verifiable statement at present.

The first signs of the antiquarian importance of this locality, which has been indicated above, were suggested, as already stated, when the workman's spade struck the corner of a slate cist. He

had already removed about twelve feet of blown sand. When the cist was opened, and further investigations in other parts of the same general field were made, it was found that the burials, though typical, were obviously very ancient. The photos will give a general idea of the situation. A somewhat mistaken idea of the cists, however, is pretty certain to be gained from the pictures. Their entire length, in most cases, does not reach five feet, of which some eighteen

inches are comprised by the compartment to be observed at the upper or head end of each one. The sides and covering slabs are made of slate, evidently quarried in the neighborhood. The natives still use the slate in making walls, in roofing their houses, and for grave stones.

The cists exist in two styles, square and round. The round cists also have two compartments, and were apparently used by families where parents and children had died and were buried together. They are generally simple in construction, while the rectangular type is rather more carefully set up. It has been noticed that the covering slabs of the cists are most always inclined at an angle of about 45° , and Mr. Bullen calls attention to Mr. Joly's remark that the Turks use this method in burying their dead. According to Mr. Mallet's observations, too, *the interments all point to the magnetic North*, a remarkable coincidence, and inexplicable except by reference to the Pole Star or some other stellar index.

The most interesting contents of the cists are the human remains. Here we have some important observations to

make in connection with the position of the skeletons, their probable state when interred, and the significance of the objects found buried with them. As regards position, it is obvious that the crouching attitude is the dominant one. Most of the bodies were doubt-

AN OPENED CIST

less doubled and the knees brought as near the chin as possible; they were also placed in their cists sideways. The remains thus discovered are in a very good state of preservation, the teeth in particular being exceedingly fine in shape, color and strength.

Most of the skeletons are practically in the same position as when interred, and that position was the one described; but on the west side of the burial ground two were found, an adult and a child, in a flattened condition, and supporting the foundation of a wall which has been already traced twenty feet in length. It is supposed that here we have an interesting illustration of Hadden's theory that human sacrifice was deemed, universally in ancient time, a proper foundation for stone structures. Mr. Bullen, who has reported on this fact, says: "There is little doubt in my mind that we are here in the presence of human sacrifice. These skeletons were buried in this way, so as in some manner to procure the stability of the wall above them, and to protect the burial ground which the wall fenced off." Instances of this custom are many, one of the most interesting being that of St. Columba founding the Christian Church at Hy on the voluntary sacrifice of Odhran, (see Hadden's *The Study of Man*, p 847). In other cases other old customs are found repeated. In some cists the skulls have received a blow, either before or soon after death. In one case the skull is broken in several places, and the nasal bone severed by a clean cut across the front. We know that the custom prevailed in Gaul of smashing the skull with stones and in many instances the posture of the body showed that the blow was before death, the hands being lifted above the head as though to ward it off. It is highly probable that we have in the Harlyn discoveries a further confirmation of the idea, advanced by Bonson, that the blow was delivered to hasten death. Very likely the sufferer was killed in his grave to end his agony.

It is not so easy to explain what was discovered in the *round* cists, for here we have not only broken skulls but *dismemberment*. In Egypt this practice was followed in order to make ceremonial meals of the flesh and marrow of the dead. Whether this is the case in Harlyn is a question which must, for the present, remain *sub judice*. In the round cists in question the facts as these: a thigh bone occurs separate from the rest of the body by a layer of slate slabs and the broken skulls of the eastern compartment were similarly separated from their respective skeletons. It looks as though the corpse had been interred after dismemberment; that some of the members had been forgotten and interred afterwards.

Dr. Beddæ, F.R.S., in reporting on the skulls and remains has expressed the general opinion when he says that the bodies of these people were of fair size and development. He found the cranial index in the case of eleven of the skulls to be:

	MALE	FEMALE	DOUBTFUL
1.	70.00	8. 73.41	10. 73.28
2.	72.54	9. 76.70	11. 77.22
3.	72.69		
4.	76.18		
5.	77.28		
6.	78.61		
7.	82.22		

The average of the whole series is 75.19. As regards their stature the average for the males is about five feet four and one-half inches, for the females five feet one and one-half inches. Their bones, specially the femur (a good bone for judgment), indicate a low form, this bone being long and sometimes bent through bowing under unusual burdens.

Of secondary importance, except as connected with man's historical development at Harlyn, are the discoveries which were made of other objects in or connected with the cists. In the cists

a large number of flint implements and slate flakes were found while in the dark soil stratum there is a profuse layer of miscellaneous objects, implements, bones, human teeth, etc. More than two hundred have already been classified by Mr. Mallet, but there is a vast wealth of these and other objects in the neighborhood. Those found in the cists were evidently placed there for a purpose; for they are somewhat more fanciful and show some rude attempts at design. They are in many cases wonderfully well shaped and pointed to the sharpness of a steel needle. The

several amulets and charms, such as odd teeth found frequently above and separate from skeletons possessing perfect sets. Two were found *on* the pelvis, while a bronze ring was found along with a number of teeth and lumbar vertebræ. The teeth here referred to were probably charms. In the neighboring parish church of St. Merryn the story goes that in the last century teeth used to be abstracted from the coffins under the floor of the church and sold at eighteen pence apiece as charms against disease. The rings were probably used for the same

"THEY WERE OFTEN PLACED IN THE CIST SIDEWAYS"

slate, of which many of them are made, is still found near the bay and has been identified as the same as that of the Camel quarry. Others are made of flint, of shell (mostly limpet and mussel), and slate. In cists wherein females were buried have been found several spindle-whorls, or fly-wheels of the ancient distaff. They are formed of stone for the most part, perforated in the centre to receive the bone or wood spindle. In this group of secondary objects must also be mentioned the discovery of

purpose. Quartz, of a whitish color, is also found carved to the shape of a shield and placed, for some religious reason, within and about the cists, probably to protect the body from harm. Two Roman coins have also been found, one a coin of Faustina, junior, wife of Marcus Aurelius. Her likeness appears on the obverse, her hair being done up in a knot behind; on the reverse is a female figure standing. The inscription is illegible, but Dr. Head, of the British Museum,

deciphered the reading AUGUSTI PII FIL(IA) on a good specimen. While ploughing near the cemetery a small copper coin, issued for circulation in the Spanish South American colonies, and marked "VIII," was also discovered.

Before attempting to explain the age and significance of these important discoveries, mention must be made of the urns, huts and kitchen middens which have been unearthed in this fascinating neighborhood. The larger contained, when found, a bronze dagger (blade with two rivet holes), an incense cup, a spindle-whorl, and slate hone. The urn is about twenty inches high, with a diameter of fifteen inches in the largest part. The pottery is half an inch thick. The incense cup had a diameter of a little more than two and one-half inches (2.625) and a height of nearly one and one-half inches. The pattern on it is what Haddon calls a skenomorph of the flower type, for it has evidently been made by pressing plaited grass on moist clay. Another of these urns, which fell to pieces upon being handled, was discovered buried deep, and consists of the same coarse type, patterned of plaited grass. In the latter instance, however, the mode of burial was somewhat remarkable, for it was surrounded by some two tons of solid quartz blocks; at the top there was a covering of charcoal and blown sand; stretching from the two sides of the quartz block was a slab of slate, a covering, doubtless, for the urn; immediately surrounding the urn was a quantity of light blown shell-sand. The urn was inverted, and, *underneath*, the cremated remains were found (along with a bronze pin 1.5 inches long), two fragments of other pins, and two white beads. The urn is of black pottery, a mixture of clay and quartz sand. The urn itself rested

on a bed of land shells, including, according to Dr. Thelwell, who has classified them, *Helix nemoralis* and *Pomatias reflexus*. The dimensions of the urn are: 16 inches maximum diameter; 15 inches minimum diameter; depth, 9 inches; thickness, 5 inches. The urns are generally regarded as of pre-Roman origin; for none of the work, so far discovered, bears any traces of classical or Romano-Greek art. We may, therefore, conclude that cremation was among the burial customs of neolithic man, for the urns are crematoria.

The above details suggest a reflection or two on the significance of these ancient burials. We have seen that various objects (flint, felspar, charcoal, etc.), were placed, often on the abdomen or at the head of the body, in the grave. Similar customs have been found in almost all ancient civilizations and among savage peoples. The meaning of this practice—so different from anything prevailing among us—seems twofold. First, it may be a provision against the needs of the future state, and secondly, it may be a mark of individual affection. I do not think we need take our choice of these, for they are not essentially antagonistic ideas. On the contrary, they are complementary. Thus the flint implements, inasmuch as they represent the most important discovery of primitive man, fire, may have been buried with the dead as the most costly offering of the heart, as well as an imaginative projection of needs into the world to which the dead went and from which there is no return. Thus utility and love may have dictated the burial customs of these rude peoples.

A word in regard to the huts and kitchen middens. At Constantine a hut has been discovered, which is

thirteen feet long by nine feet wide. The porch, which is straight, is four feet long; while the walls are elliptical, and about two and one-half feet high. It is roofed over with slabs of slate. When first entered, October, 1901, the bones of an ox, sheep, pig, rabbit and horse were discovered, besides limpet shells. Also, a hand hammer, made from a pebble of hard stone, grooved to fit the fingers of the hand, like certain ping-pong bats now in use. Presumably the

broken for their marrow, and some are carved to a point to serve as scoops or gouges. Mr. Bullen has called attention also to the excellent strategical position of this hut. Its entrance faces the land and it has the mass of Constantine Island between it and the sea. It thus makes a good lookout, and is secure from the observation of seamen on the water side.

A kitchen midden is simply a dumping place where neolithic man collected

SITE OF THE EXPLORATIONS

occupants were engaged in pottery making when they left the hut, for several lumps of clay, together with an implement for mixing clay and sand, were found, while traces of fire were still to be seen on the hearth. When found the hut was completely filled with sand. Another hearth (perhaps the summer hearth) was discovered on the north side with bones and marine shells and lumps of clay similar to those found inside. Many of the bones have been

his kitchen leavings. At Harlyn and neighborhood several of these have been localized. Plentiful traces of charcoal and bones burned thereby have been found in connection with the hearths. The middens are, of course, now entirely covered over. They occur at a depth of eight feet sometimes. On the upper levels wheel-turned pottery and on the lower fragments of the coarser kind already referred to are in evidence. Constantine Church, built by

Christian missionaries about 1600 years ago, stands in the midst of one of these large middens and is marked by the presence of a large stone, included in the church, which formed the centre of whatever religious ceremonials were practiced at that early day. A religious significance thus came to be associated with almost everything in the life of primitive man.

In closing this brief description of a fascinating and important discovery, two points deserve discussion. One refers to the age of the interments, and the other to the tribes supposed to live near this primitive necropolis. The nature of the objects now on hand would seem to point to some primitive British tribe, possibly the original Kelt, and the time of his occupancy of Harlyn Bay as about one thousand years before the conquest of the Romans, or the neolithic-bronze age. It is significant, at least, that only in the upper layers are Roman remains found, and these are bronze ornaments and pottery for the most part; as the Roman occupancy of Cornwall would naturally be of a military nature, it is still more probable that these discoveries antedate the Roman period, because no trace of the military life is found. The predominance of stone, flint and similar implements, together with pottery, points to a like conclusion. The presence of iron, however, also goes to show that it was the very late neolithic or early iron age when these interments were made. Possibly there is some overlapping of these "ages." Anyway, the period covered by the local history is a very long one, and probably began with neolithic man, 1,000 or 1,500 B. C., at least.

The people who inhabited the parts about Harlyn were a tribe of pre-Roman Britons. Did they live on the site of

the burial-field we have described? is a question many have asked; or, was the settlement some distance inland? No certain answer can be given, but analogy would lead to the conclusion that not very far off was the spot where these ancestors of ours both lived and died. Perhaps, therefore, strictly speaking, we cannot say that they lived *on the spot* where the present cemetery was found, but the settlement was undoubtedly near by.

In closing, let us reflect upon the meaning of this find for us. Vastly improved we are in every respect in comparison with neolithic man, and in this fact lies its chief interest and practical importance. If we have made such progress in the past, what can we not do in the future, which, like the "unmapped prairie," still lies before us? Science bids us borrow hope from our humble origin for the task that lies before us. Individually that task is to attain to self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control. Socially it is to bring peace and good-will among men, in short, the kingdom of heaven on earth. Or both together: our task is to bring about the highest efficiency of the individual in subordination to the complete harmony of the whole of which he is a part.

[NOTE: I may say that in conversation with Mr. Mallett, the discoverer of the Harlyn Bay remains, I gathered that he would donate a complete cist with all its contents to any American museum provided the fund for shipment were provided. I need hardly say that such a gift would be a great acquisition, adding materially to the illustrations of the bygone past. If any reader of the above article desires further information, I will gladly answer his inquiries, or put him in communication with Mr. Mallett himself. H. D.]

THE DANGERS OF WHALING

MY DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:—

Your kind letter asking me to send an article for the most stirring magazine on the continent is a compliment which surely is entitled to a respectful answer. Men who "go down to the sea in ships" hunting the sperm whale, tell us that sometimes when they have succeeded in driving their harpoons deep into the quivering flesh of their victim, he dives and remains quiet in the great deep for such a long time that the whalers grow careless, the sea is smooth and placid, and instead of watching for the upheaval, they spend the time in song and story as if their work were done. But at an unexpected moment the sea swells like a caldron just before boiling and up comes leviathan goaded to madness—a blow from the fin knocks one boat into smithereens, a lash of the tail reduces another to chips, while oars, and lines and tubs and men are scattered in confusion and disaster.

The protected Trust and sheltered monopolies of this country are having their innings just now and seem upon the surface to be enjoying a good time. The small railroad is being swallowed by the large, the retail dealer driven to the wall, the little manufacturer bought out with watered stock which for the present is manipulated so as to apparently pay a dividend.

The farmer pays a higher price for

his McCormick reaper in Chicago, where it is made, than it can be bought for in Australia. The seamstress pays more for her Singer machine than she would in Russia, and so the millions roll merrily into billions.

We are continually told of the wealth of this country, but where does it center? Largely in the pockets of a few Morgans. They say the farmers are getting rich. Poor fellows! If they have a little show just now, they are certainly entitled to it, for they rarely get anything like the value of their crops.

But with all the hurrah about prosperous times, the bulk of our people are no better off than they were five years ago. Talk with teachers, clerks, mechanics, laborers, and they will tell you that, notwithstanding small advances of wages in some instances, they are really worse off than ever through the constant increase of prices.

The game goes on grandly. One combine after another is launched. Each one thrusts its harpoon into the dear people, and still the surface is comparatively smooth.

The thermometer stands now at 15° below. This means terrific suffering for thousands, yes, millions who must pinch in food and clothing, in order to pay the robber price for fuel.

Whose fault is this? There is plenty of coal and plenty of men ready to dig

it. Divine-right Baer tells us the miners are to blame. We need not go into particulars. We all know that the great tin-bucket brigade, whether taking their lives in their hands to bring coal from the bowels of the earth, or toiling upon its surface, is wondrously patient, and when these troubles arise between accumulated millions upon one side and men who get barely enough to buy the cheapest clothing and food upon the other, the fault is not wholly with the latter.

How long is this state of things to continue? How long will the leviathan lie at the bottom of the deep with the steel festering in his flesh? Legislation does not promise much while the millionaire has such an enormous leverage on the average legislator, but unless some means are devised, and that speedily, to help, not the "submerged tenth" but the wronged nine-tenths, there will be an upheaval of such giant proportions as will bend the harpoons like knitting needles and send the boats of the whalers to swift destruction. Such an upheaval would draw all the country into its vortex; but it is as certain as

the rising of the sun, unless heroic measures are taken to avert it.

An equitable adjustment whereby the rich shall not be trampled on nor the poor defrauded of their rights, calls for the exercise of all the wisdom, courage and Christianity that our boasted civilization possesses.

We vaunt our liberty in that a majority rules. Waiving the question as to how that majority is often attained, and whether, indeed, a majority rules at all, is it true that government by the majority infers liberty? Did not the majority poison Socrates and crucify Christ? The unit of a government is the individual, and that government is the best—call it what you will—where the individual has the largest measure of liberty consistent with public safety. But where favored individuals and corporations are sheltered by legal charters in their business of squeezing the life out of their fellow beings, the inevitable issue is the squeezing of the life out of the nation.

E. E. LEWIS.

Sioux City, Ia., Feb. 28, 1903.

EDITORIAL NOTES

CONSOLIDATION OF DISTRIBUTION NEXT

Monopoly, having so thoroughly captured the field of transportation and production, will necessarily soon be forced to go into the distribution business. The following shows the trend:

New York.—The Acker, Merrall & Condit Co. has absorbed the grocery stores now owned and managed by Charles Otten and will operate them under its management. The stores are seventeen in number, and other branches will

probably be added to the consolidation.

In the trade it is considered only a matter of a little time when this company and Park & Tilford will unite, although members of both firms have denied that they had any such intention. It is believed that the retail grocery trade will become the next field for great industrial combinations.

The action of the Tobacco Trust in opening up retail stores in our big cities, to the dismay of the little dealers, is another sign that the field of distribution will soon fall into the hands of monopoly. The Coal Trust

will undoubtedly soon have its own distributing agents.

HOW TO LOWER TAXES

Certainly, if a city owns its own gas and waterworks, its own street car lines and telephones, and has only ordinary business talent in the management, it can reduce taxes very considerably if it charges rates prevailing in other cities.

There can be no question as to this, but the real question is, what good does it do to lower taxes? It really simply means so much more income for the landlords. The citizen who owns nothing has no benefit. The following from the N. Y. Commercial conveys a moral:

Westfield, Mass.—The municipal gas plant is the subject of criticism, taxpayers complaining at the size of the bills which are rendered by the town. The price of gas is \$1.80 per 1,000 feet. Springfield, eight miles distant, is supplied by a private corporation at \$1 per 1,000 feet.

The town officials claim that the profits from gas tend to make taxes lower. The complainants threaten to ask the State Gas & Electric Light Commission to investigate.

The Westfield citizen pays more for his gas, but less taxes. This should, then, be about a stand-off, but the trouble is that there are a good many more people who buy gas than there are people who pay taxes. However, the majority are not satisfied by being told that a high gas rate means a low land tax. Municipal Socialism is a good thing, but it will never solve all problems.

WAGES AND PROSPERITY

According to the ordinary way of thinking, when we have good times and capitalists make money they are only too glad to share with their employees. Of course this is really only a little dream of the average man. The capitalist pays for labor as he does for any other commodity. Today we have

prosperity, yet silver goes down in price every day. Would not a capitalist be a fool to pay a higher price for silver than need be merely because he happened to have the money to do it with? Certainly he would. He is not out to take care of the sellers of silver, and neither is he out to take care of the laborers, the sellers of labor.

Today wages are up in many trades simply because there is an excessive demand for labor, not in the least because the capitalist can afford to pay higher wages. If it were simply philanthropy that made wages higher we would not see items like the following:

Topeka, Kan.—The difficulty which Western railroads are finding in keeping enough mechanical help is affecting in a peculiar manner the clerks they employ. Some of the roads, the Santa Fe included, have begun reducing salaries of the office employees. The high wages paid to mechanical help make it necessary, the companies say, to retrench in expenses, and the roads are doing this among their office forces.

No organization exists among the clerks, but it is understood that steps will be taken to protest against the reduction policy.

If capitalists were sharing up their gains they would share up with the clerks as well as with laborers. They find that there is a shortage of laborers and they put up the price to get what they want. On the same day of prosperity they find there is a surplus of clerks and they put down salaries:

DOG EAT DOG

What better summing up of the absolute imbecility of anti-Trust legislation could be found than the following, taken from an editorial in the N. Y. Commercial:

Dozens of witnesses from among railroad managers, manufacturers, shippers and commercial folk generally have agreed in their testimony before the United States Industrial Commission that competition is the chief cause of discriminations in the rates of transportation. To remedy the evil it has been proposed seriously in many quarters to remove the cause—that is, to do away by law with all forms of competition between common carriers, inasmuch

as most of them are publicly chartered corporations and maintain for the most part a distinctively public service. In consequence nobody, presumably, was shocked at reading the first section of the so-called Administration bill introduced in the House by Chairman Jenkins fresh from the hand of Attorney-General Knox, and the opening and concluding portions of its second section. But among the great army of persons concerned in trade here in the United States there must have been something akin to consternation produced at this in the middle of section two:

If any such joint stock company, corporation or combination shall offer, grant or give any special prices, inducements or advantages for the sale of articles produced, manufactured, owned or controlled by it to purchasers in any particular locality in order to restrict or destroy competition in that locality in the sale of such articles, it shall be unlawful thereafter to transport any article owned or controlled by it, or produced or manufactured by it, by whomsoever the same may be owned or controlled, from the State within which such article is produced, manufactured, owned or controlled.

In other words, no corporation whose business involves interstate commerce, and which "cuts" prices on its goods to any of its customers, could get its goods transported after that; for any carrier transporting them would be fined \$5,000 for each offense! In short, this bill reputedly fathered by the Administration seeks not only to destroy competition in the public service of transportation, but in the buying and selling of goods. Was a more preposterous proposition ever seriously impaled on public attention in this free country of ours? It may be argued in palliation of it that the offense contemplated must be perpetrated "in order to restrict or destroy competition"—but isn't the marking down of prices always done with that purpose? It is a device to get trade away from competitors, and when it succeeds wholly its effect must be to destroy this competitor's business.

There occur to us in this connection some declarations made by the Honorable Martin A. Knapp at Washington two or three years ago. As chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission he was arguing in a general way for the repeal of the Sherman law and of the anti-pooling clause of the Interstate Commerce law, and he took occasion to say:

On what I call actual property—I mean the things we eat, use and wear, the products of human labor and skill—possibly some of us do, but I do not, want uniform prices under present conditions. We want every producer to be perfectly free to get just as much as he can for anything he has to sell, and we want every consumer to be perfectly free to buy everything he wants as cheap as he can. We want the utmost freedom of contract between buyer and seller in everything that relates to property. Therefore, it seems to me, all those conditions which tend to abridge that freedom of contract, whether by controlling and limiting production,

controlling markets or in whatever ways they operate against the general good of the public, ought to be prevented, if they can be, because it seems to me this freedom of contract between buyer and seller of property is the very foundation of industrial freedom. I cannot conceive of commercial liberty that does not involve that absolute freedom of contract.

Could there be any freedom of contract between buyers and sellers with this Knox bill enacted and in force?

Roosevelt sets Knox out to perpetuate competition, and the only elixir of life Knox can invent to keep competition alive is a law to prevent competition. He sets a thief to catch a thief.

THE KAISER VS. TRUSTS

I should judge from the following from the N. Y. Commercial that the Kaiser must have become a Socialist:

Berlin.—Herr Kaphun, president of the German Tobacco Manufacturers Association, says the Government is prepared to nationalize the tobacco industry, as is the case in France, for the purpose of thwarting the plans of the Anglo-American combine.

The Government has hitherto refused to monopolize the tobacco trade, fearing that such action would result in the ruin of the small tradesmen, but as this now will be probably effected by the combine, the Reichstag will be asked to pass the legislation necessary to make the trade a Government monopoly.

However, it is unnecessary to say that while the Kaiser is not a Socialist, yet, still, if it comes to choosing between Trusts and Socialism, he can have but one choice, especially when he does not own the Trusts himself.

A POSTAL MILK ROUTE

Utica, N. Y.—A party of New York city men came to this city a week ago for the purpose of securing control of the local delivery milk routes. Today they announce that their purpose has been accomplished and they will start business within three weeks.

The work of distributing 20,000 quarts daily will be done by 15 men instead of about 150. It is promised that the price, which now ranges from five cents in summer to seven cents in winter, will be kept between four and five cents the year round.

The company will sell clarified, pasteurized, sterilized or modified milk, also milk products.

Cleveland.—A syndicate has obtained options on 65 per cent. of the milk routes in the city and proposes to buy them. Attorney Chas. S. Beardsley says he represents the syndicate interested and that the capital is \$1,000,000, most of which is owned by New York men.

The purpose is not to raise the price of milk, but to deliver in the most economical way,

establish central stations. The promoters are confident that a big profit will result. The options will be closed in 15 days.—N. Y. Commercial.

One of the best illustrations of the waste of competition is seen in the delivery, by half a dozen wagons, of our

milk supply. What would we think if we had a dozen letter carriers, employed by a dozen rival Post Office companies, delivering our letters. However, the capitalist is teaching us the beauties of Socialism as applied to milk delivery.

CURRENT EVENTS

The Imperative Mandate.

Every year before election we have the same old story. The candidate soliciting votes goes down on his knees and licks the dust off the voter's boots to get a smile from him. He is then the true servant of the people, and is going to do wonderful things if he is only put in a position where he can carry out his beneficent desires. But immediately the sun goes down on election day, O what a difference there is in the morning! He is no longer the servant, but the boss; and when you approach him either in your City Hall or in the House of Congress, you go before a "great man," you are made to feel that you are in the presence of an august being who must be propitiated before you can expect any favors.

Things will remain this way as long as we retain our representative system. The only way for us to get rid of the eternal impudence of elected officials is to have a complete system of Initiative and Referendum, together with the Imperative Mandate or power of recall

of representatives. With a system of this kind we shall be able to initiate our own legislation and make laws without depending upon the politicians. By means of the Imperative Mandate

One seems to see a difference as the votes are counted.

—Columbus Evening Despatch.

we will always have it in our power to recall any public official we have elected to office whenever we find that he is not performing his duty. No private individual thinks of entrusting his business to a servant over whom he has no power of discharge in case he is not

satisfied with the way he performs the functions of his office; yet we expect the public service to be properly executed though we put our officials absolutely beyond our control until the end of their term of office, at which time we can show our disapproval by not re-electing them. Los Angeles city, and other cities on the Pacific coast, have recently distinguished themselves by realizing the absurdity of

can snap his fingers at you. Let all our American cities follow the lead of Los Angeles in the drawing up of their new charters.



Hanna, Roosevelt & Co.'s Wooing of the Negro

Mark Hanna's position as a defender of the capitalist system has been fairly consistent up to the present time. I have been able to explain satisfactorily to myself most of his actions without necessarily attributing to him any personal failing. As he says, he believes in organized capital and he believes in organized labor, but he thinks the organized capital must control the organized labor. It is much easier for organized capital to get along with organized labor, providing it can make its own terms, than it is for it to deal with an unorganized mob; and Mr. Hanna, realizing that the organization of labor is inevitable, does not propose to kick against the pricks. Mr. Hanna simply believes

"THEY CERTAINLY AM GOOD TO ME."

—N. Y. American.

this state of affairs and introducing into their city charters provisions for the Initiative and Referendum and the Imperative Mandate. There is no doubt that these reforms will bring them much better municipal government than they have ever had heretofore. When a man in office feels that if he does something wrong you can punish him and punish him at once, he is apt to be much more observant of your opinion than when he knows that he

in the perpetuity of present Industrial Feudalism, and his actions have been more or less consistent along this line.

However, while hitherto his position, viewing him as a capitalist, has been very clear, and could have been completely defended by him as a capitalist, his bill, recently introduced in the Senate, to pension negro slaves is absolutely indefensible from any point of view whatever.

The bill calls for a large outlay of money in pensions to the former negro slaves, merely because they were slaves. In the first place, it is a purely demagogic measure because he knows it can never pass. He is introducing it merely to curry favor with the negro delegates in the next Republican Presidential Convention. That this is his motive is so ostensible, one wonders that he should thus recklessly degrade himself in public opinion by such a piece of arrant demagoguery. Of course, in a way it may be said that this is not as bad as the demagoguery of Roosevelt in appointing negroes to certain federal offices in the South against the wishes of the white population there. If these appointments were sincerely made for the purpose of showing Roosevelt's determination to bring about the social equality of the negroes and whites, there would be an ethical defence, but when it is simply a palpable bid, like Hanna's, for the negro vote in the next Republican Convention, the appointments throw as unfavorable a light upon the character of our President as does the Senate bill on Mr. Hanna's. Here we see the two most prominent Republicans bidding against each other for votes to control the Presidential nomination in the next Republican Convention; willing to bid any price, no matter how high.

The price is nothing to them; for the country and not the bidders, must pay for their bids.

The negro question in the South is at base an economic one, although superficially it appears to be a racial one. Before the war and during slavery days there was no negro question. The negroes, as chattel slaves, were better housed and better fed and better con-

tented than they are today as wage slaves. They were like well-cared-for animals on the farm, and their old plantation songs that we in the North still sing were symbolical of their content with life. Today they are thrown on their own resources to compete against a superior race. As a result, great demoralization has ensued and grave problems are presenting themselves. Negro insanity is increasing tremendously. The outrages committed by negroes upon white women of the South is but one of the evidences of a growing racial insanity, induced by their inability to meet the requirements of our competitive wage system. Were it not for the hope of Socialism completely changing our economic conditions and putting the negroes and the whites in a position where they will no longer be competitors, and where each will be economically free, there is no question in my mind but that sooner or later there would be a war of extermination between the whites and the blacks, and from all appearances, it would mean the extermination of the black race.

Meanwhile, pending the advent of Socialism it should be the earnest determination and desire of every man to do what he can to make conditions in the South as tolerable as possible between the whites and the blacks; and the demagogism of Roosevelt and Hanna in risking not only the peace of the South, but of the whole nation, in order to gain a purely selfish political end, is as despicable and dangerous a piece of work as has ever been witnessed in the political history of the United States.

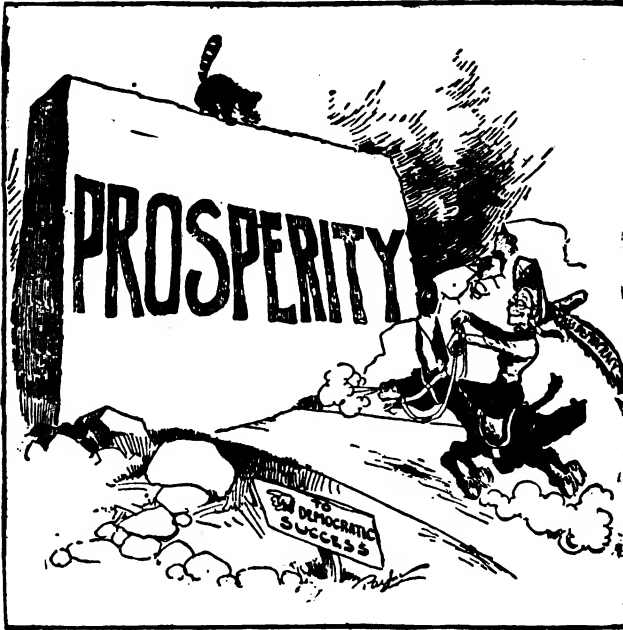
Prosperity is thought by some people to be the only barrier to Democratic success. As a matter of fact, it

is very doubtful if, when the inevitable collapse does occur, the Democratic Party will be greatly benefited. Nor is there any protection to the Republican Party in this ephemeral prosperity.

Herein is where the Socialist Party has a commanding position. It not only has a theory which proves positively that there must soon be a period of depression, but at the same time shows how to remedy this inevitable depression. Hence, the Socialists view

are abreast of the times and are men at the head of the big combinations. If the Democrats ever again should get into Washington and attempt to carry out their absurd policy of the Destruction of the Trusts and blocking the progress of industrial evolution, then we certainly would have a great industrial crisis at once. The Democrats are like the Chinese with their idea that a small foot on a woman is so beautiful that they never allow the foot to grow

beyond the baby stage. They bind it up so tightly that it cannot grow. No matter how much the infant may cry at the torture, the Chinese stick to their ideal and insist upon the foot remaining in its bonds. This is practically the industrial plan the Democrats are proposing for this country. They wish to keep us back in the Jeffersonian days of primitive individual industry. Their position is that they would rather kill an industry than see it grow; for, an anti-Trust bill, if effective, means killing the industry altogether.



NOTHING IN THE WAY BUT THE HIGH HURDLE.
—Pittsburg Gazette.

the next period of depression as one which will give them many new adherents. The best the Democrats can look forward to is a shifting of office-holders, the Republicans to be thrown out and our present regime to continue hobbling along as best it may with the Democratic administration in the saddle. It is perfectly true that the Democrats, being largely of the smaller capitalists, are more incompetent to manage our industrial situation than the Republicans, for the Republicans

are abreast of the times and are men at the head of the big combinations. If the Democrats ever again should get into Washington and attempt to carry out their absurd policy of the Destruction of the Trusts and blocking the progress of industrial evolution, then we certainly would have a great industrial crisis at once. The Democrats are like the Chinese with their idea that a small foot on a woman is so beautiful that they never allow the foot to grow beyond the baby stage. They bind it up so tightly that it cannot grow. No matter how much the infant may cry at the torture, the Chinese stick to their ideal and insist upon the foot remaining in its bonds. This is practically the industrial plan the Democrats are proposing for this country. They wish to keep us back in the Jeffersonian days of primitive individual industry. Their position is that they would rather kill an industry than see it grow; for, an anti-Trust bill, if effective, means killing the industry altogether.

Futility of Charity

A great many people seem to think that by the aid of charity the Trusts will be able to give a small portion of what they take from the people, and so prolong the present industrial system for an indefinite period. This is an economic mistake. The amount that can be given away in charity is, of course, limited to the earnings of the capitalists; and if there is any

dislocation of our industries, and this is sure to occur in the next industrial crisis, the source from which the charity funds are derived will be dried up. It is much easier to get money for charity in times of prosperity, the very time it is not so much needed, than it is to get it in times of adversity, when it is most wanted. The day is certainly not so far off when the people of the United States are going to realize the ridiculous position in which they have placed themselves. Here we have a country which produces wealth in abundance, and all we need to do is to introduce a proper method of distribution, in order to allow this enormous river of wealth

in our midst to percolate in golden irrigation streams over a poverty and famine-stricken nation. There has never been recorded in history a nation which died of starvation because it had too much to eat, and I don't think the American people are going to be the first on the record.

"Go 'round to the other window."

—Denver Post

BOOK REVIEWS

ASTRONOMY FOR EVERYBODY. Simon Newcomb. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.25. 333 pages.

Professor Newcomb gives us one of the best popular works upon Astronomy with which we are familiar. It is well illustrated, and if the reader can remember half that is told he will be able to astonish his friends with his profound knowledge upon stellar matters. The book is thoroughly up-to-date, and is written in that lucid, charming manner for which the Professor is so justly noted. ♦

The question of the canals upon Mars receives a limited attention in the book, perhaps as much as the question deserves, but certainly not as much as my friend, Professor Lowell, who is devoting his life to those canals, would think.

Some two years ago I visited Professor Lowell at his observatory on the mountain back of Flagstaff, Arizona, and had the pleasure of hear-

ing quite a learned dissertation from him upon the certainty of Mars being inhabitable, and of the canals being the result of the effort of the inhabitants to bring water down from the poles to the dry equatorial regions of Mars for irrigation purposes. He assured me that there was no question but that the snow caps about the Martian poles increased every winter and diminished in summer, that is, during the Martian summers and winters. He also said he could see the canals themselves change color according to the season—and this, he said, was owing to their banks becoming green with foliage when the water commenced to flow in them in the spring of the year. I must admit I had to take a great deal of all this on faith, for when I looked through his great telescope at Mars I not only could not see any color to the canals, but it required considerable imagination for me to decide that I could even see any canals at all.

However, Lowell is a delightful man, and I hope he is right, for it will be a pleasure to meet him some day paddling down one of those Martian canals and hear him call out in his cheery voice, "Well, Wilshire, old chap, you wouldn't believe me when I said we would run across each other up here, would you?"

It's not an unpleasant thing, after all, to feel that those of us who are going to pass to the great majority before we experience the delights of a perfect existence upon this globe, may have a chance at having our Golden Age on Mars.

Certainly, when we think of how vast a concept the human mind can take in and how infinitely small his physical experience can be when limited to this planet, it does seem incongruous that his experiences should be limited to Earth. One of the great delights that Socialism will give to man will be the opportunity to know the Earth thoroughly by seeing it. Then, when we shall all have wealth and have complete control over the forces of Nature, all will be able to be "globe-trotters," and we will trot over a sphere of beauty, in luxury, and be always among friends. The Earth will be a garden, and all men will be brothers. Man will know himself by knowing Nature.

Speaking of the vastness of the universe, the following quotation from Professor Newcomb's book is of interest :

"A conception of the respective magnitudes and distances of the heavenly bodies, which may help the reader in conceiving of the universe as it is, may be gained by supposing us to look at a little model of it. Let us imagine, in this model of the universe, the earth on which we dwell is represented by a grain of mustard seed. The moon then will be a particle one-fourth this diameter and distant about one inch from the earth. The sun will be a large apple in size and distant forty feet. The other planets will range in size from specks of dust up to a pea, and will be distant from the sun from ten feet to a quarter of a mile.

"We must then imagine all these little objects to be slowly moving around the sun in their respective distances in times varying from three months up to one hundred and sixty years.

"On this plan a solar system can be laid down in a field about a half a mile square. Outside of this we would find a whole tract, broader than the whole continent of America, without an object in it. Far beyond America we should find the nearest star, which, like our sun, should be represented by an apple. At still greater distances in every direction, would be other stars, but all separated by as great distances as the nearest star from the sun.

"We can see from this how, in a flight through the universe, like the one we have imagined, we might overlook such an insignificant little body

as our earth, even if we made a careful search for it. We would be like a person flying through the Mississippi Valley looking for a lost grain of mustard seed."

It is when we have a broad picture painted like this that we can realize how small a man's physical existence is compared with his spiritual potentiality.

When we think of men spending their lives that they may mark off to themselves for a moment of time a small space upon this mustard seed of an earth, and never for a moment considering the futility of hoping for happiness in such a pursuit, we, after all, are not to be blamed in feeling that the souls who are fit to fly to Mars and meet with Lowell and Wilshire there, are nearly all to be found in the Socialist Party.

HENRY ASHTON. R. A. Dague. Published by C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago \$1.00.

Mr. Dague, who is a well-known citizen of California and formerly a member of the legislature there, presents in Henry Ashton the story of a modern Utopia, which is thoroughly up to date in all particulars. While the book is confessedly written in order to enunciate Socialistic theories, yet the interest in the story itself is such that many may be persuaded to read it who would refuse to consider a purely economic treatise. The story has a number of exciting episodes, shipwrecks, narrow escapes from death, etc., and gives many striking and interesting illustrations of the machinations of the capitalists in modern life.

FRIARS AND FILIPINOS. By Dr. Jose Rizal. Translated by F. E. Gannett. Published by Lewis, Scribner & Co., New York. \$1.25.

This is a story written by a well-known Filipino, who suffered death for his devotion to the cause of freedom in those unhappy islands. It gives an exceedingly good idea of the life of the people as it was previous to the freedom given it by the Roosevelt regime. Dr. Rizal himself was a native Filipino who was for a long time at the head of the revolutionist party. He was finally exiled from the Islands, but during a yellow fever epidemic volunteered to come back and help care for his afflicted countrymen if he were granted amnesty. The Spanish authorities promised amnesty, but broke faith with him, and soon after his arrival in the Islands he was arrested, sentenced and shot as a traitor. Dr. Blumentritt, Professor in the University of Leitmeritz, Austria, writes a biographical sketch of Rizal and calls him the greatest man the Malayan race has produced.

RESIST NOT EVIL. Clarence S. Darrow. Published by C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 180 pages. 75 cents.

Mr. Darrow gives us an Americanized version of the religion of Tolstoy. While I have every admiration for his fervor in contending for the right of love to rule our lives rather than that of

force, yet I must say, that I think he would have made his plea stronger if he had given us some idea as to why he thinks a better state of society may be at hand that will give us hope for the change he so desires.

That Tolstoy, a Russian, fails to formulate any definite plan for the re-organization of society is readily excusable, considering his immersion in a country which is so backward in its industrial development and where no immediate economic change is possible. It is really the mark of Tolstoy's genius that he has such advanced thoughts, although living in such an unadvanced country. I extend my hand to every singer of the coming of the Golden Age, but I must say that I always cherish a secret resentment for singers who sing without giving a definite aim as well as a burden to their songs.

Mr. Darrow says, "Then man will learn to know that the cause of crime is the unjust condition of human life; that penal laws are made to protect earth's possessions in the hands of the vicious and strong. Man will learn that poverty and want are due to the false conditions, the injustice that looks to human law and violence and force for its safeguard and protection. Man will learn that crime is but the hard profession that is left open to a large class of men by their avaricious fellows. When new opportunities for life are given, a fairer condition of existence will be gradually opened up and the need for violence and cause of violence will disappear."

I think Mr. Darrow is unphilosophic in intimating that the society as a whole is more avaricious than its criminal class. I doubt if there is very full ground for being sure that even the rich as a class are more avaricious than the poor. Our industrial evolution has necessarily pursued a course of heaping up enormous wealth into the hands of a few individuals. That these men are the recipients of this fund sometimes from avariciousness, is true, but never from that alone. They always possessed either great luck, great powers of organization, or possibly, very often, willingness to abstain from present good in order to have future capital, or anyhow some other quality than the mere desire to accumulate wealth.

I take it that fundamentally the fault in Mr. Darrow's reasoning rests in his inclination to blame the individual instead of blaming the social system. It is true he speaks of "when new opportunities of life are given," but one feels that he really thinks that right now under our present soul-blasting competitive wage-system, there are enough opportunities for men to save their souls. While he speaks as a man whose heart is over-flowing with the milk of human kindness, and I think it really is, yet he is content to look forward to "fairer conditions being *gradually* opened up." I contend that from the high ethical stand he takes that he is bound logically to demand the *immediate* opening up of opportunities.

If Mr. Darrow replies that he would admit the force of my contention from the ethical standpoint, if he could only see that an "immediate" opening up was economically possible,

then I request him to read this magazine for his vision of the possibility of the immediate abolition of poverty. Mr. Darrow has recently been elected as an independent candidate to the Illinois legislature. His programme was of the gas, water, and street car variety and yet Mr. Darrow is not one of the people who are afraid of feeding hungry men too quickly. He is a well-known Chicago attorney and was the law associate of the late Governor Altgeld.

Just now he is the attorney for John Mitchell and the Miners' Union and is doing a great work in defense of the right of labor to the living wage.

MUTUAL AID A FACTOR IN EVOLUTION.

Prince Krapotkin. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$2.00.

Prince Krapotkin has written one of the most valuable books that have recently appeared. His refutation of the formerly accepted idea that Darwinism means the survival of the fittest in internecine wars is as conclusive as we could wish. He contends that, as a matter of fact, there is practically no internecine warfare between the individual animals of the same species, nor even among men, as individuals, until we come to our present competitive system; that it is mutual aid, and not competition, that has been the important factor in evolution.

When one thinks of it he will easily remember that while ants and bees may fight other insects and even other organizations of the same kind, there is no strife between the individual members of the organization. What makes a bee-hive so perfectly protective for its members is the fact that they have all united to build a home and store their food in common and rear their young. The same with herds of deer, buffaloes, etc. When they are attacked by wolves the bucks form a circle about the herd, and all are protected. Even among birds, as Krapotkin says, while the duck is peculiarly without defensive qualities, yet by its gregarious nature it survives where other birds, less gregarious but much more capable of defence, perish. Among savages the same principle of mutual aid holds. One tribe may attack another, but there is no graver crime a savage can commit than to attack one of his own tribe. The punishment is much more certain and severe than any punishment that our present civilized police courts ever manage to inflict.

Krapotkin shows that, even in barbarism, the same principle of mutual aid dominated men of that age. Again, during the middle ages, the magnificent cathedrals that are at once the inspiration and despair of modern architects, are the result of the glad co-operation of all classes to produce the beautiful. The present competitive system is an unnatural growth from a co-operative beginning. When John made his plane and exchanged it for Henry's hoe it was supposed to be a co-operative plan, and it was in the beginning; but, nowadays, it so happens that the hoes and planes are made in enormous factories in which

the workmen, the Johns and the Henrys, have absolutely no interest. It is the owners, the capitalists, who get all the benefits of the co-

operation. No one who is interested in the principles of Socialism should fail to read this book.

WILSHIRE'S BAROMETER

Mulhill, Okla., March 15, 1903.

Enclosed please find remittance for cards sent me. As I don't like your magazine you will please cease sending it to me *immediately after Socialism is universally adopted and working smoothly*. I see that about all the able and prominent men, excepting myself, that have read your magazine recognize it as one of the highest order. But my ideal of a magazine devoted to highest research is one that much or little of it can be read at any time or place with an interest equal to the reading of a dictionary. But a magazine that one has to commence on the first page and can't lay down until he has read every page and most of the advertisements, and then have to wait thirty days for the next copy makes me irritable. I could endure it as a daily or even as a weekly, but as a monthly not a day longer than the stated period, unless I change my mind.

The real reason you were excluded from the mails by one whose power was greater than the man was because of the long interval between issues.

F. M. CROW.

Our February edition although largely increased proved quite inadequate for the heavily increased demand, and the edition was so quickly exhausted that it was impossible to supply all requirements.

This will mean that some of the several thousand new subscribers who wished to commence with the February issue will have to be content with the March issue. The expiration date of such subscriptions will be correspondingly moved forward one month.

Chambers, Neb., March 2, 1903.

Here is a new kind of a duck. He is a reader of the Appeal to Reason and is in a quandary for the future status of his politics. Last night he asked me what was to become of us politically. He said it looked a little Socialistic. On that hint I acted. If you could start him in with February I would take it as a favor.

Yours fraternally, R. D. PARSONS.

Muscatine, Iowa, March 16.

You are doing a noble work. Socialism is spreading here fast; may every worker adopt it, is my prayer. No intelligent man can read one of your magazines and have any doubt that the cause is right.

Fraternally yours,

JAMES S. CROSS.

Johnson, Wash., March 22, 1903.

I had been wishing for some time to see a copy of Wilshire's Magazine, fast becoming one of the most noted monthlies in the world. Having a little spare cash and seeing your offer in the Appeal to Reason, I could not longer resist the temptation to see what you had to say and how you said it. I now have the January and February numbers, and to say that I am pleased is putting it mildly, for your trumpet blasts are like the shot fired by the farmers at Concord Bridge in '76—they are heard 'round the world.

The rollicking good humor with which you tap lightly on the shoulder the great "in the public eye" is an original caution and one of the best features of the magazine.

MILES MORRISON HOOPER.

Fairmount Ill., March 19, 1903.

A few months ago, three numbers of your magazine accidentally fell into my hands. I was so pleased with the editorials on the Organization of the World, etc., that I read them to an assembly of farmers here, and they were received with warm and hearty applause. Therefore, let me express to you my warm and ardent admiration for the strong moral tone you are breathing into Wilshire's Magazine. I think it leads the van of the thought-breeders of the age. In it I have found my ideal magazine. I cannot speak too highly of the freshness and vigor of your articles, which are powerful agents for Social Regeneration. I will see that it is placed

on the news-stands at Danville, and will do anything else I can to increase its circulation.

Yours in the Cause. J. G. REDMOND.

We beg to call the attention of our friends to the fact that all our business is transacted from our *NEW YORK OFFICE*, and all communications should be addressed to *Wilshire's Magazine*. Many letters are still being addressed to Toronto, and the consequent delay has been mutually annoying to subscribers and the publishers.

Durand, Ill., March 10, 1903.

Your offer of eight cards for two dollars is noted. Enclosed is P. O. Order, for which send eight subscription cards to address given below. I will chance that much toward bankrupting you. If you can stand your offer for any length of time, possibly I could do more.

EDWARD A. BAKER.

(Editorial Note—The subscription price of the magazine will be raised in the near future, and we earnestly advise our friends and comrades to exert every effort to take advantage of the present low special price.—Editor.)

Curlew, Wash., March 15, 1903.

Find enclosed two dollars, for which please send your magazine to the following for one year. Some of them are already Socialists, and the rest will become so when they get to reading. I find nearly everyone out here is interested in Socialism, and if you can get them to reading it does not take long to finish them. I give them all the benefit of your twenty-five cent offer, and pay for some myself in order to advance the cause. Faithfully yours,

F. F. GEORGE.

Remittances for subscriptions should be sent by *Express Orders* wherever possible, as this form of remitting money costs no more than Post Office Money Orders and is more convenient for the publishers.

Anderson, Ind., March 20, 1903.

Wilshire's Magazine.

Dear Sirs,—I desire to have a sample copy of Wilshire's Magazine sent to about fifty or one hundred business and professional men of Anderson. What will it cost me to have this done? Do you follow up sample copies with requests for subscriptions? My desire is to increase the circulation of your magazine among these classes in Anderson. I am a business man and have no time to see them personally, but am willing to pay for sample copies with the hope that you may be able to make regular subscribers.

Yours truly,

F. J. MACOMBER.

Cathlamet, Wash., March 18, 1903.

Received a copy of your much valued magazine, and I think it is the best thing that I have seen to open the eyes of the G. O. P.'s and teach the people the true principle of Socialism. I want to become a subscriber and a reader of your valuable book, and if you will send me the necessary blanks I will see how many I can get to reading it. I am sixty-six years old, and I think Socialism is the only way out. We have lots of people in this part that are Socialistically inclined. I have been a Socialist for ten years, and I am a Grand Army man too. Please find enclosed one dollar, for which send your magazine to Very truly yours,

J. M. EDWARDS.

St. Louis, Mo., March 20, 1903.

Enclosed you will find \$1.50 for some of those subscription cards you sent me some time ago. I have fourteen more. I don't want to send any back; I will try to sell them and get more. I never had much time in the past, but I have more time now. Fraternally, CHAS. BUDT.

St. Clair, Mich., March 9, 1903.

I find it now about as easy to get a person to take a year card as a six months' card.

Fraternally yours, W. H. SMITH.

Kenmare, N. D.

Please find enclosed P. O. Order for \$2.50 in payment for ten subscriptions. It is slow getting subscriptions in a sparsely settled country place like this, but I will do the best I can for the cause while I live.

A. G. SMITH.

Carpenteria, Calif., March 10, 1903.

Please find enclosed \$1.50 for the cards you sent me last fall. We live way back in the mountains, and I never got to sell them, so I just addressed them, about two weeks ago, to where I thought they would do the most good. I send you the money herewith.

Yours respectfully, JOHN HALES.

Shawnee, Okla., March 10, 1903.

Those reading your magazine around here are unanimous in their praise of same. It never fails making a Socialist when judiciously placed.

DR. C. V. WARNER.

Sacramento, Calif., March 15, 1903.

May we soon break the shell of capitalism and emerge into a system under which it will "profit" all the people to produce what they need and divide the product among themselves; under which nothing will be produced unless all the people will "profit" by it. The sooner we "profit" by giving to "profit" this new

meaning, the sooner will princes and paupers
give way to *man*.

Fraternally,
HENRY E. WRIGHT.

West Town, Orange Co., N. Y.,
March 21, 1903.

Received sample copy and am much pleased
with its make-up. Have had my eye on you
through all your tribulation and am glad you
are coming out on top. Truth must triumph,
and every blow struck in her name will only
hasten the glad day of the Co-operative Com-
monwealth. I am a Methodist preacher, but
have come to see the nature of the class-struggle.
Christianity is now waiting on Socialism as her
handmaid to usher in the New Time when men
shall be free and happy. Success to you in all
your efforts.

Yours sincerely,
A. L. WILSON.

Deadwood, S.D.

Your magazine is the greatest value for the
money I have yet seen and am only too glad to
do anything I can to spread the gospel of
Socialism.

R. S. STEVENS.

Bowling Green, Ky.

I think your magazine improves with each
number.

Yours for the right,
S. S. VERMILYA.

Ashtabula Harbor, Ohio,
March 17, 1903.

Enclosed please find remittance and the names
of sixty-eight subscribers which I have secured
for your magazine. I have thirty or forty more
subscriptions to send in after pay day.

GEO. S. POLLEY.

South Bend, Ind., March 18, 1903.

I am not one of your agents, but I have taken
upon myself the responsibility to take a few
subscribers' names and their money. Enclosed
find list of twenty names. I am not doing this
for any reward, but because I am a lover of your
work and hope for the day when all will appre-
ciate our cause and believe in and practice what
they preach as you do by sending out as good
a work to the public as your magazine.

R. A. HICKS.

Topeka, Kan. March 16, 1903.

I will do all I can for your magazine. I am
eight years old. I was born a Socialist.

NED RUDOLPH.

HO! FOR CAPE COD!

Recreation Camp and Socialist Meeting.

Sixty miles south of Boston on the north shore
of Cape Cod is Sandwich—PLACE. Aug. 10 to
24—TIME.

Comrades, we shall have a great picnic.

Come and bring your family and friends and
enjoy it with us.

Let the Manager know at once, and by
June 1 send \$1 per family as registration
fee to cover expense of correspondence and
preparation.

Do you wish to board, or tent and rough it?
Let us know right away. We shall have no
formal program of meetings, but every day will
be Sunday.

Fishing, bathing, boating, excursions, (trolley
and otherwise) and other sports will drive dull
care away.

Keep this in mind in planning for vacation
and tell other comrades about it. Pass notices
around if you get extra ones.

M. R. KERR, Manager,
Sandwich, Mass.

LEAVES OF GRASS.

EDITOR OF WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE:—

I wish I could say that the following sentence
in my article on "John Burroughs and Walt
Whitman," in your February issue: "Whit-
man's 'Leaves of Grass' appeared in 1863,"
is a printer's error. But I am willing to admit
that it probably is not. It is, however, an error—
for the book appeared in 1855 or in 1856. I
have always known this, as I own the 1856
edition and several other editions; and yet by

some blur of cerebration I must have written
this incorrect date. What I supposed I was
saying, and tried to say was, that the book
was brought to Burroughs' attention in 1863.
Hoping for the sake of accuracy that you will
make this correction in your next issue, I am,
as ever,

Cordially yours,
JOEL BENTON.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 15th Feb., 1903.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF UNCONSCIOUS SOCIALISTS.

TAKE ROCKEFELLER, GOULD, ETC., AS SAMPLES.

If you ask, What is Socialism? you ask a question that cannot be answered—at least not accurately or satisfactorily.

One will tell you that it means living comfortably without working. Another will tell you that it means dividing up the world's wealth every few years—for the benefit of the incompetents.

Still others will say that it means making the world better by diminishing the comforts of the few in order to appease the wrath of the many.

There is much nonsense talked about Socialism.

Socialism may be partially described as "the science of improving social conditions."

Treat Socialism as a science, and you rob it of its terrors. For science never works violent, disastrous changes—and whatever is scientific is for the benefit of all, especially for the benefit of those that are superior in ability.

The Socialism that robs the able man is humbug and nonsense. The Socialism that frees the drone from working is foolish and chimerical, as well as vicious.

The science of improving social conditions will improve the condition of the many—without depriving the few of the superfluities now necessary to their happiness. It will not free men from work. But it *will* make work more attractive—and free the worker's life from monotony and drudgery. But that is another and a long story, the story of the future of the world under "attractive industry."

The idea to-day is simply to point out to you that whether we approve of scientific Socialism or not, we are all travelling along the path of social science, and travelling very rapidly.

Every year sees a higher and higher development of Socialistic tendencies—the *wise* Socialistic tendencies of the time.

Near the city of New York—on the Hudson River—there is a big, rich man's institution called the Ardsley Club. A splendid building is beautifully situated among huge trees on the river's edge. A golf course is one of the features—everything that comfort requires is there.

One day there was a chance gathering at the club that included one Villard, one Rockefeller and one Gould.

Casually they discussed Socialism and its dangers.

The millionaire directors were astonished when told that they and their club were purely Socialistic.

"Nonsense," said they. But it was not nonsense.

Each of these men pays his sixty dollars dues per year—and for that small sum secures the free use of a beautiful country palace and beautiful grounds, with baths, billiard rooms and all sorts of luxuries. For that small sum the solitary individual could not even secure a board shanty and cook stove in the forest—to say nothing of a palace.

That very board of governors—with its Rockefeller and Gould—illustrated a Socialistic idea.

As governors of the club, and as members of the house committee, those men worked for the good of all—and *they charged nothing for their services*. They were glad to work for the public welfare and to take in payment the approval and thanks of their fellow club members.

These facts were pointed out to them by a certain man who thinks, and, like Moliere's amazed gentleman who found that he had been "writing prose all his life without knowing it," these very rich gentlemen learned that in their private lives they were taking advantage of the fundamental Socialistic idea of co-operation without knowing it.

All modern improvements, with few exceptions, are along scientific Socialistic lines.

A great public park is a Socialistic institution—under the old system it would belong to the king or a few aristocrats. In Hyde Park, London, you may not enter with a hired cab-hansom or "four wheeler." Only the private equipages of the rich are admitted to that "public" park. The man in the hack must drive around Hyde Park. When it is suggested there that cabs also be admitted the rich cry "Socialism." Therefore, you see that when you drive in your humble cab through an American park you enjoy one of Socialism's blessings.

In the old days the noblemen in the streets took his lighting system with him—in the shape of "link boys" or torch bearers. He who could not pay for lights stayed at home, or was robbed in the dark.

Now we supply electric lights and policemen without charge—even in the poorest streets—and the rich are taxed to pay for them. More Socialism.

It was once thought wicked to teach the poor to read. It made them "dissatisfied with their condition, and put ideas into their heads."

Now the prosperous must pay to educate the poorest—and into every head, no matter how humble, we put *at Public Expense* the best ideas of the best teachers, and the best thoughts of the greatest men. More and *Glorious* Socialism.

The bugaboo brand of Socialism we shall never see—except when people occasionally go crazy temporarily, as during the useful French Revolution.

A long as men live they will give exceptional rewards to exceptional merit. But when they become civilized they will give the reward with delight and *not* because they must give it. And when our great men are civilized they will not ask or accept a reward which involves privation and suffering for others.

There will never be any Socialism encouraging idleness or freeing men from the responsibilities of life.

But, kind friends, when you prate about real Socialism, "the science of improving social conditions," and when you denounce those who advocate that kind of Socialism, you are like the fly on the wheel in La Fontaine's fable—you are buzzing and feeling very important; but the stage coach of progress is carrying you along all the same.

OUT OF SORTS

Ever analyze "out of sorts" or "the blues"? Try it just for fun, and 10 cases out of 10 you'll trace all the trouble to the stomach.

Can't do much work on a blue stomach. Wireless telegraphy nor air-ships nor any of the great fortunes of the world were built up on a sour, abused stomach. Sick stomach is an unnatural condition, always due to improper feeding.

If your stomach is out of sorts and you are trying to right it with medicine you are on the wrong track.

There is a positive and sure way to permanently remedy ills of the stomach; and that is to leave off the improper foods and take on the proper food. In **Grape-Nuts** the entire health-giving grains are treated to a predigesting process that makes the food so dainty the weakest stomach in the world will accept it immediately. Out of hundreds of thousands of sick people who have tried **Grape-Nuts** (many of whom could not retain any other food whatever), there has never been one case where the stomach did not immediately relish and digest **Grape-Nuts**.

This process has been accomplished in **Grape-Nuts** without taking away any of the health and brain-rebuilding elements of the grains. Nature's best food is all there in **Grape-Nuts** in delicious, fully-cooked form. Served in a variety of ways (see recipe book in package).

There are many cases on the medical records where **Grape-Nuts** alone has sustained life for weeks and months at a time. This proves that **Grape-Nuts** is a complete food in practice as well as in theory. This is worth thought if health is anything to you.

You can be happy again when well, and there is a sure road.

Thousands Get Well

Without Risking a Penny

They write for my book—and I send it.

I supply them my help on trial.

They take it a month at my risk.

I'll do that for You

Simply send me this coupon, or write me a postal, stating the book you need.

Then I will mail you an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. You may take it a month on trial. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself. And your mere word shall decide it.

That is the offer which hundreds of thousands have accepted, and 39 out of 40 have paid for the medicine gladly, because they were cured.

There is scarcely a neighborhood in America without its men and women whom my Restorative made well.

On Jan. 11, 1903, I published in all the Chicago papers the names and addresses of one thousand people in that city alone, whom my Restorative had cured in just the past six months.

Do you believe that any other remedy ever cured one thousand chronic cases in one city in one-half year?

Won't you test the remedy which did that, when I promise to pay the whole cost if it fails?

This is How I do it:

I have spent a lifetime in learning how to strengthen *inside* nerves. I have learned how to bring back the only power that operates the vital organs.

I don't doctor the weak organ itself. I might as well doctor a weak engine to make it strong. I give the organ more power—more nerve power. I give it the strength to do its duty.

My Restorative does that always, and there is nothing more that medicine can do. Unless there is a cause like cancer my Restorative will cure. And conditions that it can't cure are beyond the reach of medicine.

When you are cured you will keep my Restorative in the house for little troubles, and to prevent these serious troubles hereafter.

Cut Out This Coupon

For we all resolve to send for something, but forget. Mark the book desired and mail this with your name and address to

Dr. Shoop, Box 454, Racine, Wis.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.

Book 2 on the Heart.

Book 3 on the Kidneys.

Book 4 for Women.

Book 5 for Men (sealed).

Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

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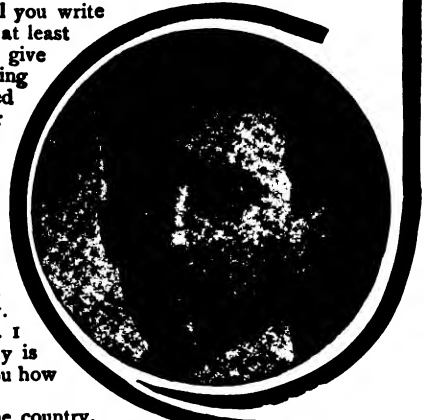
Don't buy or sell real estate (any kind, anywhere) until you write to me. You will not be fair to yourself if you fail to give me at least an opportunity of presenting irrefutable evidence that I can give you better service than any other broker. My facilities for selling and for securing property of all kinds in all parts of the United States are distinctly different from those possessed by any other broker. I don't ask you to take my word for it. That I render just the kind of services you need is conclusively proven in my booklet, "Some of the Good Things Said About Ostrander," which contains endorsements from well-pleased clients in all parts of the country. These people have no axes to grind. They have no interest in me beyond what I have done for them. And what I have done for them I can do for you. I have unequalled facilities for saving you time and money if you want to buy or sell any kind of property in any part of the country.

If you want to sell, fill out, cut out and mail Coupon No. 1. It makes no difference in what State or Territory your property is located, or whether it is worth \$500 or \$500,000, I will tell you how to sell it and sell it quickly.

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(1)

Please send, without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property, which consists of

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Lowest cash price..... Following is a brief description:

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Price between \$.....and \$..... I will pay \$.....

down and the balance

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Invest \$10

In a Business Now
Amounting to
\$1,222,000 a Year

In 1894 the business was	\$63,831
" 1895 "	181,638
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" 1897 "	322,000
" 1898 "	330,000
" 1899 "	651,000
" 1900 "	872,000
" 1901 "	1,035,000
" 1902 "	1,222,000

I hereby certify that the above figures are correct.

WALTER SCOTT,
Cashier of the Tenth National Bank and
Treasurer of the Columbia Avenue Trust Co.

THE COMPANY

And the net profits on this business have averaged 25 per cent. on the money invested.

A MAGNIFICENT PLAN

A WONDERFUL RECORD

tangible assets.

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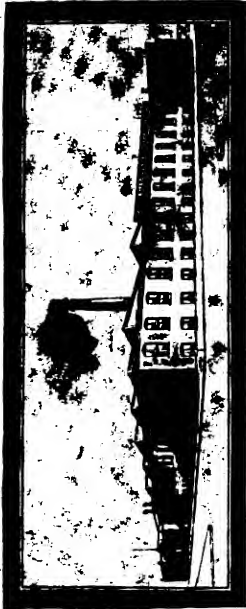
A few weeks ago the Company placed 5,000 shares of its treasury stock on the

phenomenal.

asking you will be welcome to make any profits easily investigation you wish. And, furthermore, if you do come, and find upon investigation that one word of this offer is untrue, I will pay the expense of your trip, and pay you for your time. That's fair, isn't it?

25 PER CENT. GUARANTEED INCREASE

\$10 now, and \$10 a month for nine months, buys a \$100 share in this Company. If at the end of one year the \$100 share is not worth at least \$125 based on the price at which stock is then selling, I will refund all the money you have paid in, with 6 per cent. interest added. If you should die before you have made all the payments, your heirs will be given the share without further cost. If you should be sick, or lose employment, you will not forfeit what you have paid. You take no risk.



10 Reasons Why You Should Invest \$10

1. Carpets are as staple as wheat.
2. This is not a "prospect" or a "maybe." It is a full-fledged business that has been making money—more every year—for nine years.
3. You can come or have a nearby friend or acquaintance come and go through the mill and make any kind of an investigation you desire.
4. Every dollar you invest will be secured by a full dollar's worth of actual, tangible, assets.
5. The shares are full paid and non-assessable.
6. There are no preferred shares. All shareholders draw the same percentage of profit.
7. Your money will begin to share in the profits the minute it is received. You will be paid every three months a dividend of at least 3 per cent. Quarterly dividends of 3 per cent. (12 per cent. a year) are being paid regularly January 1st, April 1st, July 1st and October 1st.
8. You will share in the surplus, which is the difference between the 12 per cent. paid in dividends and the net earnings which now amount to 25 per cent., and which will greatly increase after the consolidation of the four mills.
9. You will share in the increase in the value of your share. This increase is bound to occur as soon as the mills are consolidated, and it will keep on increasing as the profits of the business increase. You are guaranteed a 25 per cent. increase the first year.
10. This offer is made to you through your favorite magazine—one of the most reliable and substantial publications in the world.

Make Check, Draft or Money Order Payable to Columbia Avenue Trust Company, Philadelphia, and Mail to

W. M. Ostrander

Suite 1449, North American Bldg., Philadelphia

SEND COUPON AT ONCE

As there are but a few hundred shares offered to over one hundred thousand readers of *Wilshire's Magazine*, you can readily see that to be sure of getting your share you will have to act promptly. Send in \$10 at once, and be sure of your share. Then you can make any investigation you see fit, and if you find that this business is misrepresented in any way whatever, your \$10 will be promptly returned. Could any offer be fairer? Sit right down now and send \$10. You will never regret it. It will be the best investment you ever made.

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Suite 1449,
North American
Building, Philadel-
phia. Enclosed find \$10
as first payment for a share in
the JAMES DUNLAP CAR-

Do It Now. PET CO. I agree to pay the balance in nine monthly payments of \$10 each.

Name.....
Address.....

\$10 Dresses any Man or Woman

COMPLETE FROM HEAD TO TOE IN LATEST STYLE

GENTS' COMPLETE OUTFITTING CO., Ladies' Dept. 711 Men's Dept. 811 242 Market St., Chicago. Reference: First National Bank Chicago. Capital \$12,000,000.

\$7,500.00 GIVEN AWAY

YOUR LAST CHANCE AT PRESENT RATES

On and after May 1st, 1908, the subscription price of Wilshire's Magazine will be \$1.00 a year.

Subscriptions will be received at present rate, 50 cents a year, until May 1st. Friends desiring a dollar magazine at half price will do well to send subscriptions at once and urge their friends to save half-a-dollar by subscribing for Wilshire's now.

The rates to subscription agents will also be doubled on May 1st, so agents should make hay while the sun of a quarter rate is shining.

\$7,500 Given Away

In our July number a new prize contest will be announced. We cannot say positively just now what the amount of prizes will be, but as near as we can estimate at the present time the total will reach about \$7,500.

The prizes will be given in the order of their value to those sending us the largest number of yearly subscriptions or purchasing the largest number of yearly subscription cards between May 1st and December 1st, 1908.

During the month of April on this present contest agents have the benefit of the low subscription rate and strong efforts should be put forth to capture a prize and boost the cause of Socialism.

A substantial prize will be given to every one sending not less than twenty yearly subscriptions in the contest failing to win one of the capital prizes, so that every one sending twenty subscriptions between May 1st and December 1st, 1908, is sure to win.

Prize winners in last contest will be named in our July issue.

If you are not familiar with our subscription rate to agents, write us at once.

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125 East 23d St.

NEW YORK

An Oil Can

THAT NEVER OVER-FILLS

Delphos is an oil can, pump that is out. You lamp from dark, for overflow it the double hundred people have for it be its strength convenience. Delphos waste oil, give out.

Delphos man or Delphos, regu- O, or send us will send the Delphos the

Descriptive circular sent free.

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with \$3 orders or over. This cut is an exact design of the beautiful gilt wall paper we are giving free. Has either 9 or 18-inch border. We sell our borders by the roll. We give premiums for club orders. Agents' sample books are now ready. Send \$3 or 5c. for large samples, or small samples free. Elegant goods. Very low. State grade of samples wanted. Paper and Border from 2c. roll up. Lowest Priced House in the world. Special values to Hotelmen, Tenement Owners, etc.

Wall Paper Agents Wanted

This Cut
represents one of our

\$1.98
TRIMMED
HATS 

We have many to select from. Our Dry Goods, Suits, Capes, Coats and Millinery circulars are included in our Wall Paper samples.

F. H. HEWS
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From Youth to Old Age secured by using

Robinson's **ALFALFA- NUTRIENT**

(The New Scientific Discovery)

**The Greatest Blood and Flesh Maker
Brain and Nerve Nutrient Known**

Cures Like Magic all Wasting Diseases, Anemia, Rheumatism, Locomotor Ataxia, all Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Indigestion, Catarrh, and all Blood, Nerve and Female Diseases.

Makes Thin People Plump, rich red blood, strong nerves, rounds out hollow cheeks, clears and beautifies the complexion, and restores to the Pale, Nervous and Sickly the bloom and vigor of youth.

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Nature's Own Remedy, a true Elixir, containing all the Essential Elements of Life.

Endorsed and prescribed by the advanced Scientists of the Medical Profession.

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It is difficult to realize that a single preparation will permanently cure the worst cases of chronic and acute rheumatism. *But this is true.* Dr. Whitehall's Rheumatic cure, sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents, is doing this in 95 cases out of 100. The doctor says: "*I pledge my word there is not one tota of exaggeration in this estimate; and to help you realise that this is true, I will forward on application, a free proof treatment. I do not guarantee a free cure, but I do guarantee to convince you that this remedy will cure you.*" The free proof treatment will make you feel like a new being at once. No cost, remember, to be convinced of the realness of this grand fact that your rheumatism can be cured at home, easily, simply, pleasantly and at trifling cost.

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Made in the most hygienic and scientific food laboratory in the world.

It has been thrice cooked, and, being crisp, compels thorough mastication, which insures perfect digestion, a strong body and a healthy mind.

Sold by all grocers.

Send for "The Vital Question" (Cook Book illustrated in colors) **FREE**. Address

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DERMA-ROYALE SOAP, . . . 25 cents, by mail.
Both in one package, . . . \$1.25, express paid.

Shipped from our Dominion House, saving duty.

ONE BOTTLE FREE TO AGENTS.
THE DERMA-ROYALE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Patented August 28th, 1902

THE STERLING" CAN-OPENER is Radically Different from all other Can-Openers.

is scientific. The principle of the lever has been carefully considered, the length being proportioned to the pressure necessary exerted. It is easy to operate, whether on a condensed-milk can or a beef tin. A child can use it. Made of cold-rolled steel, it is strong, durable and light in weight. There are no corners nor crevices to harbor dirt. Quickly cleaned with hot water, it will not loosen the handle. Square or round cans can be opened with the "Sterling." It has two knives, one for opening round cans for square cans. Turns the corners of square cans with ease. Blood-poisoning cannot result from a clean cut, nor will the "sterling" permit it either. As it cuts the can it rounds the edge of the tin, therefore, making it impossible for the hand to be cut. Cases of blood-poisoning have resulted from the use of other can-openers. Handsome, neat and well proportioned, and it has so the appearance of a kitchen utensil that it can be readily used in the dining room.

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More Big Coal Bills, Smoky Cotton Wick Stoves, expensive,
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It relieves the pain at once and applied at night before
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Mothers!!

Mothers!!!

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MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING,
with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD,
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2. Medicinal Quality of FULTON Whiskey. For many years we have supplied a large number of Hospitals and Institutions, such as the Chesapeake & Ohio R. R. Hospital at Clifton Forge, Va., the Ogdensburg (N. Y.) Hospital, U. S. Government Hospitals everywhere, and many others to whom we can refer you.

3. Our responsibility. We own U. S. Registered Distillery No. 22, with offices and shipping warehouse located on the most prominent corner in Covington, Ky. We refer to First National Bank, all Express Companies and every business house and citizen here.

We ship, all express charges prepaid, securely packed in plain boxes with no indications as to contents, same day order is received, two gallons, of fully matured, mellow whiskey, either Rye or Bourbon, or one gallon of each, in Myers' patent glass demijohns, for \$5.00.

Or, if you prefer,

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with two gallon \$5.00 order, as we will ship on terms of 30 days to persons who will have their bank or responsible merchant guarantee their account when ordering on these terms. This inducement is made to prove the superior quality of FULTON Whiskey and place it in households for medicinal purposes. Minors need not answer. If not pleased, return at our expense, and if paid for, all your money will be refunded by next mail, without question. Four miniature bottles Selected Reserve Fulton will be sent FREE to those who remit with two gallon orders.

Sample orders for one gallon are shipped, all express charges prepaid, in four full quart bottles or Myers' patent glass demijohn on receipt of \$3.00. Return if not pleased, and all your money will be returned by next mail.

"A Fair Customer"—a booklet of History about Whiskey, illustrated. SENT FREE. Address plainly—

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s grown by Lorrimer's
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A Trial Package Mailed **FREE** which will give any lady a beautiful complexion. It is not a face powder, cream, cosmetic or bleach, but is absolutely pure and you can use it privately at home. It permanently removes moth patches, redness, crow's feet, pimples, blackheads, fleshworms, sallowness, freckles, tan, sunburn, and all complexion disfigurements.

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WM. THAW DENNISTON, State's Attorney.
OFFICE OF STATE'S ATTORNEY.

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DR. ARTHUR RHODES, Lowell, Mass.

Dear Sir—My head was covered with white scales which fell off when I used a brush, and covered my clothing like snow. My head itched badly; I had tried all kinds of treatment without relief. I sent for yours as a last resort. The first application stopped the itching at once, and the next morning my head felt refreshed. I made five applications, and then stopped, as there has not since been a trace of the scales. My hair seems improved in texture and "life," and I still have nearly half a box of the "Cure" left. I feel that I do not need more treatment, as the "Cure" has already cured.

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Please accept my hearty thanks for relief afforded me. Very respectfully yours,
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Sent by mail on receipt of the price. Free Sample. Cash Prices. Send 5c. to partly defray postage for Free Samples, interesting book on Scalp Diseases, Symptom Blank for Free Advice, and particulars of \$500 Cash Prize Hair Growing Contest. Address DR. A. RHODES CO., Hair and Scalp Specialists, 40 Merrimack Street, Lowell, Mass.

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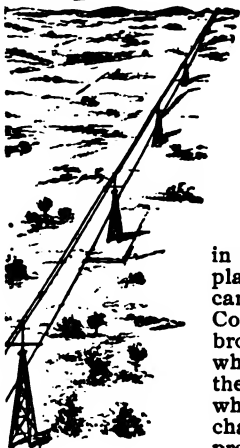
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110 MILES OF STEEL TOWERS

The largest order ever placed for steel towers has just been executed by the Aermotor Company, Chicago. The order was for 1200 steel towers to support large electric cables. These towers are to be erected in the interior of Mexico, to carry electricity from an immense water power plant up to the mines, over 100 miles distant. The order for these towers came to the Aermotor Company unsolicited. The reputation of the Aermotor Company for building the best steel towers, for windmill and other purposes, brought them this unusual order. When the engineering and mining experts, who were placing the contract, were making up their specifications for these towers, they found no place in the construction of the Aermotor tower where they could suggest improvement. The sizes of some of the parts were changed to meet their particular needs, but the design of the towers remained precisely the same as the Aermotor Company perfected it years ago.

It was of very great importance to the company buying these towers to secure the greatest possible strength with the least material. These towers were to be placed about 500 feet apart. The weight of the long span of cables would be a very heavy load, to say nothing of the enormous side strain which might come upon the towers. Then, too, the contingency of one or more of the cables breaking, and throwing unequal strain upon different parts of the towers, had to be considered. The Aermotor Company guaranteed these towers to stand until the 3-inch, extra strong wrought iron pipe in the top should bend over. They stood this very severe test without the least indication of buckling in any part of the tower.

The item of freight was another important consideration. These towers, as built by the Aermotor Company, made over 75 carloads. No other concern could have furnished towers of anything like the same strength with less than 100 cars of material.

The Aermotor Company has a very great advantage over all others in the manufacture of steel towers. It was the first in the field, and had all the most vital features before competitors were through laughing at the tower. The Aermotor tower was designed by mechanical points were essential to secure the greatest strength with the least material.

The tops of the corner posts of the Aermotor towers are dovetailed into each other and securely clamped together. This makes them as solid as though they were welded into a single piece. This patented device in the Aermotor tower brings all of the strain directly upon the corner posts where it belongs. The braces and girts have nothing to do but hold the corners in line. Because other makers are not able to adopt this feature, they are compelled to use a large amount of extra material in their towers, and even then their towers are not so strong. Weight often indicates weakness rather than strength. All the weight not needed serves only to bring additional strain upon the parts which must bear it.

Testing the Towers.

The best steel tower, like the best bicycle, is the one which secures the greatest strength with the least possible material. The Aermotor tower is strong, safe and durable. Every pound of steel which is put into it is used to the best advantage. A tower twice as heavy, but poorly constructed, would be weaker.

The tower is a very important consideration in buying a windmill outfit. If the tower goes down, the best windmill will be worthless.

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We have a book that tells all about windmills. It begins with the Dutch windmills of 1400 and ends with the Aermotor of 1903. It contains 125 pictures to show you what windmills should do and what they should be. It tells all that invention has done for them. When you read this book you will know all that anyone knows about windmills. You will know the right kind from the wrong kind and know all the differences. To avoid a mistake don't buy without reading it. The book is free. Simply write for it.

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Nothing adds more to the beauty of the home than an artistic mantel. Every dollar invested in a beautiful mantel adds a hundred dollars to the value of the house as an investment, besides the pleasure and luxury it affords.

Our mantels combine beauty in the highest degree with best material and workmanship. Direct from manufacturer saves you several profits. We guarantee safe delivery.

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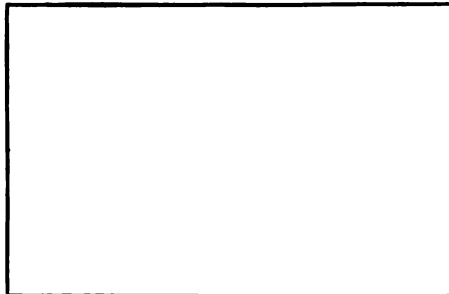
east of the Mississippi or south of the Ohio river. (Freight equalized to points beyond).

DESCRIPTION: Mantel No. 535A, 6 feet, 11 ins high; 5 ft. wide, opening 36x42, mirror 18x36, quartered oak, veneered column 3½ ins. in diameter, plated grate and tile as shown in picture.

Catalog showing sixty of our designs sent free upon request. Special designs made to order from sketches or architects' plans.

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AND ALL KINDRED DISEASES

SWANSON'S "FIVE-DROPS" is the only medicine in the world that will cure Rheumatism in all of its forms and stages of development. Rheumatism is a blood disease, and is caused by poisonous matter (lactic acid and uric acid) being retained in the blood. **"5-DROPS"** cures this dreadful malady by eliminating from the blood these poisons and any other impurities which may prevent perfect circulation. This is the only way in which a permanent cure may be obtained. With the blood pure, perfect circulation is assured, and disease is an impossibility. **"5-DROPS"** is an internal and external remedy which acts quickly, safely and surely, and is an absolute cure for Rheumatism. **"5-DROPS"** taken internally will dissolve the poisonous acid, remove it from the system and cleanse the blood of all poisons. An application of **"5-DROPS"** to the afflicted parts will stop the pains almost instantly, while the cause of the disease is being surely removed by its internal use. Aches, pains and soreness disappear as if by magic when **"5-DROPS"** is used.

NEURALGIA

is caused by the blood being impure, resulting in the impairment of the nervous system. The lack of nerve force brings a contraction of the nerve centres which is certain to cause the most intense pain. Unless the blood is at once purified and the system placed in a healthy condition it invariably terminates in a complete breakdown of the whole nervous system and often means years of terrible suffering. **"5-DROPS"** will give quick relief and effect a permanent cure of this dreadful malady. It cleanses the blood, starts perfect circulation, stops the pain, and in a remarkably short time restores the nerves to a normal condition. No other remedy in the world will revitalize the nerve centers or give such instant relief to the sufferer.

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BERNARD BENBE, Goodell, Iowa, writes: "I have taken about one bottle of **"5-DROPS"** and it has cured me of Rheumatism. I have had the Rheumatism for three years; went on crutches for about two years and could not rest day or night. After taking one-half bottle of **"5-DROPS"** I was well in a week, and I will praise it as long as I live."

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Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Asthma, Catarrh, Nervousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Malaria, La Grippe, Backache, Nervous and Neuralgic Headache, Toothache, Earache, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Creeping Numbness, Sleeplessness, Scrofula, Eczema and all Blood Diseases. Best remedy in the world for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and Bronchial Troubles.

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SENT FREE TO ALL

Cut out the Coupon in this advertisement and send direct to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., with your name and address, and trial bottle of **"5-DROPS"** will be mailed to you at once. *Write today.*

NOTE—Large size bottle (300 Doses) will be sent prepaid to any address for \$1.00. If it is not obtainable in your town, order of us direct.

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WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of **WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE** or worthy person recommended by a subscriber or reader, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **VITAE-ORE**, by mail, post-paid, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. Vitae-Ore is a natural, hard, adamant, rock-like substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. Vitae-Ore has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctors' prescriptions which it is possible to procure.

Vitae-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper, if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's Money whom Vitae-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitae-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. Address

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Dept. 123, 315 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

True Hair Grower!

A London business man makes a remarkable offer to readers of Wilshire's Magazine.

He will send his preparation on

TRIAL WITHOUT COST.

FREE TO YOU!

A few years ago the top of my head was entirely bald. My father and grandfather were bald-headed. My mother's hair was naturally very thin also. I was quite reconciled to being bald-headed myself. One day, during a trip through Switzerland, I met with a learned elderly gentleman, who in course of conversation asked me if I were desirous of possessing a luxuriant growth of hair upon my head. Naturally, I was interested, and replied in the affirmative. He thereupon stated to me that he had been a lifelong student of chemistry, and that he had made a feature of hereditary matters. He gave me a formula, and suggested that I have it compounded, which I did upon reaching Geneva, and continued to use the preparation for a short time. In three weeks hair began to assert itself, and within forty days my head was quite covered. I supplied some of the preparation to two friends, one of whom was a lady whose hair had been nearly lost, and the results in each case were astonishing. Since then I have been selling the preparation, having obtained permission to do so from the savant who made the discovery. I can testify to hundreds of similarly successful instances; in fact, it is most wonderful in effect. This is not a patented medicine. I have no fancy labels for it, nor is it sold by druggists. To any reader who will write to me mentioning that he or she saw this announcement in this publication, I will gladly send a small quantity of the preparation without charge, for the purpose of demonstrating its real value. Then when you find that the hair has begun to grow, I will sell you a further quantity at a small charge. My address is 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, England, but for convenience of my American patrons I have opened a branch office as follows:—Send name and address plainly written, in letter or postal, to

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634 AM. TRACT SOCIETY BLDG., NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Luck Question

By LEE S. OVITT



LEE S. OVITT.

THE ELEMENT of luck should have no place in an investment—a gold mine investment. In these days, when the science of mineralogy plays such an important part in the discovery of the mine; when it can be determined with so much certainty just what the nature of the ore is, and the extent of the vein—its length, breadth, and thick-

ness—the trend of it, as compared with other veins adjacent to it of proven richness, these things all carefully considered, the gold mine project loses its element of luck, and takes on more of the character of the manufacturing business, with gold as its product. No luck about such a proposition—with this exception—as was the case with the Cracker-Oregon Mine, where the values—good in the beginning—increased in such generous fashion, as to put that mine at the top of the heap—and make it a serious rival to the North Pole which it nearly adjoins.

That was luck.

The Cracker-Oregon was ignored for years,—until we came along—but its possibilities as a producer, once we began investigating its surface showings were not left to luck. We had a better plan of procedure than chance—in forming our conclusions, and the science of mineralogy aforesaid was brought into play. I would hesitate a long while before inviting my public to take a chance on a good prospect.

In this connection I want to introduce a letter that I received lately from Charles Liebenstein, editor of the Blue Mountain American, which will show what I thought of this property, soon after its purchase, and also what I predicted for it, before 1902 was over.

I want you to read these letters if you will:

SUMPTER, Oregon, January 3, 1903.

MR. LEE S. OVITT, Milwaukee, Wis.
My Dear Ovitt—Am in receipt of your favor acknowledging receipt of my Christmas greeting, and will inform you that I have no objections to your using it publicly if you desire. While it was intended purely as a personal communication, I have so often expressed the same sentiments publicly that I do not hesitate to do so in the form of an open communication. With compliments of the season, I remain. Very sincerely, CHARLES LIEBENSTEIN.

SUMPTER, Oregon, December 20, 1902.

MR. LEE S. OVITT, Milwaukee, Wis.

My Dear Ovitt—As the season is approaching when all extend greeting to their fellow-men, with wishes for peace on earth and happiness, I take this opportunity of recalling to your mind an occurrence that should be the source of great joy and confidence.

That it might be more vividly impressed upon your memory, I quote herein excerpts from your letters immediately after you began the financing of the Cracker-Oregon group in which you predicted with absolute assurance the great success that has attended development of that mine.

In your letter of May 20, 1902, you wrote: "In my opinion the Cracker-Oregon is just as good a mine as the E. & E., North Pole, Columbia or Coloonda, at the same stage of development. When we have done as much work on the Cracker-Oregon as they have done on their properties, I believe that this group will show up fully as rich. I have great faith in this property, and I am hardly ever in error, so make up your mind that you will have to buy a pair of blue goggles in about eight months, otherwise the sight of the ore that we will show you in that property is liable to cause temporary blindness. You can put this letter away and take it out in eight months from today and look it over and see how near I come to it."

Again, on June 6, you wrote: "I want to say right here now that you are going to see one of the biggest earners in the Cracker-Oregon within the next ten months that you ever saw in your life in that district, do not know why, but I have the greatest faith in the proposition, and I think if the work is pushed right through and the property opened up rapidly, that you are going to get news of strikes there that will paralyze you. I am awfully sorry that you are not a big stockholder, still I do not know what you would do with the money in Sumpter, and maybe it is as well for you to watch us open up one of the biggest producers in that district and then when we take hold of something else you will be wise enough to get in on the ground floor."

Two days later, June 7, you wrote: "I want to call your attention again to the Cracker-Oregon and the fact that we are going to put it, inside of eighteen months, in a position where you will point with pride to the fact that you recommended this stock for sale in your columns. The mine is there and we are getting into ore that will make your ears crawl and do some eyes good to get sight of. That is all I have got to say right now."

On June 10, in a letter regarding the outlook for the property, you wrote: "I am looking for \$500,000 ore in the Cracker-Oregon before we have driven the long, low tunnel, that we are now at work, in 1,400 feet. This is a conservative estimate on my part as to the value of the ore we are going to strike. If I wanted to be optimistic I might lay claim to \$1,000,000 ore, but I never believe in being optimistic in cases of this kind. I think that the closer we stick to facts the better it is for the present and future dealings, so I am very conservative in my estimate as you notice, but I do think that we are going to strike ore of that grade, and I have a little prophecy to make good that I made with you some time since and if you will just watch our smoke you will see that it comes out as I have prophesied."

These letters, Ovitt, were written when the Cracker-Oregon was in the merest prospect stage, as you will remember. It was also a time when many of the mining men of this district seriously doubted the occurrence of high values in the parallel veins to the North Pole lode. And as every one here must admit, the date of these letters was a period when a large number of men in the Sumpter district scoffed as wasteful the systematic, thorough plan of development you had inaugurated on the Cracker-Oregon, which resulted in proving that property to be a great mine.

The far-reaching effect of your work on the Cracker-Oregon is yet scarcely appreciated. It, in fact, opened a new era of mining operations in the Cracker-Creek district. Instead of there being one great Mother Lode, with a monopoly of values, as before understood, you have in the Cracker-Oregon proven that there is a great Mother Lode, or vein, system, with the prospects as good for values in the one as the other.

Some people are prone to attribute success largely to chance. Along this line of reasoning may be found many arguments of the present day as to your work at the Cracker-Oregon. When I note such confidence as you evinced, such systematic, thorough mining methods as you backed your confidence with, I am ready to give credit to a man's intelligence, rather than the blind fate we term chance.

With the most joyous greeting, and the hope that all of your business enterprises will be entered into with the same foresight and common marking your mining operations in this district, I remain, Very sincerely, CHARLES LIEBENSTEIN.

I think these show conclusively that I was sure of my mine from the first.

The reason I bring up this line of argument is to strengthen my position in the present case, where I am offering stock in what is practically an extension of the Cracker-Oregon, the Cracker-Jack—a mine that immediately adjoins the Cracker-Oregon, and is in fact a continuation of it.

I have made the bold claim—in spite of what the Cracker-Oregon has shown—that in my opinion the Cracker-Jack will prove to be a richer property and I hereby serve notice that if my predictions are not realized I will quit prophesying.

My claims are based on what I have seen and if I could have taken you—my reader—over this property and shown you the unmistakable evidences on all sides from which my deductions were made I am positive you would agree with me that all signs point to this as being a veritable gold mine, a diamond in the rough as yet, but destined to be a gem among mines, when put in shape—as it will be.

No element of chance, no trusting to luck in such a proposition.

We hear a great deal about the bad luck people have with gold mine investments. I hear such tales by the yard—but they don't interest me.

If people will buy stock in any enterprise, without a thorough investigation before so doing, I think they have no one to thank, but themselves. I have heard, and no doubt you have, that old story of the man who has enough mining stock certificates in his strong box, that are absolutely worthless, to paper a room.

It is certainly expensive wall paper.

I prefer to buy the other sort, to decorate my walls.

Years ago almost any man with a vivid imagination, could conjure up a beautiful fairy story about some wonderful mine that some other man—(pickaxe variety) had been put on to, by some third man—and all that was needed was a grub stake.

These were the sort of gold mines that were never found—and it was often just about as difficult to find the promoter as the mine, after many days. He was hunting another mine.

Thank heaven that species of mine promoter is rapidly becoming extinct.

We have to have a commercial standing in these days—and our business must be conducted on the strictest of business lines. Mine has to be and is—at least.

I invite the most searching scrutiny of my methods as a promoter—just as I do of my mines—realizing fully that the very nature of my business calls for careful and conservative methods to a degree not found in many other lines.

Luck must have no place in a transaction involving the savings of years, it may be—which are invested, on my recommendation, to provide an income for old age.

You have a right to demand that I exercise my best faculties to insure the success of the trust imposed.

I shall not fail to do so.

I have only one plea to make in conclusion, and it is this; don't say to yourself—I am an unlucky investor.

Don't, even though you may have been unfortunate in some gold mine deal in the past—don't condemn all gold mine investments. It may be that you erred in judgment—perhaps the promoters did, although both acted in good faith.

There are plenty of good gold mines, and if you will look up the figures you will be astounded when you see what a colossal sum was credited to gold mine stocks last year.

You rarely hear of the good stock, for people as a rule don't publish their sources of income from the housetops. All of the great producing mines had to have a beginning, just as these mines I have sold stock for have begun.

The Cracker-Oregon stock was first offered in April, 1902, for a few cents a share.

A recent transfer in one of my offices showed that it had sold at \$1.50 a share, and the mill is barely completed.

It will pay dividends this year.

The Cracker-Jack will be hurried along in the same way. The stock can be had today at a nominal price, but it will soon be sold.

Such stock doesn't go begging for buyers.

First let me send you the prospectus.

There is nothing left out of this book that an investor needs to know.

It goes into details, and I fail to see how any person can read it and not be impressed with the offering it contains.

It points the way to a realization of the hopes we all hold in common, viz., that we may enjoy an old age, free from care, with an assured income to provide the comforts that are so necessary when the evening of life shall have come, and the earning capacity is over.

Send for this "Book of Particulars" today.

LEE S. OVITT, FISCAL AGENT.

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23-jewel Vanguard Waltham, Veritos, Elgin, Special Railway Hampden or 24-jewel Bunn Special Illinois, fitted in a Dueber 20-year gold-filled open face screw case, elegantly hand-engraved	\$34.50
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17-jewel adjusted Elgin, Waltham or "Columbus King"	14.00
15-jewel Elgin, Waltham, Hampden, Illinois or Rockford	11.50
7-jewel Elgin, Waltham or Hampden	9.50
7-jewel Seth Thomas "Century" nickel movement	6.00

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For Hunting Case otherwise same as above add \$2.00 to above prices.

For 25-year 14k Dueber or Fahy 2 Hunting Case, elegantly hand-engraved in any design, add \$6.50 to above prices. All of the above 18-size.

Every watch I send out is the very latest model and up-to-date in every respect. All fine movements are *shipped out within 24 hours* after leaving wholesale house. No stale or shop-worn goods sold.

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To many of you I need no introduction; you have probably seen Watches bought of me—at least seen my ad. many times, or to those not acquainted with my goods and fair treatment, will be pleased to give references on application in nearly any part of any state in the Union.

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Say you saw this ad. in Wilshire's.

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LASTING FORTY DAYS, ALL EXPENSES PAID

And Over One Hundred Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes to Be Given Away

In this advertisement we publish nine rebus pictures, each spelling the name of a city located in the United States. Can you name them correctly? If you can, fill in the slip and send it to us, together with a short twenty-word article on the city No. 1 named after a famous general. We will give a First Prize of Five Hundred Dollars in Cash to the person whose list is correct, and whose article is best in the estimation of the Committee. For the next best answer, Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Cash; for the next best answer, One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Cash; for the next best answer, One Hundred Dollars in Cash; for the ten next best answers, Twenty-five Dollars each; for the twenty next best answers, Fifteen Dollars each; for the forty next best answers, Ten Dollars each; for the fifty next best answers, Five Dollars each; and every one naming three or more of these cities correctly will receive a cash prize of One Dollar.

Someone is going to win the money, and it may be you; anyway it does not cost you any money to try. There is only one easy condition, which will take about one hour of your time, and which we will write you as soon as your answer is received. This rebus is not as easy as it appears, and it will take a great deal of brain work to solve the nine cities correctly. The envelope containing the correct answer has been sealed and deposited with a leading safe deposit company of Boston, and will not be opened until after the close of the contest. This, we believe, is the only honest way of conducting a contest, as everyone will have an equal chance. In the event of a tie, we will request five persons who have answered our advertisement to act as a committee to award the cash pro-rata. They will be invited to come to Boston at our expense and be our guests while in this city. We take this original method of ours of selecting a committee to show our good faith, as we want to treat all in the fairest manner possible. The Committee will be selected, solely upon their merits, from among our contestants, and, in addition to their expenses being paid, we will allow each one Five Dollars a day for their time. You may be asked, but not compelled, to act as one of the Committee. The Committee who decided our last contest was composed of the following named persons:—Fitz James E. Browne,

Montreal, Can.; C. D. Baldwin, Cascade, Iowa; Mrs. Francis Little, Lincoln, Neb.; Mrs. R. Ryan, Houston, Tex.; Fred T. Tremble, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Now in addition to the cash prizes mentioned above, we are going to give to some one who complies with our easy condition, an opportunity to win and secure from us without any labor or expense on their part, one of the following **Twenty-five prizes which will consist of a free trip to Europe lasting forty days; which means every expense paid, first-class, from the time you leave home until you get home.** Below you will find the daily itinerary:

Tuesday, July 21, sail from Boston via S. S. Cunard Line. Wednesday, July 29, due at Queenstown, Ireland. Thursday, July 30, land at Liverpool and take especially reserved cars for Warwick, Hotel "Warwick Arms." Friday, July 31, make a coaching trip to Sholtery and Stratford-on-Avon, returning to Warwick. Saturday, August 1, visit Warwick Castle, the Leicester Hospital, and the old church of St. Mary, taking an afternoon train for London, "St. Erwin's Hotel."

Friday, August 7, leave by day express, proceed to Newbourn, cross the Channel to Dieppe, and through Normandy, reach Paris, Grand Hotel St. James. Thursday, August 13, leave Paris on a morning train for Brussels, Grand Hotel. Saturday, August 15, (Evening) leave Brussels on evening train for Antwerp, one hour distant. Sunday August 16, in Antwerp, Hotel Central. Monday, August 17, go by morning train to The Hague and Scheweninzen. Hotel des Indes, The Hague. Thursday, August 20, proceed to Rotterdam, and sail by Steamship of the Holland-American Line. Saturday, August 29, due in New York.

To give you a slight idea of the places visited, we append the following:

In London, two days' carriage drives, and visits paid the Guildhall, the Museum, the Corporation Gallery, St. Paul's and the Crypt, Fleet Street, the Law Courts, Middle Temple Hall, the Temple Church and grave of Oliver Goldsmith, the Embankment, Parliament Buildings, Houses of Lords and Commons, Westminster Abbey, Whitehall,

Trafalgar Square, the National Gallery, Piccadilly, St. James and Green Parks, Marlborough House, St. James' Palace, Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park, Rotten Row, the Albert Memorial, the Royal Albert Hall, South Kensington Museum, the British Museum, Smithfield Market, the Mansion House, Bank of England, the Old Curiosity Shop, and Tower of London.

In Paris. There will be carriage drives, two days to visit the Palais de Justice, Ste. Chapelle, the Pantheon, the Church of St. Etienne du Mont the Luxembourg Gallery, the Tomb of Napoleon and Les Invalides, the Eiffel Tower, the Trocadero the Place de la Concorde, the Madeleine, the Parli- Morceau, the Boulevards, the Opera House, the Porte St. Denis, the Column July, and Place de la Bastille, Pere-la-Chaise, Notre Dame, the Morgue the Galleries of the Louvre, the Palais Royal, and the Gobelins Tapestry Works. A whole day will be devoted to a trip to St. Cloud, thence to the Park of Versailles and the Great and Little Trianon and to visit the state carriages. From here the party will proceed to the grand Palace at Versailles and devote the afternoon to its treasures of history and art. In Brussels. Drive and visit the Hotel de Ville, the Church of St. Gaudule, the Palace of Justice, and the Wiertz Picture Gallery.

These are prizes which are worth trying for and only come once in a lifetime. It will be under the auspices of the BROWN BOOK, which means that everyone will have a good time.

Now, outside of these twenty-five free European trips, there will be a twenty-sixth prize of Three hundred and Fifty Dollars, a twenty-seventh Prize of Two Hundred Dollars, a twenty-eighth Prize of One Hundred Dollars, and, Twenty prizes of Fifty Dollars each. Twenty Prizes of Twenty-five dollars each, Twenty Prizes of Fifteen Dollars each, Twenty Prizes of Ten Dollars each, and Fifty Prizes of Five Dollars each. You have an opportunity to win and secure from us **without one cent of expense on your part**, any of the above mentioned prizes. There is positively no deception, and as for trickery, how can there be when the committee is selected from the contestants and you yourself might be chosen to decide who the winners are?

Remember we are the only publishing firm in the world who have given away the largest cash prizes in contests arranged by a single firm. Do not throw this advertisement aside and say, "O, Pshaw! I have answered puzzles before and got nothing for it," for, if you do, you will regret it as long as you live. Someone will win, and it may be you, anyway it does not cost you one cent, as we do not want any money from you, and surely the prizes are worth trying for.

Do you, candidly, know of any firm in the world who has made such liberal offers in such a fair manner? Of course you have no assurance except our word that we are financially able to carry out the promises we have made. If you have the least doubt, look us up. You will find that we have lived up to every promise that we have ever made, and we have thousands of letters from prize winners on file in our office. We are a responsible Company with a paid-up capital of \$300,000,

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composed of well-known business men, giving employment to upwards of two hundred people, and our sole object in giving away such princely prizes is to lead our competitors; and we will leave no stone unturned to accomplish, by honest methods only, our object. Everyone entering these contests will receive honest treatment, and you will have the same chance whether you live in California, Canada or Massachusetts; distance positively makes no difference. No one connected directly or indirectly with this firm will be permitted to compete for these prizes. Send your answer to us at once, and in a few days you will receive our reply. Do not delay. Address us this way:—

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I recommend good dividend-paying Gold Mining and Smelting Shares as one of the safest and most profitable forms of investment. None other brings such quick profits and so large income. My clients who bought California-Nevada at 20 cents a share three months ago have made nearly 400 per cent. profit and have received 1 per cent. monthly dividends besides, and at 75 cents, the present price, will net 16 per cent. on the investment. I have other good ones earning from 10 to 20 per cent. This is the age of Gold. It is the standard of all values. It never depreciates. It is the world's money and good everywhere. So I am partial to gold-mining. Have made it a specialty with great success for my patrons. Let me put your idle dollars to work and I will surprise you with the result. Write for my booklet full of valuable information for the investor.

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THE HAIR THAT FEEDS ON

May-December Contest

\$6,195.00

For Friends of Wilshire's



IN OUR issue for July, 1903, we will give the names of the prize-winners in the contest which closed May 1st. It will be impossible to go over our books, ascertain the prize winners, print the names and addresses earlier than July. Our friends have shown such hearty interest in the past contest and have done such excellent work for the cause that we feel warranted in giving a much larger list of prizes in the present contest, which begins May 1st and continues until December 1st. We have not yet reached the 200,000 mark, and want every reader of WILSHIRE'S to help us secure enough new subscribers to make our circulation 200,000 copies a month, before December 1st. To accomplish this object we sell our subscription postal cards to agents, each card good for a full year's subscription to WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, at a price that allows the agent a splendid profit, and at the same time, everyone entering this contest and sending us twenty yearly subscriptions or more, is guaranteed a substantial prize for their efforts, in addition to whatever profit is made on the subscriptions.

If our readers show a lively interest in the contest, we will add additional prizes to the list, endeavoring to increase the total number of prizes, between now and December, until we hope we will be able to double the amount. Your interest is our interest and our interest is your interest. We wish to have your hearty co-operation for the good of all concerned. We trust all who are not familiar with our agents' rates will write at once and obtain this information. To save time, we suggest that you enclose \$2.00 with your letter for yearly subscription postals, and you can double your money by the sale of these postals whether you obtain a prize or not. Here is an opportunity to make money selling the cards, and at the same time, to help along the good work.

The prizes will be given in the order mentioned and according to value, to the agents buying the largest number of subscription cards between May 1st and December 1st, 1903. A merry lot of Christmas presents for hustlers.

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| | 4. Treble Coupler, couples octaves and treble. |
| | 5. Flute, flute-like. |
| | 6. Vox Humana, tremolo. |
| | 7. Metronome, governs speed. |
| BASS | 8. Diapason, strong, full and round. |
| | 9. Dulciana, soft and rich. |
| | 10. Viola, viola quality. |
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Wilshire's Magazine

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Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 58

TORONTO, MAY, 1903

\$1 Per Year

DE WITTE AGAIN

I have repeatedly said in this magazine that De Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, has the most comprehensive grasp of the economic and political world-situation, of all the cabinet ministers of Europe. His program is, in short, to introduce a system of State Socialism by which the Czar, or rather the Czar's government, will own and operate a great part of the industries of Russia. Not only will the national government own these industries, but in the municipalities he is instituting a complete system of autocratic municipal Socialism.

That this is no mere theory of De Witte's will be seen from the enormous strides already made in the direction of carrying out his plans. The value of the entire products of the Russian Empire today is not over 3,500 million roubles, while the income of the State for 1902 is estimated to be nearly 2,000 million. In other words, the estimate of the revenue of the State is more than half the value of the products of the whole Empire. Of course, this

enormous revenue coming to the State is not like a tax. It is payment to the State for something of tangible value furnished by the State—whiskey from its distilleries, drugs from its dispensaries, tea and sugar from its groceries. Some cities, like Tiflis, even sell meat from the municipal butcher shops, and sewing machines. De Witte is anticipating Democratic Socialism by introducing Autocratic Socialism to head it off.

This year the reports show, for the first time on record, that the imperial treasury has a surplus, the result of course of this introduction of autocratic Socialism. It is a very easy thing to get a revenue when the State owns the railroads and industrial equipments. It is then simply a question of raising the price. Mr. Rockefeller has no difficulty in raising his private revenue to \$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000 a year by placing the price of oil at the necessary figure. If the United States Government owned the refineries, it could not only make \$50,000,000 a year, but even

\$100,000,000 from the sale of oil, if it development, is something which is were inclined to be still more rapacious today appreciated by very few indeed. than is Mr. Rockefeller. So De Witte, The development of autocratic Socialism, similar to what is taking place by the State ownership of various industries, can raise a huge revenue in Russia, is of course impossible in a merely by putting up the price of the products, and he is doing it.

This matter of Russia adopting State Socialism is much more than a Russian affair. It means that Russia may be the greatest power in Europe within ten years. The enormous economy effected by concentration on such a colossal scale is sure to give Russia dominance in the production of any goods that go into the world-market. It will also give her an enormous surplus for her treasury, which will enable her to dominate the world's money market. The only rift in the clouds is

DE WITTE,
Russian Minister of Finance.

the possibility, and in fact the strong States Government would certainly be probability, of mismanagement. If more democratic than their ownership Russia escapes this dangerous rock, by half a dozen men, as at present. the menace which she will offer to Whatever may be the dangers of the rest of Europe, from this new national ownership in the United States

politically democratic State like the United States. The ownership of the industrial machinery by the Russian Government is really placed in the hands of one man, the Czar, the hereditary ruler. If the United States Government should take over industries, as is being done on such a great scale by Russia, it would not mean any increase of power in the hands of a single man, but would mean real democratization of wealth, notwithstanding that our Government itself is controlled by plutocracy. The ownership of the railroads by the United

during the continuation of our competitive system, they cannot be as great as the dangers of ownership by Rockefeller and Morgan.

Russia, however, is not the only country that is realizing the advantages of monopoly in the conduct of industrial enterprises. While here in the United States, monopoly is rampant and we are doing all we can to break it up, the tremendous power of concentration of capital in controlling the world's markets is being recognized by the Germans as something that they must copy, or else go down in the international industrial warfare. Therefore, we see

the German Finance Minister advising the German capitalists to form combinations, after the manner of the American capitalists. Imagine the consternation which would ensue in this country if we should hear President Roosevelt advising Rockefeller and Morgan to still further concentrate their industrial plants, in order that they might have a more complete domination of the world market. Monopoly is all right. The question is whether we, the people, are going to own the monopolies ourselves, or whether we are going to have a hereditary Czar like Morgan own them.

THE RIGHT TO LABOR IN JOY

EDWIN MARKHAM

Out on the roads they have gathered, a hundred thousand men,
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the hold of the wolf in his den.
Their need lies close to the quick of life as the earth lies close to the stone ;
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.

They ask but the leave to labor, to toil in the endless night,
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses water-tight ;
They ask but the right to labor, and to live by the strength of their hands—
They who have bodies like knotted oaks and patience like sea sands.

And the right of a man to labor, and his right to labor in joy—
Not all your laws can blot that right, nor the gates of hell destroy.
For it came with the making of man, and was kneaded into his bones,
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crumbled thrones.

KAUTSKY: IS HE SOUND?

KARL KAUTSKY will probably be given premier place among the modern German scientific Socialists; and when I say German in connection with scientific Socialism it is a very small limitation, for the Germans are pre-eminently the most scientific of Socialists. His recent book, "The Social Revolution,"* contains his latest utterances on the subject to which I myself have given the most attention, viz., the theory of a catastrophic change of base of society from the capitalistic to the socialistic one. There are three classes of people today who theorize upon economics:

1st. Those who believe the present competitive system is going to last for an indefinite period.

2nd. Those Socialists who believe that the transition is going to take place some day or other, but by means of a very slow development by regular stages, as the chick develops into a hen.

3rd. Those Socialists who believe that the transition to Socialism is going to be of a catastrophic character, similar to that which occurs in Nature when the chicken is hatched from its shell.

It is to this third division that Kautsky and myself belong; but, notwithstanding that we are in the same category as

far as being believers in a catastrophic change is concerned, we are apparently not in accord upon what constitutes the necessity for that change, nor upon the period of time which will elapse before the Social egg is hatched.

Kautsky differentiates the revolutionary movement from the reform movement by labeling any movement which is the result of the domination of a previously inferior class as a "revolution," whereas any movement which is accomplished by a superior class he styles a "reform." To my mind the distinction would be determined rather by the actual result than by the means by which the result was brought about. His idea of the result of the revolution, however, is so much in line with my own, and he expresses it all so beautifully, that I must quote him at length:

Whoever seeks today to scientifically attack revolution does it in the name of the theory of evolution, demonstrating that nature makes no leaps, that consequently any sudden change of social relations is impossible; that advance is only possible through the accumulation of little changes and slight improvements, called Social reforms. Considered from this point of view revolution is an unscientific conception about which scientifically cultured people only shrug their shoulders.

It might be replied that the analogy between natural and social laws is by no means perfect. To be sure, our

* C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

conception of the one will unconsciously influence our conception of the other sphere as we have already seen. This is, however, no advantage and it is better to restrain rather than favor this transference of laws from one sphere to another. To be sure, all progress in methods of observation and comprehension of any one sphere can and will improve our methods and comprehension in others, but it is equally true that within each one of these spheres there are peculiar laws not applying to the others.

If the old catastrophic theory is gone forever from the natural sciences, the new theory which makes of evolution only a series of little, insignificant changes meets with ever stronger objections. Upon one side there is a growing tendency toward quietistic, conservative theories that reduce evolution itself to a minimum; on the other side facts are compelling us to give an ever greater importance to catastrophes in natural development. This applies equally to the geological theories of Lyell and the organic evolution of Darwin.

This has given rise to a sort of synthesis of the old catastrophic theories and the newer evolutionary theories, similar to the synthesis that is found in Marxism. Just as Marxism distinguishes between the gradual economic development and the sudden transformation of the juridical and political superstructure, so many of the new biological and geological theories recognize alongside of the slow accumulation of slight and even infinitesimal alterations, also sudden profound transformations—catastrophies—that arise from the slower evolution.

A notable example of this is furnished by the observations of de Bries, reported at the last Congress of Natural Sciences held at Hamburg. He has discovered that the species of plants and animals remain unchanged through a long period; some of them finally disappear, when they have become too old to longer adapt themselves to the conditions of existence, that have in the meantime been changing. Other species are more fortunate; they suddenly "explode,"

as he has himself expressed it, in order to give life to countless new forms, some of which continue and multiply, while the others, not being adapted to the conditions of existence, disappear.

I have no intention of drawing a conclusion in favor of revolution from these new observations. That would be to fall into the same error as those who argue to the rejection of revolution from the theory of evolution. But these observations at least show that the scientists are themselves not wholly agreed as to the part played in organic and geologic development by catastrophies, and for this reason it would be an error to attempt to draw from either of these hypotheses any fixed conclusions as to the role played by revolution in social development.

If, in spite of these facts, such conclusions are still insisted upon, then we can reply to them with a very popular and familiar illustration, which demonstrates in an unmistakeable manner that nature does make sudden leaps: I refer to the act of birth. The act of birth is a leap. At one stroke a fetus, which had hitherto constituted a portion of the organism of the mother, sharing in her circulation, receiving nourishment from her, without breathing, becomes an independent human being, with its own circulatory system, that breathes and cries, takes its own nourishment and utilizes its digestive tract.

The analogy between birth and revolution, however, does not rest alone upon the suddenness of the act. If we look closer we shall find that this sudden transformation at birth is confined wholly to functions. The organs develop slowly, and must reach a certain stage of development before that leap is possible, which suddenly gives them their new functions. If the leap takes place before this stage of development is attained, the result is not the beginning of new functions for the organs, but the cessation of all functions—the death of the new creature. On the other hand, the slow development of organs in the body of the mother can only proceed to a certain point, they cannot begin their new functions without the revolutionary act of birth.

This becomes inevitable when the development of the organs has attained a certain height.

We find the same thing in society. Here also the revolutions are the result of slow, gradual development (evolution). Here also it is the social organs that develop slowly. That which may be changed suddenly, at a leap, revolutionarily, is their functions. The railroad has been slowly developed. On the other hand, the railroad can suddenly be transformed from its function as the instrument to the enrichment of a number of capitalists, into a Socialist enterprise having as its function the serving of the common good. And as at the birth of the child, all the functions are simultaneously revolutionized—circulation, breathing, digestion—so all the functions of the railroad must be simultaneously revolutionized at one stroke, for they are all most closely bound together. They cannot be gradually and successively socialized, one after the other, as if, for example, we would transform today the functions of the engineer and fireman, a few years later the ticket agents, and still later the accountants and book-keepers, and so on. This fact is perfectly clear with a railroad, but the successful socialization of the different functions of a railroad is no less absurd than that of the ministry of a centralized state. Such a ministry constitutes a single organism whose organs must cooperate. The functions of one of these organs cannot be modified without equally modifying all the others.

* * * * *

Since neither a railroad nor a ministry can be changed gradually, but only at a single stroke, embracing all the organs simultaneously, from capitalist to socialist functions, from an organ of the capitalist to an organ of the laboring class, and this transformation is possible only to such social organs as retain a certain degree of development, it may be remarked here that with the maternal organism it is possible to scientifically determine the moment when the degree of maturity is attained, which is not true of society.

On the other hand, birth does not mark the conclusion of the development of the human organism, but rather the beginning of a new epoch in development. The child comes now into new relations in which new organs are created, and those that previously existed are developed further in other directions; teeth grow in the mouth, the eyes learn to see; the hands to grasp, the feet to walk, the mouth to speak, etc. In the same way a social revolution is not the conclusion of social development, but the beginning of a new form of development. A Socialist revolution can at a single stroke transfer a factory from capitalist to social property. But it is only gradually, through a course of slow evolution, that one may transform a factory from a place of monotonous, repulsive, forced labor into an attractive spot for the joyful activity of happy human beings. A Socialist revolution can at a single stroke transform the great bonanza farms into social property. In that portion of agriculture where the little industry still rules, the organs of social and Socialist production must be first created, and that can come only as a result of slow development.

It is thus apparent that the analogy between birth and revolution is rather far reaching. But this naturally proves nothing more than that one has no right to appeal to Nature for proof that a social revolution is something unnecessary, unreasonable and unnatural. We have also, as we have already said, no right to apply conclusions drawn from Nature directly to social processes. We can go no further upon the ground of such analogies than to conclude: that as each animal creature must at one time go through a catastrophe in order to reach a higher stage of development (the act of birth or of the breaking of a shell), so society can only be raised to a higher stage of development through a catastrophe.

My general criticism of Kautsky's position is that whereas the whole Marxian philosophy is based upon the materialistic conception of history, and leads us to hold that the country in

which economic evolution has reached the highest development is the country in which Socialism will first become a necessity ; and as the industrial evolution has undoubtedly proceeded further in the United States than in any other country, it is in this country that Socialism must have its birth. Yet, here is Kautsky writing a book entitled "The Social Revolution," and seeming hardly aware that such a country as the United States exists. He fails to see that the inevitability of Socialism from the economic development is much more easily demonstrated here than in Europe. Kautsky seems rather to think that the revolution depends upon the European working-class becoming organized politically, and, by a majority vote, coming into possession of the political machinery, and thus have the State acquire possession of the industrial machinery. He seems to think that this political education of the masses will proceed slowly by means of the propaganda efforts of the Socialists, and under conditions practically the same as they are today. It is right here that I differ from Kautsky. I will agree that if we had enough time before us his plan might work out and the working-class would be brought gradually to realize the advantages to be gained by the establishment of Socialism, and then proceed to vote themselves into power. But my contention is that the economic development in the United States has proceeded so fast that we are surely going to find ourselves face to face with a great unemployed problem in a comparatively few years. This condition of affairs will educate the people to the necessity for Socialism in a much more rapid and catastrophic way than Kautsky seems to have any inkling of. Certainly, if we do have a great unemployed problem in the

United States, and it comes about within the next five years, which is probable, it will not take the people of the United States in general, and the working-class in particular, very long to find out that something must be done, and that nothing else will solve the problem but the adoption of Socialism.

Then, too, I differ with Kautsky as to what the working-class would do if ever they came into political domination. My opinion is that if the Socialists elect their representatives to power, that is, if there should be a majority of Socialist representatives in the United States Congress, and a Socialist president, it would be impossible for us to conceive of any half-way measures being taken. Kautsky seems to think that a Socialist majority would not mean the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth at once ; but that it would be a question of more or less trafficking with the capitalists for the purchase of their tools of production. The principal reason I disagree with him upon this point is not so much that it would be unethical for us to consider the perpetuation of an iniquitous system when we have the power to abolish it, but that our very determination to end the system would be because of the economic impossibility of longer continuing the "competitive wage system." Now, then, if this "competitive wage system" is to be abolished, it can only be done by a complete change from private to public ownership of the means of production, and, therefore, no matter what Socialists might *wish* to do toward effecting a transition gradually from capitalism to Socialism, it will be economically impossible for them to do anything except to make a complete and immediate abolition of our whole system of private ownership of capital and the competitive wage system.

Kautsky very ably points out how the capitalist system of production prevents any class from really enjoying leisure. In the United States the real heads of capitalistic undertakings are hard-worked men. Those who go in for "sports" are not men of any great weight in the world of capitalism. He says:

The capitalist manner of production robs the ruling class of all the leisure that they previously had. Even, if they do not produce but are living from the exploitation of the producing classes, still they are not idle exploiters. Thanks to competition, the motive force of present economic life, the exploiters are continuously compelled to carry on an exhausting struggle with each other, which threatens the vanquished with complete annihilation.

The capitalists have therefore neither time nor leisure, nor the previous culture necessary for artistic and scientific activity. They lack even the necessary qualifications for regular participation in governmental activities. Not only in art and science, but also in the government of the State, the ruling class is forced to take no part. They must leave that to wage-workers and bureaucratic employees. The capitalist class reigns but does not govern. It is satisfied, however, to rule the government.

In the same way the decaying feudal nobility before it, satisfied itself by taking on the forms of a royal nobility. But while with the feudal nobility the renunciation of its social functions was the product of corruption, with the capitalists this renunciation arises directly from their social functions and is an essential part of their existence.

As to the objection of the capitalist class to the introduction of Socialism, Kautsky has the following:

Thanks to the newspapers, never was economic insight so broadly dispersed; never was the ruling class, as well as the mass of people, so much in a condition to comprehend the far-reaching consequences of its acts and

strivings. This alone proves that we shall not make the tremendous transition from capitalism to Socialism unconsciously, and that we cannot slowly undermine the dominion of the exploiting class without this class being conscious of this, and consequently arming themselves and using all their powers to suppress the strength and influence of the growing proletariat.

There are two ways of looking at this. If the capitalists think that the existing system can be continued, and that they are getting great pleasure out of it as it is, and that they will get great pain out of any change, it would be perfectly natural that they should arm themselves and do all they could to prevent the change taking place. On the other hand, if the economic development of society has not only made the working-class "class-conscious," but made *all* of society socially conscious of the desirability, as well as the inevitability of the change, then no resistance to change will come from society as a whole. There may be a few resistant individuals, not infected with this social consciousness, but these will be the exceptions and will be of no consequence. I believe that, particularly in the United States, the social consciousness of a coming change is becoming a dominating feature of all our thought, and this consciousness is the result of our tremendous economic development, the centralization of wealth in the hands of a few Morgans and Rockefellers. We are all coming to see that to regain our freedom, wealth must in some way be transferred back to the people, and this can be done only through public ownership. There is no evidence that the Morgans and Rockefellers are prepared to resist this change any more than any other people of either the capitalist or laboring class. Our trade-union leaders, like Gompers,

are more anti-Socialist than our Morgans. There is a general feeling throughout the country that a change is inevitable, and that instead of any apparent resistance to Socialism, the tendency is to welcome it. Of course, to Kautsky, in a German environment, where the working-class is strongly organized into a class-conscious political party, and where the upper classes, on the other hand, are equally well organized for the purpose of preventing this party coming into power, it may seem incredible that a different state of social consciousness can develop or exist in the United States. He may think that when the Socialists here begin to get stronger, and to get a greater and greater number of votes, the capitalists will organize themselves on the other side to prevent the further growth of Socialism. But such an attempt would be about as futile as it would be to try to prevent the grass from growing in summer, and the capitalists will see the futility of it so palpably that they will do nothing. When Socialism is a more or less artificial growth, as the result of propaganda from the enthusiasm of individuals, rather than from the stern logic of events, there may be reason to look for opposition from the capitalists; but when it becomes simply a question of the people reading the facts of the day, and determining the necessity of a change, the assumption that the capitalists will arm in order to prevent this change is simply absurd.

Regarding the agricultural situation, Kautsky again presents the European view, and is apparently unfamiliar with the American farmer. He differentiates between large and small farmers, and says that the large ones will be against Socialism, because the Socialists will be asking for a shorter work-day and

higher wages. He also thinks that the great farmer will be in favor of tariff on agricultural products. Of course, this does not apply to the United States, because we do not import agricultural products. As for the large and small farmers ever dividing politically here, our farmers are mostly all small farmers working their own farms, with one or two hired men to the farm, and, as has been shown repeatedly by statistics, the farmer gets a less return from his farm than the wages he pays his hired man. The farmer in the United States is essentially a man holding a social ideal of equality, and he is not bound down by any of the feudal conditions of Europe, which would make him see any logic in the perpetuation of a social economy which provides for a class superior to himself. When the economic conditions get riper in this country, I have no question that the American farmer will be in the forefront in the demand for Socialism, notwithstanding that some Socialists insist that it will be impossible to get him into line until he becomes a proletarian. The American farmer will never become a proletarian, for the simple reason that there is more labor to be gotten out of him as a land owner than as a proletarian. Economically society demands and gets the cheapest man. It wants its work done at the least cost. The cheapest method of agricultural production today is to let the farmer own his land and pay interest on his mortgage—much cheaper than for the capitalist to own the land and hire the farmer to till the soil.

Kautsky also makes a distinction between the industrial capitalist and the financial capitalist. Whatever effect the difference may make in Germany, it does not exist in the United States. Morgan and Rockefeller are not only

industrial capitalists, but also bankers on a large scale, and anyway there is no difference in the politics of our capitalists owing to the manner in which they make their money.

That Kautsky is perfectly clear on the futility of municipal Socialism may be seen from the following :

In the same way the so-called Municipal Socialism is limited to those States and social organizations where universal suffrage in the municipality rules. It must always remain bound to the general economic and political conditions, and can never proceed independently. To be sure, the proletariat may find the municipal government in the individual industrial communities in their hands before they have the strength to conquer the general government, and they can by means of this control, or at least restrain, action hostile to the proletariat and carry through individual betterments which could not be expected from a bourgeois regime. But such municipal governments find themselves limited not alone by the power of the State, but also by their own economic helplessness. They are mostly poor municipalities, almost exclusively made up of proletarians, that are first conquered by the social democracy. Where shall these obtain the means to carry out great reforms? Ordinarily the taxing power of the municipality is restricted by State laws, and even where this is not the case the taxation of the well-to-do and the rich cannot exceed certain bounds without these residents, the only ones from whom anything can be taken, being driven out of the municipality. Every decisive work of reform demands at once new taxes which are unfavorably received not only by the upper classes but also by wider circles of the population. Many a municipal government which has been captured by Socialists, or so-called socialistic reformers, has been taken away from them because of the taxation question, in spite of the fact that their actions have been exceedingly efficient. This was true in London and also in Roubaix,

Contrasting capitalism and feudalism, Kautsky makes the following pregnant observation, although his closing sentence, which says we have as little cause to expect revolution from a financial crisis as from an armed insurrection, is liable to be misunderstood :

Capitalism does not, like feudalism, lead to under-production, but to over-production, and chokes in its own fat. It is not a lack of capital, but superfluity of capital which today demands profitable investment and in pursuit of dividends draws back from no risk. The governments are completely dependent upon the capitalist class and the latter has every reason to protect and support them. The increase of public debts can only become a revolutionary factor in so far as it increases the pressure of taxes and therewith leads to an uprising of the lower classes, but scarcely (Russia perhaps must be excepted) to a direct financial collapse, or even to a serious financial embarrassment of the government. We have just as little cause to expect a revolution from a financial crisis as from an armed insurrection.

He refers to a crisis where a Government cannot pay its public debts, as for instance, is the case today with Venezuela, and is not thinking of a complete breakdown of our industrial system.

I regard economic evolution as having progressed so far that the social consciousness is developing as a result of it, and, therefore, we cannot have an armed struggle of any importance because the whole people are going to see the futility of such a thing. If we have a breakdown of the economic situation in the United States and the workingmen of Pittsburg are out of work there is no use of their rioting; rioting will do no good. They might sack a few bakeshops, but the bread they want is out in the Dakota wheat fields, and the only way they can get

it into their stomachs in Pittsburg, is to keep society organized on a basis by which the iron of Pittsburg can be exchanged for the wheat of Dakota. It will not take much brains to see that no insurrection is going to accomplish this. It will need the concerted thought of the whole people to solve the problem of feeding the unemployed.

Kautsky impresses upon his readers the necessity for clinging to revolutionary idealism, and yet when we hear his prognostication of what the proletariat will do when they come into power, his program sounds more like that of a Fabian than of a revolutionary socialist. Here are some of his Fabian ideas, which I am sure no American revolutionary socialist will stand for, for a moment.

Let us imagine then that this fine day has already come, in which at one stroke all power is thrown into the lap of the proletariat. How would it begin? It would extend universal suffrage to every individual and establish complete freedom of press and assemblage. It would make the State completely independent of the church and abolish all rights of inheritance. It would establish complete autonomy in all individual communities and abolish militarism.

It is impossible to conceive that in America the domination of the working-class would not be coincident with the complete installation of Socialism, and when Kautsky talks about the Socialists, after they get into power, reforming taxation and imposing progressive income tax, etc., it sounds extremely mediæval and almost incredible in a man of his standing. When the working-class, or, what is the same thing, when the Socialists, are in possession of the political power, we will have no taxes at all, nor will there be any classes.

Kautsky continues :

There is one problem above all others with which the proletariat regime must primarily occupy itself. It will in all cases be compelled to solve the question of the *relief of the unemployed*. Enforced idleness is the greatest curse of the laborer. For him it signifies misery, humiliation, crime. The laborer lives only from the sale of his labor power, and when he can find no purchaser for this he is delivered up to hunger. And even when the laborer has found his labor the unemployed still torture him, for he is never secure from the loss of his labor and consequent misery.

We will not need any relief of the unemployed, because there will be no unemployed under Socialism ; and it is almost incredible to me that Kautsky can hold any theory that there will be a continuation of a body of proletarians after the proletarians have come into power, since the very object of their being in power is to abolish the proletariat.

Then he continues :

The question then arises as to what purchasers are at the command of capitalists when they wish to sell their undertakings. A portion of the factories, mines, etc., could be sold directly to the laborers who are working them, and could be henceforth operated co-operatively ; another portion could be sold to co-operatives of distribution, and still another to the communities or to the states.

To an American it sounds very primitive to talk about selling mines and factories to laborers or to co-operative establishments. The very thing we wish to abolish today is the ownership of the means of production by a class ; and the mere fact of the owning class happening to be workingmen does not render the class ownership any less objectionable than where it happens to fall into the hands of a divine ruler like Baer. If the miners of Pennsylvania owned the mines and by virtue of that

ownership could tell the rest of the people of the United States that they would not give them coal except upon certain conditions enunciated by them as owners, we would be as completely in their power as we are now in Baer's. The mines of the country should be owned by the people as a whole. It would be just as absurd to let the coal miners own the mines as it would be to let the post office be owned by the letter carriers. The post office is not for the letter carriers, nor the mines for the miners, but both post office and mines are for the people as a whole.

However, in closing this review, I wish to pay tribute to the great value of this book upon the Social Revolution. It is well worth everyone's perusal who is interested in Socialist literature; for of all the writers upon the subject there is no one who is held in greater respect and admiration for his intellectual acuteness than Karl Kautsky.

COURAGE, STRENGTH AND LOVE

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

It takes great STRENGTH to live where you belong
 When other people think that you are wrong ;
 People you love, and who love you, and whose
 Approval is a pleasure you would choose ;
 To bear this pressure and succeed at length
 In living your belief—well, it takes strength !

And COURAGE, too. But what does courage mean,
 Save strength to help you face a pain foreseen ?
 Courage to undertake this lifelong strain
 Of setting yours against your grandsire's brain ;
 Dangerous risk of walking lone and free
 Out of the easy paths that used to be,
 And the fierce pain of hurting those we love
 When love meets truth, and truth must ride above ?
 But the best courage man has ever shown
 Is daring to cut loose and think alone.

It takes great LOVE to stir a human heart
 To live beyond the others and apart.
 A love that is not shallow, is not small ;
 Is not for one, or two, but for them all.
 Love that can wound love, for its higher need ;
 Love that can leave love, tho' the heart my bleed ;
 Love that can lose love, family and friend ;
 Yet steadfastly live, loving to the end.
 A love that asks no answer, that can live
 Moved by one burning deathless force—to give.

Love, strength, and courage ; courage, strength, and love !
 The heroes of all time are built thereof.

AUTO-TOXÆMIA OF SOCIETY

WALLACE LLOYD, M.D.

FOR a century, at least, we have railed at intemperance in alcoholics as the greatest bugaboo of society. We have lectured and legislated with good intentions and indifferent results, but, even had we accomplished all we desired, the light of recent discovery and research shows that, while gathering odd straws, we have been stumbling over sheaves. If the medical opinion of the civilized world is of any value we are now confronted with the astonishing fact that, for one who destroys life or usefulness with the distilled essence of food stuffs, there are at least a hundred who ruin body and brain by intemperance in food itself. Alcoholics are now used by stealth, because even moderate tipping has fallen into disrepute, but there never was a time when high living and good feeding were more popular than at present. We are learning to eat by note.

Food intoxication is called toxæmia, and means simply that we super-saturate ourselves with the waste material from unassimilated, unnecessary, or unsuitable food. While over-filling our stomachs with viands, enhanced in toothsome-ness by all the arts of culinary science, we are slowly encrusting our arteries with a sediment, which sooner or later brands us with senility. While bowing to the absurd but popular theory that our strength and vitality

are in direct proportion to the food we eat, and encouraging our appetites by every possible means, we have really been but storing up quantities of uric acid to clog up and finally to stop our mental and physical machinery. Modern invention has reduced necessary muscular activity to a minimum till we scarcely need walk, and yet, in the face of all this, we never think of lightening our consumption of food in quantity or quality. The consequence is that there is a woeful want of balance between the amount of food we consume and the amount of labor we perform.

It is as if a locomotive engineer were using ten tons of coal where only one was necessary, simply because he loved the sensation of shovelling it in and then complained because he was continually sending his engine to the shop for repair. Medical journals everywhere are teeming with hints as to the cause and treatment of the "uric acid diathesis" (a scientific name for fullness of a habit), and even our most progressive humorists, in search of novelty, have dropped the unloveable and commonplace inebriate for the business automaton who, intoxicated with self-interest, all unconsciously, carries his "jag" of uric acid till his moral and mental vision are clouded with the fatal sediment, his arteries are crusted, and he himself becomes a fossil.

Let it be understood that we are not now preaching achololic temperance. Drunkenness in its various forms may or may not be an evil.

Sound philosophers even tell us that, without the stirring effect of stimulants, the race would never have progressed, that invention, music, poetry and all the arts would have been unknown and that the suffering which follows intemperance is but the crucible which burns the dross from our moral and spiritual entities. Scotland's ploughman poet says :

"Leeze me on drink ! It gies us mair
Than either school or college.
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou' o' knowledge."

Of this, however, we are not called upon to offer an opinion, but to ask whether the auto-toxæmia of the individual has not seriously honeycombed the moral, social and industrial basis of society. It is not necessary to repeat the axiom that, what affects the part influences the whole, but it is interesting to analyze the various expressions of this truth. If it is easy to distinguish a pronounced case of alcoholic intoxication by the thick voice, the turgid word, or the plunging step, shall we not then be able to discern analogous symptoms in a society addicted to over-stimulation? If we are able to see through the cunning arts practiced by the experienced tippler to hide his real condition, may we not, with our moral vision, penetrate the veneering which society uses for a similar purpose? Let us see.

No one who has given the matter any study will deny that inflation, exaggeration and exploitation are the characteristics of our present society. Everybody seeks, as far as he is able, the wealthiest company, the fastest train and the biggest hotel. To transcend

the limits in any single direction, even in crime, is to become famous. Does not the unfortunate man who comes reeling from the saloon, protesting that he can hit harder, jump higher, or dive deeper than anybody else on earth, remind us forcibly of the city which brags of its big buildings and its fine streets; yes, even of the nation which, with flaunting flags and flaring trumpets, boasts of its army and navy, its power to kill and destroy. Is not this inebriate in perfect harmony with a society which divides its applause equally between virtue, vice and folly, so long as they are written in the superlative degree? The man who jumps from the highest point gets as much kudos as the philanthropist who breaks the record in donations to charity, and the multi-millionaire receives quite as much homage as he who enriches a world with the product of his heart and brain..

Watch the drunkard on the street. See how he fixes his eye and attention on his objective point to the utter exclusion of conditions and surroundings. Notice how he ambles towards it with uncertain haste till he unconsciously breaks into a run. Is he not a prototype of the worldly man, who, in his race for wealth, or place, or power, forgets to look occasionally to the blue dome above, to listen to rustling winds and singing birds, to feel the generous warmth of human love, to bask in the glorious sunshine, or feel the throb of Nature's mighty heart in unison with his own? In his anxiety for the future he ignores the present, and in exchange for a shadow throws away the heritage of a life.

Esau got his mess of pottage, the ordinary drunkard gets at least visionary happiness, but the toxæmic worldling gets nothing for the sacrifice but

shattered health. While by his superior cunning he thinks to relieve his fellows of their coveted wealth, he robs himself of all that makes life worth living.

Society is at present on a giddy run, which, if analogy is any guide, means a fall. There was a time when we pretended to care for each other and modestly tried to hide our greedy haste, but now we have thrown aside our masks, and, with a shout of "Devil take the hindmost," we are doing a final heat for the goal.

And amidst this terrible strain we keep sipping at our favorite tippie, whether it be stocks or gaming table, wine or women, drugs or dainty foods, fisticuffs or scandal. Hotter liquors, higher seasoned foods, brighter colors, deeper schemes, lewder lusts and quicker movements are what we crave. "Hurry, hurry. Bring on the next course. Give us bigger glasses and more in them."

Then there is a graver aspect of the situation to be considered. It has long been known, in a limited way, that food indulgence is the source of many diseases which maim and kill, but very few have stopped to ask whether it affects our characters as well. A mere glance at the characteristics of the chronic tippler, with all his distrust of his fellows and his disregard for the comfort and welfare of his family, will convince us by analogy that the effect upon the mind is quite as striking as that upon the body. As our brain-pressure *increases*, the subjective importance of our fellow-creatures *decreases*, till, in the light of our intensified selfishness, they appear like so many insects whose presence we are forced by law or prudence to tolerate.

But the most stunning blow of all is yet to come. Toxæmia, we find, can be, and is, continually produced by

self-centred thoughts and emotions in spite of moderate or even abstemious diet. This class of emotions includes every shade of self-interest, the eager haste to save our individual souls and the thirst for individual power and the common greed for possession.

Where, then, is the reward for virtue? Where is the man who has always been busy looking after his own selfish interests in this world or the next? How about those who exercise the supposed virtues of patience, ambition, perseverance, honesty and integrity in building up a reputation or a fortune? We know where society places them. But what does Dame Nature say? "Hopeless inebriates, drunk with *self*." And she bundles them in neck and crop with the devotees of Bacchus, excepting that the latter often have easier modes of exit, because they in their cups, have occasionally forgotten "self" in generous act or impulse.

One can almost hear peals of laughter from saloon and dining-hall as this last fact comes to light. "Hurrah," they shout. "Where is smock-faced respectability now, with all his preaching and moralizing? He hasn't even had the fun of living, and as to dying, alcohol is more merciful a poison than either self-righteousness or self-interest."

Can this be what the words of Christ meant when He said that the last should be first and the first should be last? Is this the truth which prompted Him to prefer the publican and sinner to the scribe and pharisee? If it be so, then there is only one vice and one virtue: selfishness and altruism. Then love is the only good and hate the only evil.

We have nothing to offer in the way of remedy or relief, in fact we do not know that the good old world is not just as it should be. All this may be necessary to our growth and unfoldment.

Omnipotence appears to get along very well without us, and, as far as we can see, the mills of the gods grind on as they please in spite of resolutions and reforms. Life is death, and death is birth. The blossom must die before the fruit forms.

That the enlightened and intensified selfishness of the present is bound to cause its own annihilation seems reasonably certain, but just whether it will expire by convulsions or coma no one will have the assurance to predict. We have analogies in Nature for both gradual change and cataclysm.

Lovers kissed and children played while Mount Peelee was incinerating a whole cityful, and buds were breaking

into blossom when Vesuvius was burying Pompeii. How often has the sun brought growth and gladness to one hemisphere while it bleached the bones of famine-stricken millions in another, and were not flowers blooming in field and forest while earthquakes were sinking continents?

And what then? Pain and stress have always been the price of progress, and knowing this, may we not cheerfully submit to the pangs of the present? In the light of Cosmic Beneficence we may even meet the struggle with cheers and smiles.

But in the meantime let us occasionally bathe our heads and ask ourselves in all earnestness, "Are we quite sober?"

GUYOT'S WEAK POINTS

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

Generally speaking, you have answered satisfactorily all objections raised by Professor Guyot against "The Significance of the Trust." I only desire to emphasize some points raised by Prof. Guyot which you have not elaborated in your reply.

Professor Guyot contends, *a la Bernstein*, that small corporations and small producers in general are on the increase, and that they have "no reason whatever to fear the power of the great combination." In my opinion this simply confirms your argument that only in certain instances can small corporations successfully compete with the Trust, as the Professor himself stated in the above quoted phrase—"owing to a special line of work."

In proving the Socialist contention of concentration of capital it is immaterial whether the number of smaller concerns is decreasing or not, for if it is not it can only prove that some of them "die hard"; if it can only be proven that the bulk of capital employed in a given industry is becoming concentrated, and this even Prof. Guyot will not deny.

Economists usually strain at a gnat if by it they can, in their exalted opinion of themselves, destroy "the assertion of Karl Marx

that capital must concentrate in fewer hands, and that the number of proletarians, living only by their labor, must increase."

Professor Guyot thinks he has demolished Marx when he asserts that "formation of Trusts does not procure great profits for some financiers, except on the condition that they permit the diffusion of their holdings. Now, this diffusion dispenses their capital among numerous holders; it makes more and more capitalists." If some workman is fortunate enough to own a share or two in a Trust, the profit on those holdings will not help to increase his savings to make a capitalist out of him. In most cases the workmen are given an opportunity to invest in common stock only, which in most instances is pure water, and, if there is a chance for the value of the stock to rise, the petty owners of stock are through some means or other deprived of their stock, which is made for the time being (until they dispose of it) practically worthless.

Mr. Guyot contends that since during the last half century, the number of workmen has increased, consequently there is no cause for alarm in the future on that score.

In regard to that I have two questions to ask Prof. Guyot.

(1) Has the number of workmen in productive industries increased or decreased in proportion to the total value of commodities produced?

(2) Has not the number of non-productive laborers, such as coachmen, lackeys, servants, etc., increased within the last half century in greater proportion than the number of productive laborers?

The fact is that the surplus value is so large that the part which the capitalist class consumes as revenue (non-productively) is enormous, and as all this cannot be invested in dead stock (such as European nobility titles) by our merchant princes, coal barons, railroad magnates, etc., consequently more employment is given to men employed in luxury-producing industries and also enormously increases the class of menials.

Again, it is not always true that a rise of prices, which increases the cost of living, must necessarily increase wages. It most always reduces the standard of living, and only in exceptional cases are wages raised. Were it otherwise, the Socialists in the German Reichstag would not have opposed the Agrarian tariff lately passed there.

Professor Guyot's contention that "wages are determined by the consumers," is, to say the least, puerile. Prices of commodities in industries where competition still exists are determined generally by the cost or expense of production, plus the general average rate of profit, but in the branch of industry where there is no competition, the price of commodities is fixed arbitrarily by the Trust "for all the traffic will bear," and on account of this either the cost of production or the average rate of profit, or both, must decline in the still competitive industries. And so, whenever a Trust arbitrarily hoists prices on articles of necessity, the rate of profit in other branches of industry where competition is still keen must generally decline.

I would advise Professor Guyot to study the third volume of Marx's Capital a little more carefully before he attempts to demolish it.

Such criticisms as that of Professor Guyot show the intellectual bankruptcy of bourgeois economics as taught even by their brightest representatives. They also stimulate the Socialist to "brush up on Marx," as it were.

A. HIRSCHFELD, M. D.

Minneapolis, Minn.

THE POINT OF VIEW

GEORGE HOWARD GIBSON

To be looked up to, honored and respected,
And draw an income from the class subjected;
To grasp a measure of superior power—
Through wealth, or law, or what seems mental dower—
And feel in worth above one's serving neighbors
As much as one can profit by their labors;
To live secure from want, with cultured classes,
And give employment to the landless masses:
So to be served and saved makes class and station
Seem natural, and good for all creation.

To be looked down on—reckoning worth by wages;
To work and want through all life's hopeless ages;
Long hours, long years to toil among wealth makers,
And still remain dependent on its takers;
To sweat for others who yet do not love us,
Creating incomes for the ranks above us;
To live a treadmill life, with narrow pleasures,
Unthrilled by art, and wanting all its treasures:
So with the rich to rank in correlation,
Seems not so fair and fine for all creation.

THE "GREAT FAMILIES" OF ENGLAND

H. M. HYNDMAN

GREAT BRITAIN is an exceptional country in many ways, and one of the remarkable points about it is the manner in which the so-called "great families" have contrived to uphold their political influence, under different economic and social conditions for so many generations. Everywhere else the power of the hereditary aristocratic class has been sapped. Even where they have retained their property and ancestral titles, they have done so at the sacrifice of much of their political influence. Not so here. By extraordinary dexterity, combined with steady attention to politics, as a business which interested them directly as well as indirectly; by giving way just so much to the demands of the people at critical times as would satisfy them without seriously imperilling the aristocratic position; by unscrupulous and relentless opposition to any policy which they considered dangerous; and last, but not least, by the clever bribery and absorption of really able men from the classes beneath them, the English aristocracy has maintained, even to this day, its control over public affairs. They have worked, and they have cajoled, and they have betrayed and plundered and corrupted and murdered for this; but they have succeeded, and success with them is, of course, everything.

The manner in which they have used other men, from the class immediately below them, is worthy of note. We may dislike the result, but as statecraft their manipulation has been marvellously adroit. Not to go too far back, consider this list of men in the first rank of politicians who have been induced to do the bidding of the English aristocracy, Tory or Whig—when it comes to class rule and family privilege these two names spell exactly the same thing:—The two Pitts, Fox, Burke, Canning, Disraeli, Chamberlain. It has been no common hereditary ability which has enabled the Stanleys, and Cecils, and Cavendishes, and Leveson-Gowers, and Russells, and Elliotts, and Howards, and Mausers, and Lowthers to make those ambitious statesmen their tools, one after the other, and to outlive periods of revolutionary fervor, which in every other country shook the aristocrats out of their seats.

It has also been but the shadow of power which their political nominees possessed, as we can see clearly now that we look back. And more than one of them has been quite aware of this. The late Robert Lowe, for example, who died as Lord Sherbrook, writing to his friend, Sir Archibald Michie, in Melbourne, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and one

of the most prominent figures in the House of Commons, said frankly: "I have now attained to the highest position, almost, which any man can have in this country who is not born into the dominant aristocratic set. I am not only in the Cabinet, but I hold as important an office as any in the State, and have influence with my colleagues. Yet I feel that I am not, in reality, a member of the governing body, and that matters of the very highest moment are practically decided, to a very large extent, outside of me." No doubt, this was strictly true. Another statesman, who held a much stronger position, and who was supposed by the public to be almost a Parliamentary dictator, told me himself at the end of his long and successful career, that it was quite impossible for any man, no matter how powerful he might seem, to carry any great policy in this country if it ran in the slightest degree counter to the interests, or prejudices, or ideas of the great families. "You are surrounded," he said in his enigmatic way, "on every side by a solid phalanx of intriguers, male and female, who are never weary, and who never forget what they are about. Their one, sole and only object is to maintain their own domination and that of their class. When they consider this in the slightest degree jeopardized, they stop at nothing, and patriotism becomes for them a mere joke. It is hopeless, under existing conditions, to attempt to carry anything great against them, and still more hopeless to carry anything with them." This statesman had good reason to say this. For nearly the whole of his career he was only able to hold his own by playing off the North of Ireland gang, the Beresfords, the Hills, the Taylors, the

Hamiltons, and others against the Cecil set. These formed a sort of praetorian guard around the strange Tory Minister and protected him from the intrigues of his enemies. Even so, he was at last beaten in his own Cabinet, and the "families" had their day of triumph over the adventurer. It was not very different with Mr. Gladstone, who, when he turned Liberal, became as wholly dependent on the Whig aristocrats as he had formerly been on the Tory. So long as he did their bidding and went only at their pace, he could take any amount of credit he pleased for being "the people's William." But when he persuaded himself, and was persuaded by Lord Spencer, that Home Rule for Ireland must be granted, he soon found that the greatest majority ever obtained in Great Britain could not withstand the secession of Lord Hartington and the influence which the Cavendishes and their following could exert, not only over the seventy votes which they practically controlled, but over the thirty-three followers of Mr. Chamberlain.

Thus the great families have had an excellent innings, and they have taken very good care of themselves. The pick of the offices, the bulk of the patronage, the control of the appointments, the management of the diplomatic service, the first claim on Vice-Royalties and Governorships all belonged to them. And whether a man was competent or incompetent, a success or a failure, made no difference when he was a member of the favored clique. For example, the late Lord Granville—the most incompetent Foreign Minister England ever had, until the appointment of Lord Lansdowne, who has completely distanced all records—Lord Granville, I say, having been driven from the Foreign Office

with contumely, fell upon rather bad times in a pecuniary sense, his collieries at Hawley having failed to pay. Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister again. Lord Granville, who could not possibly be put back in the Foreign Office, declared openly that he must have *one* of the Secretaryships of State; he "did not care a damn which it was." And he got it. Quite recently, Mr. Balfour himself was very anxious to get rid of Lord George Hamilton, the most disgraceful Secretary of State for India, who has ever lied continuously in order to maintain the manufacture of wholesale famine in that unfortunate country. Lord George had enjoyed £5,000 a year for fourteen years, say £70,000 pumped out of the stomachs of the starving ryots of Hindostan—India pays for all!—but he would not budge. And there he is still.

At the present moment this system of aristocratic domination looks as strong as, or even stronger than, ever. The Government is commonly called "the Hotel Cecil," by reason of the preponderance in the administration of Lord Salisbury's relations. The "great families" themselves never felt more certain of their future. The Radical party, which formerly opposed them, to some extent successfully, is destitute of principles, programme or leader; the most vigorous, most honest man on that side has plainly said that in England a politician must have a high position and a large fortune in order to form a party of resistance. So, superficially regarded, the situation is not encouraging for democrats or Socialists.

But "*les destins and les flots sont changeants*." Who would have believed a few years ago that England would spend \$1,250,000,000 and sacrifice some 60,000 men to obtain control of the gold mines of the Transvaal for

a clique of unscrupulous international financiers; sacrificing by so doing our character for uprightness and liberal dealing all over the world? Who would have listened to the suggestion, even twelve months ago, that we should have allied ourselves with Germany in a shameless and brutal attack on dishonest little Venezuela for the benefit of German bankers? Incompetence, corruption and gross immorality are doing their work in every direction. Our Prime Minister, a free thinking cynic, who represents with us the Calonne of the English pre-revolutionary period, has just shown the greatest energy and enthusiasm in placing the education of the children on a religious basis. Believing in not a bit of the prevailing creed, he has, nevertheless, advocated God-fearing teachers, with tears in his eyes. The robbery of tens of millions sterling in the War Office under the benevolent administration of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. St. John Brodrick has been regarded as a matter of indifference; anything like a serious inquiry has been rendered impossible by Mr. Balfour and his Government; and the high-placed miscreants of the "great families," with their special friends outside, have gone off comfortably with their enormous plunder. They are all "in it," from the very highest downwards. Formerly, aristocrats of high rank and decent lineage were at least "indifferent honest" and turned their backs on those who pilfered public money, at any rate, when the facts became known. Today, nothing of the sort. Swindling in the public departments is regarded as a natural provision for portionless younger sons. And this is a matter of common knowledge and universal comment. Who runs may read. "Society," of course, has always been what we

call "immoral." But the proceedings at the Court of Charles II. were quite proper compared to the everyday habits of the "smart set," which is the dominant set in London today. The Duchess of Rutland and Lady Jeune formerly, and Lady Gwendolen Ramsden in January last tell us it is composed of little better than a collection of male and female swindlers, lost to both honor and virtue. They have good opportunities of judging and they can have no object in exaggerating the facts. Not long since I asked a very old friend of mine who is "in the swim," how many of the young, good-looking, married women in this smart set were in the pay of the nefarious South African ring, and gave political or personal consideration "for value received." The proportion, he thought, would be understated at five and twenty per cent! The cases in the Divorce Court, when the witnesses are on their oath, tell us the same sort of story. But that is not all or the worst. If a man in society nowadays objects to the loose conduct of his wife, as in the case of a well-known Marquis not long ago, he is considered the person in fault, and is forthwith "cut" by all who have any claim to be considered really in the first rank of brilliant London society, whilst peers or politicians who happen to be addicted to the moral offence which secured notoriety for Oscar Wilde and Herr Krupp are tolerated everywhere. As this perverted coterie is numerous, increasing, and comprises some of the first men in the country, or for the moment out of it, there is no need to enlarge upon the significance of this fact and its bearing on the permanence of our present aristocratic régime. People at large have still a prejudice against being ruled by hereditary aristocratic persons

afflicted with this particular taint of atavism.

There is good reason to hope, therefore, that even if their political incapacity does not bring about their downfall, which of itself is quite possible, their wholesale corruption and loathsome immorality may clear away for us our hereditary mismanagers; supported though they are by all that is richest and worst in the capitalist class. Already, among the decent men and women who still remain, there is a growing restiveness at the manner in which the good name of England and Englishmen and Englishwomen is being dragged through the mire by this noisome political and social crew. But gradually, also, contempt and disgust for the whole of this rotten upper class and its millionaire paymasters is growing even among the too ignorant and apathetic masses. Scandal after scandal, swindle after swindle, loathsome exposure after loathsome exposure, are producing their effect. At the same time growing industrial depression, the increasing numbers of the unemployed, enhanced taxation and an unpopular government are all teaching the same lesson. We have arrived at the end of an economic and social period. Our agriculture has been almost completely destroyed, and we are dependent upon sources thousands of miles from our shores for four-fifths of our supply of wheat. The people who were formerly employed on the land are now crowded and overcrowded into our cities, where they undergo continuous physical deterioration, owing to the miserable conditions under which an ever-growing proportion of them are compelled to exist. As a result, not only have we ceased to be able to colonize in any true sense—imagine our city workers going out

to settle as agriculturists in Canada or South Africa ; the very idea of it is absurd—not only have we ceased to be able to colonize, but we have not the men physically capable of recruiting our army. Meanwhile, outside competition is increasing almost daily in intensity, as well at home as in foreign, neutral and even our own Colonial markets, we have quite ceased to be “the workshop of the world,” and, when the next period of depression comes on in the United States, the masses of goods which will be dumped on to us here as a “slaughter-market” at absurd prices will, I fear, horrify our employers and seriously affect our working men. At any moment, also, a shock from without, proceeding either from economic causes in poor, unfortunate India, with its permanent famine manufactured by our infamous greed, or from political causes on the continent of Europe, may precipitate a crisis. We are, consequently, much nearer to a genuine Socialist movement in this country than our present self-satisfied and incompetent Ministers believe. Recent discussions in the House of Commons prove clearly that men of all existing political parties have neither the courage nor the ability to face the growing dangers of the situation. Socialism, and Socialism alone, can look to the future with equanimity and confidence.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER IV—A MAN AND THE ABYSS.

“I say, can you let me a lodging?”

These words I discharged carelessly over my shoulder at a stout and elderly woman, of whose fare I was partaking in a greasy coffee-house down near the Pool and not very far from Limehouse.

“O, yus,” she answered shortly, my appearance possibly not approximating the standard of affluence required by her house.

I said no more, consuming my rasher of bacon and pint of sickly tea in silence. Nor did she take further interest in me till I came to pay my

reckoning (four pence), when I pulled all of ten shillings out of my pocket. The expected result was produced.

“Yus, sir,” she at once volunteered ; “I ’ave nice lodgin’s you’d likely tyke a fancy to. Back from a voyage, sir?”

“How much for a room?” I enquired, ignoring her curiosity.

She looked me up and down with frank surprise. “I don’t let rooms, not to my reg’lar lodgers, much less casuals.”

“Then I’ll have to look along a bit,” I said, with marked disappointment.

But the sight of my ten shillings had made her keen. “I can let you ’ave a nice bed in with two hother men,” she

urged. "Good respectable men, an' steady."

"But I don't want to sleep with two other men," I objected.

"You don't 'ave to. There's three beds in the room, an' hit's not a very small room."

"How much?" I demanded.

"Arf a crown a week, two an' six, to a regular lodger. You'll fancy the

"I suppose he's saving money right along?" I insinuated, innocently.

"Bless yo, no! 'Is wyges no mor'n keep 'im goin'. Nor can 'e do as well h'elsewhere with 'is money."

And I thought of my own spacious West, with room under its sky and unlimited air for a thousand Londons; and here was this man, a steady and reliable man, never missing a night's

CAPABLE OF BEING KNEADED, BAKED INTO ANY FORM YOU CHOOSE.—Carlyle.

men, I'm sure. One works in the ware'ouse, an' 'e's bin with me two years, now. An' the hother's bin with me six. Six years, sir, an' two months comin' next Saturday."

"'E's a scene-shifter," she went on. "A steady, respectable man, never missin' a night's work in the time 'e's bin with me. An' 'e likes the 'ouse, 'e says as it's the best 'e can do in the wy of lodgin's. I board him and the hother lodgers, too."

work, frugal and honest, lodging in one room with two other men, paying two dollars and a half per month for it, and out of his experience adjudging it to be the best he could do! And here was I, on the strength of the ten shillings in my pocket, able to enter in with my rags and take up my bed with him. The human soul is a lonely thing, but it must be very lonely sometimes when there are three beds to a room and casuals with ten shillings are admitted.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Thirteen years, sir, an' don't you think you'll fancy the lodgin'?"

The while she talked she was shuffling ponderously about the small kitchen in which she cooked the food for her lodgers, who were also boarders. When I first entered, she had been hard at work, nor had she let up once throughout the conversation. Undoubtedly she was a busy woman. "Up at half-past five," "to bed the last thing at night," "workin' fit ter drop," thirteen years of it, and for reward, gray hairs, frowsy clothes, stooped shoulders, slatternly figure, unending toil in a foul and noisome coffee house that faced on an alley ten feet between the walls, and a waterside environment that was ugly and sickening, to say the least.

"You'll be hin h'again to 'ave a look?" she questioned, wistfully, as I went out the door.

And as I turned and looked at her, I realized to the full the deeper truth underlying that very wise old maxim: "Virtue is its own reward."

I went back to her. "Have you ever taken a vacation?" I asked.

"Vycytion! Wot's that?"

"A trip to the country for a couple of days, fresh air, a day off, you know, a rest."

"Lor' lumme!" she laughed, for the first time stopping from her work. "A vycytion, eh? for the likes o' me? Just fancy, now!—Mind yer feet!"—this last sharply, and to me, as I stumbled over a rotten threshold.

Down near the West India Dock I came upon a young fellow staring disconsolately at the muddy water. A fireman's cap was pulled down across his eyes, and the fit and sag of his clothes whispered unmistakably of the sea.

"Hello, mate," I greeted him, sparing for a beginning. "Can you tell me the way to Wapping?"

"Worked yer way over on a cattle boat?" he countered, fixing my nationality on the instant.

And thereupon we entered upon a talk that extended itself to a public house and a couple of pints of "arf and 'arf." This led to closer intimacy, so that when I brought to light all of a shilling's worth of coppers, (ostensibly my all), and put aside six pence for a bed, and six pence for more 'arf an' 'arf, he generously proposed that we drink up the whole shilling.

"My mate, 'e cut up rough 'las' night," he explained. "An' the bobbies got'm, so you can bunk in wi' me. Wotcher say?"

I said yes, and by the time we had soaked ourselves in a whole shilling's worth of beer and slept the night on a miserable bed in a miserable den, I knew him pretty fairly for what he was. And that in one respect he was representative of a large body of the lower-class London workman my later experience substantiates.

He was London-born, his father a fireman and a drinker before him. As a child, his home was the streets and the docks. He had never learned to read, and had never felt the need for it—a vain and useless accomplishment, he held, at least for a man of his station in life.

He had had a mother and numerous squalling brothers and sisters, all crammed into a couple of rooms and living on poorer and less regular food than he could ordinarily rustle for himself. In fact, he never went home except at periods when he was unfortunate in procuring his own food. Petty pilfering and begging along the streets and docks, a trip or two to sea

as mess-boy, a few trips more as coal-trimmer, and then, a full-fledged fireman, he had reached the top of his life.

And in the course of this he had also hammered out a philosophy of life, an ugly and repulsive philosophy, but withal a very logical and sensible one from his point of view. When I asked him what he lived for, he immediately answered, "Booze." A voyage to sea (for a man must live and

"Wimmen!" He thumped his pot upon the bar and orated eloquently. "Wimmen is a thing my edication 'as learnt me t' let alone. It don't pay, matey; it don't pay. Wot's a man like me want o' wimmen, eh? jest you tell me. There was my mar, she was enough, a-bangin' the kids about an' makin' the ole man mis'erable when 'e come 'ome, w'ich was seldom, I grant. An' fer w'y? Becos o' mar! She

SLEEPING, THE LORD KNOWS HOW.

get the wherewithal), and then the paying off and the big drunk at the end. After that, haphazard little drunks, sponged in the "pubs" from mates with a few coppers left, like myself, and when sponging was played out, another trip to sea and a repetition of the beastly cycle.

"But women," I suggested, when he had finished proclaiming booze the sole end of existence.

didn't make 'is 'ome 'appy, that was w'y. Then, there's the other wimmen, 'ow do they treat a poor stoker with a few shillin's in 'is trouseys? A good drunk is wot 'e's got in 'is pockits, a good long drunk, an' the wimmen skin 'im out of 'is money so quick 'e ain't 'ad 'ardly a glass. I know. I've 'ad my fling an' I know wot's wot."

"An' I tell you, where's wimmen is trouble — screechin' an' carryin' on,

fightin', cuttin', bobbies, magistrates, an' a month's 'ard labor back of it all, an' no payday when you come out."

"But a wife and children," I insisted. "A home of your own, and all that. Think of it, back from a voyage, little children climbing on your knee, and the wife happy and smiling, and a kiss for you when she lays the table, and a kiss all around from the babies when they go to bed, and the kettle singing, and the long talk afterward of where you've been and what you've seen, and of her and all the little happenings at home while you've been away, and——"

"Garn!" he cried, with a playful shove of his fist on my shoulder. "Wot's yer game, eh? A missus kissin', an' kids clim'in', an' kettle singin', all on four poun' ten a month w'en you 'ave a ship, an' four nothin' w'en you 'aven't. I'll tell you wot I'd get on four poun' ten—a missus rowin', kids squallin', no coal t' make the kettle sing an' the kettle up the spout, that's wot I'd get. Enough t' make a bloke bloomin' well glad to be back t'sea. A missus! Wot for? T'make you mis'able? Kids? Jest take my counsel, matey, an' don't 'ave 'em. Look at me! I can 'ave my beer w'en I like, an' no blessed missus an' kids a-cryin' for bread. I'm 'appy, I am, with my beer an' mates like you, an' a good ship comin', an' another trip to sea. So I say, let's 'ave another pint. Arf an' arf's good enough for me."

Without going further with the speech of this young fellow of two-and-twenty, I think I have sufficiently indicated his philosophy of life and the underlying economic reason for it. Home life he had never known. The word "home" aroused nothing but unpleasant associations. In the low wages of his father, and of other men

in the same walk in life, he found sufficient reason for branding wife and children as encumbrances and causes of masculine misery. An unconscious hedonist, utterly unmoral and materialistic, he sought the greatest possible happiness for himself, and found it in drink.

A young sot, a premature wreck, physical inability to do a stoker's work, the gutter or the workhouse, and the end—he saw it all, as clearly as I, but it held no terrors for him. From the moment of his birth, all the forces of his environment had tended to harden him, and he viewed his wretched, inevitable future with a callousness and unconcern I could not shake.

And yet he was not a bad man. He was not inherently vicious and brutal. He had normal mentality, and a more than average phisique. His eyes were blue and round, shaded by long lashes and wide apart. And there was a laugh in them, and a fund of humor behind. The brow and general features were good, the mouth and lips sweet, though already developing a harsh twist. The chin was weak, but not too weak; I have seen men sitting in the high places with weaker.

His head was shapely, delicately Greek in its lines, and so gracefully was it poised upon a perfect neck that I was not surprised by his body that night when he stripped for bed. I have seen many men strip, in gymnasium and training quarters, men of good blood and upbringing, but I have never seen one who stripped to better advantage than this young sot of two and twenty, this young god doomed to rack and ruin in four or five short years, and to pass hence without posterity to receive the splendid heritage it was his to bequeath.

It seemed sacrilege to waste such life, and yet I was forced to confess that

he was right in not marrying on four pound ten in London Town. Just as the scene-shifter was happier in making both ends meet in a room shared with two other men, than he would have been had he packed a feeble family along with a couple of men into a cheaper room and failed in making both ends meet.

And day by day I became the more convinced that not only is it unwise,

and they do not care to take part in it, nor are they able. Moreover the work of the world does not need them. There are plenty, far fitter than they, clinging to the steep slope above and struggling frantically to slide no further.

In short, the London Abyss is a vast shambles. Year by year, and decade after decade, rural England pours in a flood of vigorous strong life that not only does not renew itself, but perishes

INDUSTRY DOES NOT CLAMOR FOR THEM.

but it is criminal for the people of the Abyss to marry. They are the stones by the builder rejected. There is no place for them in the social fabric, while all the forces of society drive them downward and downward till they perish. At the bottom of the Abyss they are feeble, besotted, and imbecile. If they reproduce, the life is so cheap that perforce it perishes of itself. The work of the world goes on above them,

by the third generation. Competent authorities aver that the London workman, whose parents and grandparents were born in London, is so remarkable a specimen that he is rarely found.

Mr. A. C. Pigou has said that the aged poor and the residuum, which compose the "submerged tenth," constitute 7½ per cent. of the population of London. Which is to say that last year, and yesterday, and today, at this very

moment, 450,000 of these creatures are dying miserably at the bottom of the social pit called "London." As to how they die, I take an instance from this morning's paper :

SELF-NEGLECT.

Yesterday Dr. Wynn Westcott held an inquest at Shoreditch respecting the death of Elizabeth Crews, aged 77 years, of 32 East Street, Holborn, who died on Wednesday last. Alice Mathieson stated that she was landlady of the house where deceased lived. Witness last saw her alive on the previous Monday. She lived quite alone. Mr. Francis Birch, relieving officer for the Holborn district, stated that deceased had occupied the room in question for 35 years. When witness was called on the 1st he found the old woman in a terrible state, and the ambulance and coachman had to be disinfected after the removal. Dr. Chase Fennell said death was due to blood poisoning from bed-sores due to self-neglect and filthy surroundings, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect.

The most startling thing about this little incident of a woman's demise, is the smug complacency with which the

officials looked upon it and rendered judgment. That an old woman of seventy-seven years of age should die of *self-neglect* is the most optimistic way possible of looking at it. It was the old dead woman's fault that she died, and having located the responsibility, society goes contentedly on about its own affairs.

Of the "submerged tenth," Mr. Pigou has said : "Either through lack of bodily strength, or of intelligence, or of fibre, or of all three, they are inefficient or unwilling workers, and consequently unable to support themselves. . . . They are often so degraded in intellect as to be incapable of distinguishing their right from their left hand, or of recognizing the numbers of their own houses ; their bodies are feeble and without stamina, their affections are warped, and they scarcely know what family life means."

Four hundred and fifty thousand is a whole lot of people. The young fireman was only one, and it took him some time to say his little say. I should not like to hear them all talk at once. I wonder if God hears them ?

TO BE CONTINUED.

LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR.—In reply to your letter dated 24th ult., asking me if I could write you a letter showing how the nationalization of railroads, insurance, etc., in New Zealand has not accomplished all that people seem to think it has, I may say that I do not think this question is very difficult to answer. The reason why the nationalization of the industries you mention has not had very pronounced beneficial results, is because, in some cases there is practically no difference, in other cases very little difference, between the general management of concerns run by the State, and the same class of institutions run by private individuals.

Take, for example, the Government Life Insurance. It is openly admitted, even in its advertising literature, that the system of dividing the profits is in this office identical with that of every other life office. That is to say, all profits are divided among the members. Nothing is pocketed by the State, except, of course, the expenses connected with postage and telegrams, and taxes, which, of course, the Government Life Insurance has to pay just like any other insurance office.

The only advantage the Government Life can claim over any other office doing business upon the mutual plan, is that it has the security of the State

behind it, in addition to its surplus. But I think it amounts to a certainty that this security will never be wanted, for although the Government Life premiums worked out on a 4% basis some years ago, they are now worked out on a 3½% basis, and if they could not pay a substantial bonus on this basis, the premiums would be raised to a 3% basis, or higher if required. The State security, though it may give confidence to policy-holders, in no sense helps to enrich the country generally. The Government Life also invests its money just like any other office, wherever it can obtain first-class investments at current rates of interest.

The only essential difference between Government Life and other Life offices is that its affairs are managed by one well paid Commissioner, while other offices are managed by a board of directors who all have policies in their respective offices. But, of course, the Commissioner, like the directors, relies upon the advice of actuaries for premium rates, etc. So you see there is really so little difference between State Life Insurance and ordinary mutual life insurance that no one could expect State life insurance to effect any improvement in social conditions, though I am of the opinion that Government Life Insurance has a good moral effect upon the people.

There is, however, a decided advantage for insurers in the State *Accident Insurance* over private accident companies, on account of the fact that the Government Accident is worked on the mutual plan like the life—any surplus collected as premiums, in excess of that required to pay claims and expenses, being refunded to policy-holders by way of a bonus. But from what I can hear, the Government Accident department has been run so hard by competing private companies, notably the *Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited*, that so far we have heard very little about bonuses. But assuming that there were bonuses to divide, this would only benefit a portion of the better-to-do class, and in no way assist in the solution of the unemployed problem or of commercial crises.

And now with regard to the nationalized, or as they are called, *Government Railroads*, of New Zealand. These are run on very much the same lines as they would be if run by private individuals, except that they would be run somewhat more cheaply, thus aggravating the unemployed problem, and the private owners would certainly obtain a great deal of objectionable power and influence that might tend to retard the growth of Socialistic ideas in New Zealand. Hence, I am a firm believer in the continued State ownership of the railways, as we are thus rid of the dominating influence of railway magnates. But the great drawback New Zealand has to contend with is that it cannot pay for the railways it has or find the money to build new ones. All the money that has been required to build our railroads has been borrowed from England, consequently we now have to send all, and I am afraid in some cases more than all, the profits above working expenses home to

England to pay interest. Thus at the present time we have to export over two millions annually more than we import to pay interest on Government loans. We are only a small community, consequently almost everyone has to work, and very few can make more than a comfortable living, and the average working man is more often in debt than possessed of a credit at the bank. Though it is said that 10% of the entire population of New Zealand have a life insurance policy, but many of these policies are for very small sums, very few indeed amount to over £500. And a good many are simply industrial policies which only cost from 1d. to 6d. per week to keep them going, and most of these are allowed sooner or later to lapse, and the owners of the larger policies have more often than not a loan upon them. So you see we cannot save any money with which to build our railroads and other public works, so we have to go to old dad—John Bull—for a million or so every year, and thus the great octopus of debt is gradually entwining itself around us. But nobody seems to care as long as they have a liberal government, and can get work, and earn three meals a day and the rent of a home. Work so far, at a bare living wage or little better, has usually been obtainable in New Zealand, although last winter I noticed a great many men on the road with their swags on their backs, tramping around in search of work. Although there is plenty of work to be done on the land, many farmers find some difficulty in getting the money to carry on improvements, and one trembles to think what the conditions of the workingman will be when those who have taken up land have finished their improvements, such as falling the bush, sowing and fencing the land,

building houses, etc. These will in most cases be completed in a few years and then there is certain to be a great unemployed problem to face.

There is, I think, only one private railroad in New Zealand at the present time; that is the Manawata line; that line, however, was, like the Government lines, built not with New Zealand, but with English capital, so that the great bulk of the profits go to—are expended in—England. The Manawata line under private ownership is paying a good 6%. But I believe the expenses are cut somewhat finer than on the Government lines. The Government propose buying this line. But if they did so they would have to borrow the money from England to pay the bill, so that the profits would still go to England to pay interest on the loan.

It is the same with the nationalization of the land. Although the Government has for some years been buying extensively large runs suitable for cutting up into small holdings and leasing these small holdings at a rental sufficient to cover interest and other expenses, yet the money with which these runs have been bought has been all borrowed from England, so that the great bulk of what is collected in rent goes to the foreign bond-holders.

Any person, too, who takes up crown land for lease under any of the various options, can transfer his property to anyone else and pocket anything he can get for good-will. A case has just come under my notice where a money

lender, knowing little or nothing about land, applied for a twenty-one years' lease of four thousand acres of bush country at an annual rental of £95, and got it.

Without doing a hand's turn in the way of improvement, he has been offered £500 on his bargain, which he will probably take, thus pocketing a substantial unearned increment which in my opinion should go to the State.

But the only way this could be obtained would be by prohibiting the sale of land altogether between private individuals. Then, if anyone wanted to give up any piece of land he had taken up, he would simply call upon the Government valuator to value any improvements he had made, and the Government would pay him for these, but that would be all, and the next man who took over this property would have to pay interest on these improvements by an increase in his rent.

I had intended to touch upon the vital importance of a Perfect System of Banking with a paper currency, which I claim to be the originator of, and which I claim to be essential to the scientific solution of the Social Problem. But I fear this letter is already getting too long, so I must defer ventilating my ideas upon this subject until some future occasion. Trusting that the information I have given you will be of some interest to your readers,

I remain, yours truly,

C. P. W. LONGDILL.

ATTUNED TO SONG

EDWIN ARNOLD BRENHOLTZ

Attuned to song the world awoke :
And I a part of it.

The sacred silence dawn compels gave place ;
Gave place to song ;
Gave place to *me*.

Four walls cannot contain my song : it is of all the world's a part.
Four walls ! away, away : I need the space earth travels through to hold the
gladness of my song.
Away, away from this pent-house of multiplied "four-walls" so tall—so sun-
denying tall.

A playful child, well fed, well clothed, well loved, has smiled on me ; she bade
the great, compassionate and loving God be with me through the day :
Oh, what an added strain of joy superb shall sound in song this day !

Outside my garden gate stands one unknown to me and meekly pleads for work
and wage.
Oh, shadows of earth's woe, flit not across
This day attuned to song !

'Tis well. The sadness of his face has been illumined and all the day is glad
once more.

Away, away, away !

The beggar-woman's outstretched hand has caught my glance ; her groping
hand has raised the cloth that hid the face of three-weeks' babe all
pinched and blue held close to her—held close to breasts starvation fills
with death.

My Lord of Song ! must ev'ry strain include the sad ? Can I forget, on
mountain top, in wood or glen, on sea-shore wide, can I forget that sight,
that soul-condemning, blighting sight ?

Away, away has flown all brightness from this sun-lit morn
Attuned to song.

O Lord of Song, O Lord of Life and Man,
Give me, give those who love thee best, to dwell one day among mankind and
no man-made cause for one sad strain in songs we sing !
Then were this world
Attuned to song.

THE RUSSIAN SOCIAL FABRIC

ISADOR ROMANOVICH LADOFF

DEAR WILSHIRE :

I read with interest the suggestive articles of Edith Sichel and Pierpont B. Noyes in a recent issue of your valuable magazine, and feel like expressing my opinion on a subject so near to my heart as Russia and its most celebrated author.

Mr. P. B. Noyes states that the Russian character is inherently more altruistic than that of any other people, and sees in it a prophecy of Russian pre-eminence in the future.

Flattering as such an opinion and conclusion is to a Russian, I cannot accept it without a grain of salt of criticism. Truth is more precious even than the friendship of Plato.

As all sweeping generalizations, the assertion of Mr. Noyes is open to doubt. But even if we admit for the sake of argument that Mr. Noyes is correct in his opinion about the national character of Russians, it remains to be proven that this character is inherently Russian, and does not represent a passing peculiarity of a passing stage of civilization. The social-economic fabric of society forms the under-structure of civilization. The civilization of an agricultural nation like Russia must necessarily differ from the civilization of industrial nations. It is a generally recognized fact that there is more similarity between the

character of peasants of different countries than between the peasants and so-called higher classes of the same race and nation in any European country. Human nature is in its main features essentially the same everywhere, in spite of all outward appearances. The conditions of actual life and strife modify and shape human character to a greater extent than vague hereditary peculiarities of race and nationality. The Russian peasant may be more altruistic than the Russian capitalist simply because agricultural pursuits do not demand the development of parasitical instincts, while the occupation (or rather absence of occupation) of a capitalist demands the development of a high degree of craftiness, cunning and unscrupulousness. Later on I will have a chance to return to the psychological peculiarities of the Russian man with the hoe. Allow me at present to say a few words about the archaic village commune (mir) in some parts of Russia.

The fact is that there is very little peculiarly Russian about the celebrated "mir." Common tenure of land existed in India and Switzerland and probably in many other countries. There were two radical parties in Russia. One of these parties was agraric in its tendencies, the other social-democratic, in the international meaning of the term. The

agrarians did not believe in the correctness of Karl Marx's evolutionary theory, according to which every civilized country has to pass through the capitalistic stage of production before being ripe for the co-operative commonwealth. They affirmed that Russia, with her 99 per cent. of the population engaged in agricultural pursuits, does not present any favorable soil for the development of capitalism in the general sense of the word. The agrarians put especial stress on the survival of the mir, and expected wonders from the artificial preservation of that primitive institution forever. "Where there is no private property in land, there can be no place for an agrarian proletariat," claimed the romantic admirers of archaic communism. Even the fact that the common tenure of land in Switzerland and India did not serve as a safeguard against the victorious march of modern industrialism, did not convince these dreamers and enthusiasts for an institution of the good olden times.

The rapid disintegration of the village-communes in Russia put an end to the influence of the mystic worshippers of the mushik (peasant) and his primeval ideals. Capitalistic production has made enormous strides in Russia in the last two decades. The seeds of factory production were first implanted in the Russian soil by the great revolutionist on the throne of the Czars—Peter I.—as an accessory step to his other reforms. Corresponding to the economic peculiarities of the eighteenth century, the embryo-factories in Russia were not strictly capitalistic, but rather trade-institutions, the element of so-called free labor being entirely absent. Such factories were originally called into existence by the government and then sold to private parties

together with grants of certain privileges and subsidies.

The owners of these factories had the right, in case of deficiency of labor, to buy peasants as serfs. The original purpose of the creation of these factories was to supply the needs of the army and navy.

Little by little a new class of factory-owners grew up, which was looked upon with disfavor by the class of merchants and small gentry. Both the merchants and landlords felt instinctively the development of a powerful rival to their most vital class-interests.

The factory-system had a marked favorable influence on the spread and development of handicraft and skilled trades among the peasantry. "The Russian factory of the eighteenth century," says Mr. T. Baronowsky, "was a school of handicraft of new technical methods and improvements. Foreign masters instructed the Russian laborers in various trades. The use of machinery was very limited, everything being done by hands and tools." The peasants, after having worked as apprentices in these factories, could, and, as a rule, did, proceed to work with success at their own huts in the villages. This was the way it came to pass that many Russian villages turned into a kind of industrial settlements, where certain trades reached the climax of perfection, forming a solid foundation of economic advantage for their inhabitants.

Early in the nineteenth century the factories gradually turned into typical capitalistic institutions, with "free-labor," the wage-system and other paraphernalia of modern industrialism. In the year 1804 the number of wage-workers reached already 48 per cent. of the total number of laborers. In the cloth and wool factories the number of

wage-workers barely reached 10 per cent., while the calico factories were operated almost exclusively by "free-labor." The number of wage-workers increased with every succeeding year. The industries operated by "free-labor" flourished even without any assistance from the government, while the industries where unpaid labor was employed remained in stagnation in spite of all aid or encouragement upon the part of the government. Gradually the capitalistic machine-production turned to be a power, on which even the strong military government of Nicholas I. began to look with secret awe and suspicion as a force inimical to the ancient political and social regime of unreformed Russia, with its serfdom, passport-system and other unsurmountable difficulties in the way of free fluctuation of labor to the places of demand.

The reigns of Alexander II. and III. were very favorable for capitalistic development. The serfs were freed, the archaic village-commune lost its grip on most of the peasants, who preferred the attraction of city-life to the patriarchal despotism of the "mir." The government began to look with favor on capitalism as a conservative power, and to grant to it all the protection and aid asked. Like the Greek deity, Chronos, the capitalistic factory-system started to devour its own progeny—the peasant-craftsmen. The construction of extensive lines of railroad undermined the economic structure of the village commune. The towns began to grow rapidly, while the population of the peasantry of the central agricultural districts of Russia entirely ceased to increase. The chronic hunger visiting the granary of Europe, the general disintegration going on in the Russian village-commune, are symptoms of grave social-economic changes, and

ring the death-knell of patriarchal conditions. The rapid evolution of up-to-date capitalism in Russia created a laboring class conscious of its class-interests as in all civilized countries of the world.

The growth of the Social-Democratic movement in Russia keeps pace with the industrial development. The present czar may be well-meaning enough, but he is certainly a hopelessly weak man. There is no initiative, no power of will, no grasp of situation, no statesmanship in this degenerated scion of Peter the Great. It is futile, therefore, to expect any serious reforms from above in Russia. As long as Russia was an almost exclusively agricultural country the revolutionary movement could not produce any tangible results. Owing to serfdom there could be no mutual understanding, no mutual confidence between the Europeanized radicals, belonging to the middle-class and nobility, and the mediæval "mushik" (peasant). With the development of capitalism, however, the city proletariat started to grow in numbers and significance as a social economic factor. Conditions are getting more and more favorable for the spread of Socialistic ideas. The city proletariat is connected with ties of blood relationship and common spiritual kinship with the broad masses of peasantry, and what is more important, it enjoys the full confidence of the peasantry. The "mushik," who was deaf to propaganda carried on by educated radicals will eagerly absorb the Social teachings filtering through the medium of the industrial proletariat. Once the peasants become revolutionized, the beaurocracy and plutocracy will be compelled to loosen forever its deadly grasp on national affairs in Russia and

the entire fabric of the old regime will vanish like a nightmare.

This brief review of the situation of affairs in Russia will suffice to prove that you were correct in your remarks to Mr. Noyes' article. The Anglo-Saxon is just as altruistic and idealistic as the Russian or any other human being by nature. The difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav consists in their living under different civilizations. If the Anglo-Saxon is extremely individualistic or anarchistic in his proclivities, if he is inclined to quiet his conscience by the hypnotic influences of religious cant, if he is extremely conservative in social-economic and religious affairs, if his ideals are sordidly materialistic, it is not his nature as Anglo-Saxon that is responsible for these peculiarities, but the conditions of life and strife under the yoke of a commercial and capitalistic civilization. The fact that the Anglo-Saxon helped to create this same civilization does not prove that he is not capable of participating in the creation of a higher stage of civilization. This higher stage of civilization is bound to come for all mankind, including the Anglo-Saxon as well as the negro and Russian. Socialism is a broad and deep humanitarian movement limited to no nation, race, sex or clime.

* * * * *

Is Count Leo Nikolajevich Tolstoy a Socialist? What is Socialism as a philosophy of life? Socialism is primarily a philosophy of life based on the recognition of the perfect solidarity of the actual interests of all the members of the human race, the recognition of the fact that the interests of the individual are best served by their subjection and subordination to the interest of the aggregate. This plain principle of

race-consciousness (as opposed to individual self-consciousness) is the fundamental principle of international Socialism. You may or may not agree with this definition of Socialism. But you certainly will admit that social atomism or individualism, that the principle "each for himself" is not Socialism. Tolstoy is the philosopher and moralist of the "mushik," the Russian "Man with the Hoe." For enlightened Europeans and Americans the mystery of the soul-life of the Russian "mushik," is full of romantic fascination.

Imagine a human being born and reared in a primeval rural community, in entire dependence on the uncertainties of Nature and whims and fancies of an awkward, antediluvian, cruel and wasteful police-State backed up by a petrified State-church. Nature and social-economic conditions both work in the direction of creating deep dissatisfaction, and the recognition of the practical uselessness of all individual effort to single out the source of evil, its causes and remedies in the perplexing net of surrounding conditions of life.

The Russian peasant, on account of his dense ignorance, is not able to correct the irregularities of Nature by artificial irrigation and fertilization of the soil. He is brought up in deep, slavish reverence for all authority—State and church. He, like a Roman gladiator, dies silently of starvation, and, like a dumb animal, submits without grumbling to all the extortions in blood and money by the Czar's government. The "mushik" is, however, not a beast, but a poor, suffering, thinking, human being. He cannot fail to see that there is evil, and much of it, in the world. The powers confronting him are the State and its handmaid, the institutional Church. Is it not natural that

the peasant jumps at the conclusion that the State and institutionalism of any kind are intrinsically, essentially the sources of evil, the work of the Anti-Christ?

The Russian peasant modifies his conclusions about the church according to his intense religious feelings. He creates for himself another, better religion than that presented to him by the official State-church, in the shape of numerous semi-rationalistic sects. The *mushik*, however, does not know any government but that of his Czar; he sees and feels the wickedness and cruelty of his official representatives. Hence his religious, unconscious anarchism. Ages of submission and enslavement to the dominant classes on the one side, and a healthy idealism, a touchingly *naïve* faith in the ultimate victory of light and truth over darkness and falsehood, inherent in the soul of every human being under adverse conditions of life, are the sources of the obviously absurd maxim of non-resistance to evil.

The "mushik" is a truth-seeker by nature and inclination, but he gropes in the dense darkness of ignorance and superstition. Tolstoy is merely the eloquent spokesman of the plain Russian peasant. He does not believe in science, because it has not so far benefited the "man with the hoe." He denounces what is popularly known as

art for the same reason. He attacks the institutional church, but imagines himself to be in accord with the original teachings of the genuine religion of the ancient "man with the hoe"—of Jesus of Nazareth. He denounces all kinds of institutional social organizations, because the Russian government is the very personification of evil. The immense physical power in the command of the ruling classes in Russia in the shape of a blindly obedient, excellently drilled and perfectly equipped army, always ready to crush all opposition at its very inception, is the explanation of his theory of non-resistance to evil. It is a philosophy of fatalistic despair, it is religious anarchism, it is the very opposite of Socialism.

It is true that Tolstoy coincides with Socialists in this analysis and criticism of existing social economic and political conditions. But this is also the case with the rationalistic anarchists like Prince Krapotkin and Elisee Reclus and yet we do not call them Socialists.

Edith Sichel calls Tolstoy a *Christian Socialist* and this designation intensifies the confusion of terms. Christianity is essentially individualistic in its philosophy of ethics.

I am afraid, however, that my letter has turned out to be too long and will leave the discussion of this phase of the problem for another time.

THE RESCUE AT SEA : AN ALLEGORY

MARCUS H. LIVENGSTON

ON the bosom of a wild and turbulent sea, lashed by the storm furies of Competition into a seething immensity, the frail craft "Private Ownership" was slowly and laboriously wending its way. Its pitching and tossing was fearful to behold. Now rearing its head, and soaring up on the pinnacles of the high waves of Overcapitalization and Inflated Values, now plunging headlong into the yawning abysses made by the receding waters of Commercial Crises, Panics and Bankruptcies: The laboring of the poor vessel was frightful, and foundering seemed certain. As a poor bird struggling to free itself of a net, the ship vainly endeavored to extricate itself from the angry waters that would engulf her. Each succeeding effort became weaker and more futile. The successive battering of the seas became more furious. The ship was evidently waterlogged. The waters would not be denied their prey. Continuous battles with the fierce waters of Social Evils had so rottened her timbers and loosened her seams, that she was now in no condition to withstand her old adversary, Competition, over whom she had so long been mistress.

At last she is sinking! All is haste and confusion on deck! There were only three life-boats aboard, named respectively Land, Machinery and

Private Property. The Strong, the Rich and the Very Influential soon obtained possession of these and they were quickly launched. The rest of the passengers had to save themselves as best they could. Some Small Capitalists or Traders were fortunate to obtain life-preservers. Some were able to grasp a few waterlogged planks of Employment, which, though furnishing a rather precarious support, nevertheless were sufficient to save their lives while they were able to hold on to the same. Some could find no support and struggled in the Sea of Unemployment.

And the Suffering and the Misery of these people were great. The angry seas of Commercial Depression, Panics, Strikes and Lockouts increased the number of those in the Sea of Unemployment. And the weeping and the wailing of these Men, Women and Children were heartrending. The Struggle for a position of Advantage and Safety grew more desperate and frantic. If a person for a moment forsook his Plank of Employment, in the endeavor to obtain a better or more desirable one, a swarm of those about him without planks were ready to grasp it the moment he discarded it, and in most cases he then lost all means of succor, and was drowned while struggling frantically and desperately for

his life. And at times the waters in the Seas of Social Evils became so violent, and the winds of Doubt, Suspicion and Lack of Confidence so disturbing that many of the Small Capitalists lost their life-preservers and in some cases the gigantic seas of Industrial Competition even swept overboard some of the Strong, the Rich and the Very Influential who were in the life-boats.

And the Drowning and the Struggling was awful. And the cries of help and pity that arose on the Air from these unfortunate victims of Private Ownership, cut to the heart like a knife, and benumbed the senses with sorrow and compassion. And the People that were in the Life-boats, looked on and were sad, for most of them were good and kind People, and one of their number spoke and said, "Let us help these People struggling in the Sea of Social Evils. Let us take these People aboard with us." We cannot, we *must not* leave them to their fate." And some of their number told him he was a Crank, a Fool, a what-not, and some even went so far as to call him a Socialist. But some were not so harsh and spoke to him kindly, saying, "My dear young man, I agree with you as to the deplorable condition of these unfortunate People. But what can we do to succor them? Self-Preservation is the first Law of Nature. If we take any more aboard these already overloaded boats, we shall all drown. Besides, did we not all have an equal chance to get aboard these boats, and having obtained this position of safety, why should we surrender our places to some one else who was not as clever and as able as ourselves to obtain like possession? It is the working of the inexorable Law of the Survival of the Fittest. And if we

relinquished our places here, to some of those unfortunate ones about us, would we not be placed in danger of drowning ourselves, and have we not as much right to live as they have?"

The presumptuous young man who spoke hung back his head abashed and was silent, but his heart was sorely troubled, with the existing state of affairs. Suddenly a thought flashed into his head! His face illumined with a glad expression of satisfaction and determination. "If these boats," he cried, "are not sufficient to succor and support all, why not try to obtain the aid of the big and powerful Ships of State, Public Ownership, which we sighted yesterday?" And the wise men about him shook their heads sadly, and a trace of amusement and an air of superior condescension were discernible on their features as they answered, "The relief you desire, my young man, is impossible of attainment. It is too impracticable and too remote for serious consideration. We will never live to see the ship Public Ownership come to our aid. We must be more practical. We must try to do what we can to alleviate as much as possible the suffering of those people drowning for lack of adequate support. We will not be able to succor all. Some must drown we are sorry to say, but that can't be helped. We must expect that. We will do the best we can, more no man can accomplish."

And the young man was sad and he was not satisfied with this answer. His plan seemed too practical to abandon; his enthusiasm too great to die. And he spoke and he argued with those about him and he said, "We will build a torch of Liberal Thought and Education and we will feed it with the Oil of Propaganda and the Ballot, and we will attract the ship of Public Ownership to

our rescue. The ship is not very far away."

And most of the People laughed at him and said he was a theorist, a dreamer, a searcher after Utopia, a man of unbalanced mind and they knew his labor would be fruitless and the pains of his toil would be the only reward he would get.

But he heeded them not. He made a torch of Liberal Thought and Education and he fed it with the Oil of Propaganda and the Ballot, and at first the flame was fickle and feeble, and its lustre was faint. But he would not be discouraged. He enlisted the aid of others by his pleas to assist him. And they all fed this flame with the Ballot and they spread it with the Oil of Propaganda, but the fuel was insufficient, for although it attracted attention, the light was not sufficient to bring relief. And still he and his adherents persevered and they harangued the people and they said, "If you would be saved from your terrible condition, if you would be rescued from your miserable plight, come and feed this flame with your Ballots and help us spread the Oil of Propaganda. Our fuel is insufficient, therefore our light is feeble, and if you will but help us, we shall surely bring you the relief we promise."

And the People at length hearkened unto them for they saw the new idea was not so unreasonable after all.

And they fed this fire with their Ballots and the flames grew stronger and more luminous, and they filled the heavens with their light and they illumined the dark night of Folly and Ignorance and transformed it into the bright day of Intelligent Thought and Wisdom. And this light was all-powerful and far-reaching. And the Ship of State, Public Ownership, noticed the glare and hastened to the relief of the poor struggling people. And it took them all aboard, the Rich from the life-boats, the Middlemen from their life-preservers, and the Poor from the floating wreckage. And there was plenty of room for all, and all had food and shelter and clothing and comfort and recreation; and the seas of Industrial Strife no longer endangered them, and the calm and peace of Love, Friendship and Brotherly Amity settled down upon them and they were happy. And there was no more drowning in the waters of Evil Social Conditions, and in the waves of Bankruptcy, Strikes, Commercial Depressions and Panics. And they thanked those who were instrumental in bringing them relief and wondered that they had opposed so simple and efficient a remedy. But they were satisfied and contented, and in their new Ships of Public Ownership lived happily forever afterward sailing on the safe waters of Co-operation.

SHALL WE BE FREE?

WM. THURSTON BROWN

I WONDER if it ever occurs to any of you how like a sort of pantomime a great part of our life today is. That is to say, we go through certain motions as if by force of habit or custom, but we are not at all aware that these motions have any real meaning or value. How many people do you suppose there are in civilized lands who are finding a deep enthusiasm or a joyous inspiration in what they are doing day after day? How many people are there who actually live in their daily tasks, whose real life and character and hope and intelligence and moral sense enter or *can* enter into what they are doing? How many of us are putting *ourselves* or *can* put ourselves into the things to which we devote so much of our time and strength? Does it not seem sometimes as if we were really, in the whole round and extent of our life, little more than wooden figures moved hither and thither by unseen hands?

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It is a dilettante world that we live in. We are living today, it seems to me, as people who walk and talk in their sleep. The world is full of speculations and vagaries, of dreams and jests, of actors and jesters and grafters. There is a vast deal of talking and writing. We are surfeited with books and papers, with lectures

and sermons. And, of course, there is a tremendous amount of activity, physical and mental—I dare not say intellectual and moral. Factories and foundries and mines and shops of every kind are turning out an unprecedented quantity of things. And yet, if you will stop to think about it, you will see that the great mass of mankind were never more sterile of conscious and inspiring deed—were never less sensible of any goal or purpose in existence. We are not doing things. We are not grappling with serious tasks. We do not mean very much. Human life has rarely, if ever, been more lacking of an ennobling incentive, or less conscious of an inspiring destiny.

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It is your misfortune and mine today to live in an age of words, an age of inaction and fear. If there is for you or me or any one among us any opportunity to achieve nobility of character, any chance to escape from the degrading influences of our time, any hope of living a true or worthy life, it lies, let me remind you, in the direction of making this an age of deed, an age of freedom and courage and joy. We deceive ourselves if we imagine that we can win anything fine or good in the shape of character, or that we can even keep from inevitable decay and loss, what little we may already

possess of manhood and womanhood, while we tamely adjust ourselves to the soul-starving, life-warping, character-destroying sort of existence that that this dead system decrees.

The question, then, which I propose to you is not just the theme of a sermon. It is not my question. It is nothing that my brain has originated. It is your question. It is the most immediate and real and vital question that can force itself upon our attention, and I do not see how we are going to evade it. Indeed, if we knew what is for the best interests of our life, we should refuse to evade it. It is the question that life itself asks of us all: "Shall we be free? Shall we know by experience—we can know it in no other way—the meaning of freedom? Shall we possess and exercise this so-called inalienable human right?"

A strange question it may seem to men and women living in what we have been taught to regard as "the land of the free, and the home of the brave." But you and I ought to be old enough to know that there is no such land or home as that. Freedom has nothing to do with geography, and courage does not more readily grow in one soil or climate than in another. The land of the free remains to be discovered or created, and the home of the brave is wherever brave men and women are to be found, no matter what the latitude or longitude. There is no meridian from which that spot may be computed. It takes something more than geographical position to impart courage to human souls, or to give them the priceless treasure of freedom.

There was something more deeply pathetic than most men are aware in the event from which we date the birth of this nation. We have grown

accustomed to think of it as one of the shining milestones along the road of freedom. Historians tell us that when the news was sent from Philadelphia out into the scattered colonies that the Declaration of Independence had been adopted and signed, it was everywhere hailed with tokens of deepest emotion. Strong men wept tears of joy and gratitude. People gathered in their places of worship and offered fervent prayers of thanksgiving. Bells were rung, cannon roared, and all the indications of a great and momentous event were to be seen. And on the famous "Liberty Bell" that first announced the signing of the Declaration was inscribed the sentence: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

But you and I today know nothing so surely as that no such significance belongs to that event as has been attributed to it. The inscription on that bell is an utter falsehood. It is in no sense entitled to be called "Liberty Bell." Within the past five years we have discovered that our national deity was made of very common clay. To some of us it seemed at first a terrible sacrilege that any one should speak lightly of the Declaration, or that it should be lightly esteemed in determining national policies. And while the motives of those who have thus spoken of it may have been far from noble, what they have said is perfectly true. That idol is shattered and it is well that it is so. Idols are not a good thing. They can never be made a substitute for the thing they are meant to symbolize, without fearful moral loss. We can find and grasp the real thing only as we break the idolatrous substitute.

"Truth is never discovered in committee." The assemblage of men who

met in Philadelphia in 1776 to ratify and sign a Declaration of Independence did not discover any truth nor did they promulgate any doctrine of freedom. They attached no serious meaning to the high-sounding words of the document to which they appended their names. All they did was to decide upon a separation from Great Britain. They committed an act of rebellion—of revolution, if you like. They did not inaugurate liberty and had not the remotest intention of doing anything of the kind. They had not the faintest conception of what liberty is. To have conceived its meaning would have meant the inauguration of an era in human history compared with which no other is worth considering. There has not been so far any serious attempt to establish men and women in possession of the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Those were only empty words to the men of 1776, and it is not to be wondered at that men of intelligence are now repudiating the idea that that Declaration was or was intended to be the fundamental law of the land. There was nothing that the men of that day believed in less, or more profoundly feared, than freedom, and the same is true today.

The people of America do not know the meaning of freedom either as a people or as individuals. Freedom of any kind—freedom of thinking, of speaking, of living—the right to live a human life—is unknown among us. It has no place in our laws or our institutions. It is the very antipodes of all that our civilization stands for. We have yet to take the first steps towards securing for the mass of the people any one of those inalienable rights which are hinted at in the Declaration.

I am not speaking hastily or at random, but in all seriousness and with

deliberation. To a very great extent and for most people, freedom of thought or speech or deed is rather an effect than the act of the will. It is the natural product of certain conditions. And the absence of such freedom is likewise not at all due to human volition or lack of it, but to certain conditions. Can you think of the intellectual and moral conditions which prevail in this country today, and at the same time think of such a thing as moral or intellectual freedom existing among us? Do not you know that the very use of the adjective "free" in connection with any sacred expression of human life immediately gives it a taint in the public mind? To call a man a "free thinker" today is to place him under the ban. It is to call down on him the suspicion and hostility of the mass of his fellowmen. No man can maintain the highest standing in the respect of the community as a free thinker. To be a free thinker, to actually and openly and frankly exercise this prerogative of self-respecting manhood and womanhood is to invite upon one's self the enmity of the greater part of the community, to be branded with some evil name, and to distinctly lose an equal chance for livelihood and happiness.

Suppose, again, that you associate this thought of freedom with the thought of labor, of employment, of putting forth one's energies in the creation of things of use or beauty. There is absolutely nothing to correspond to such an idea. The world does not know the meaning of freedom of employment. It does not know the meaning even of the right to live. Here are eighty millions of people in these United States. The overwhelming majority of them are laborers. Probably two-thirds of them have

practically nothing but their labor-power. Many of them have not that, for the simple reason that the conditions which have environed them or their parents have not afforded the means of creating labor-power, or because they are not receiving enough to enable them to restore the constantly expended labor-power which their bodies and minds represent. Many of them have little skill in any direction because they have had no chance to develop such a thing. And some of our scientific men, who rarely see much beyond the ends of their professorial noses, who seldom, if ever, attempt to penetrate beneath the surface to find the causes of phenomena, are saying that we ought to dispose of our so-called defective classes by means of a painless death.

The self-respecting man is the man who can do something, who represents capacity to put his own life and personality into some creation of hand or brain. Such a man is the noblest thing this world knows. Labor is the moral barometer of civilization. What labor represents, that civilization represents. It is the only soul a civilization has or can have. All its morality is there. All its value is there. Upon that, as upon a foundation, it rests.

But what is the condition of these millions of workers? To the very last man of them today they are beggars. They are forced to go to the owners of factories and foundries and mines and railroads, of land and machinery, and say: "Please, sir, will you kindly give me leave to eat? Will you please grant me permission to live on this earth?"

I am not distributing blame at all. I am trying to see conditions, and I know, as you know, that these millions of laborers—men, women and children—do not know the meaning of freedom

of any sort. And I know, as you ought to know, that just so long as they are in that condition where it is absolutely necessary for them to ask other men for permission to eat and to exist, they cannot know the meaning of intellectual or moral freedom. I know, as you ought to know, that this condition of economic dependence inevitably carries with it a condition of ignorance and superstition, or moral and intellectual impotence. Men and women and children, whose economic condition makes them beggars for the mere privilege of eating and living, simply cannot develop any such thing as ability to think or freedom to act. They cannot draw a breath of freedom. They are slaves and they are doomed to the life of slaves.

Just think how much dependence is to be placed, in an emergency, on a race of slaves. Think what quality of citizenship is bound to be developed in a country like this either from the vast army of people who not only do nothing on their own initiative, but by the very conditions of their existence must feel their dependence on the will of another or others; or from that other and smaller class of men whom our industrial system forces to be the arbiters of the fate of these millions—to be their masters. Do you not know that such a thing as a democracy is an utter impossibility except as the product of a free citizenship? No country that tolerated slavery ever succeeded in maintaining democracy. No country which does not establish its citizens in conditions of liberty, equality, and fraternity has the smallest prospect of realizing democratic ideals. There is no surer way of undermining and destroying democratic government than that which we of the United States have freely adopted—that of making or

permitting one class of people to be the industrial dependents of another class. That is the exact meaning of our political and industrial life today. We can see clearly how faith in democratic institutions and ideals is subsiding. Our whole drift is that way. We are not growing more democratic, but less. And you hear a few belated statesmen lamenting our fate and wondering what we are coming to. And these men have not the smallest concern about the fact that at the very base of our national and social life lies the principle of industrial absolutism.

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And what is the deadliest foe of freedom? What is it that holds the darkest menace to manhood and womanhood? to the family? to every sacred interest of life? Where are we to find the secret of the decay of democratic spirit and ideals, the hold of ignorance and superstition and intolerance? The base of the pyramid of ignorance, and superstition, and intolerance, and slavery is the industrial system. It is because other men possess the power to deprive me of life, to crowd me off the earth, to say whether or not and upon what terms, if any, I shall eat, whether I shall get what people call a living—it is because of this, that society can make and does make either a coward, a hypocrite, or a martyr of me and of every other man that lives. I do not admire cowardice or hypocrisy, and I do not desire martyrdom. I want to live. I want to express myself. I claim for myself and for every other soul the right to be free from any sense of dependence upon any other soul for a living. I claim it to be my right as an able-bodied man, nay, my right as a moral being, the right of character, of self-respect, of everything that is finest

and best, that I have an opportunity to pay my own way, to make my contribution to the wealth of the world, in order that I may, without loss of manhood, demand from my fellowman the necessities of life. Charity is a menace to manhood. The only help a man has any right to give to another, or that he can give without moral injury to that other, is the opportunity to help himself. And even that opportunity should be afforded by the joint action of society, of the whole community. Only as every man is taken into partnership in the establishment of the universal chance to live a free and un-fearing life are the divinest demands of character satisfied.

I demand for myself and for every other man, in the name of the dearest and most sacred interests of life, the right to know and the ability to do more than one thing. I demand the opportunity to acquire that knowledge and that ability. Inasmuch as the symmetrical development of the brain and, therefore, the healthful and adequate education of all the intellectual and moral capacities requires the exercise and culture of every other function of the human body, I claim for myself and for all the right to know and the opportunity to do various kinds of work. I want the privilege of tilling the soil and I protest against a system of things that robs me of the fruits of my labor. I claim the right to know how to do mechanical work, to produce things of use and beauty, and to do so under conditions which are consonant with manliness and self-respect. I dare to say that we have not today any social or industrial or political equipment that can begin to satisfy that claim. No such claim and no other reasonable or moral claim of our manhood or womanhood can possibly be met or fulfilled by this

capitalistic civilization. It is immoral and indecent from base to dome. It rests upon fraud and thrives on dishonor. It is exploitation, robbery, murder and every crime against the human soul.

But if I have economic freedom, if I have guaranteed to me the right to work and its corresponding right to receive the product of my labor, I possess the key to every other right you can name. No man then can tell me what I shall think, or bring offensive pressure to bear upon me to make me think contrary to what my reason dictates. No man then can tell me that unless I believe in this or that creed, I shall bear the ban of social exile: for then society must necessarily purge itself of those false and immoral distinctions which now are its very warp and woof, for its basis will be labor, which is life. No man then can tell me how I shall live my life. No man then can fix the mould according to which I shall be fashioned. Indeed, then the whole fabric of society bids me be myself, bids me to be free, summons from my nature its richest possibilities, equips me with the secret of happiness, holds before me the divinest incentives, and makes certain the creation of a higher and better race of men.

And that way is becoming clearer. We are rapidly seeing the looming possibilities of putting into the hands of the people themselves, as people, as society, this whole vast plant of industry, making mankind the owners in joint partnership of the earth and of all the means of making it fruitful. Every human being is one of the people.

When the people possess the land and the industrial machinery which, with much travail, society itself has produced and makes useful, every man, as a human being, becomes a member of that firm, and no one can deny him the right to live. On the contrary, it becomes of the greatest advantage to all society that each shall be given the freest chance to do his part.

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This question of freedom is one that may not come at all to some men—to millions of men. They never think of it. It does not touch their consciousness, however deeply or decisively it may really affect their destiny. But it does come to other souls, and when it comes there is no evading it. When it does come, the whole fabric of manhood is at stake. A man must decide to save his manhood at the loss of everything else, or save his life and lose his soul. There is the place where the man that loses his life saves it, and the man who saves it loses it. For myself, I know no law—and there can be none—so sacred or so imperative as the law of my own being, the hunger of my own soul for truth, the inspiring joy of my own heart. I will recognize no law superior to that. What I claim for myself I claim equally for every other soul. No man's freedom to express himself ever involves, or can involve, the smallest abridgment of the right or opportunity of any other soul to do the same. No sort of social order can wholly smother freedom. Capitalism means for it crucifixion. Socialism means for it honor and reverence and joy.

BEAUTY AS A MUNICIPAL ASSET

JOEL BENTON

IN the onward rush of life and the tumult of practical affairs, the heedless world is often forced to forget that there is something else than mere dollars worth struggling for. Or, to put it another way, that simple utilities do not make up the sum of human delight and aspiration. Goethe saw this, with lucid vision, when he said that "we should learn to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself." And Matthew Arnold touched the matter neatly when he borrowed from German thought the dividing of humanity into Philistines and the Children of Light.

It is true enough that utilities come first, and the flowering of art later. We must have food and clothes and shelter first of all, but when a comfortable existence is established, even these can yield a second benefit by befitting the eye. It is not quite true, though, that the savage or primitive man lacked the esthetic sense. The very utensils he made were shaped often for beauty, with no detriment to their serviceableness. The baskets and woven fabrics of the American Indian, and the pots and pans of primitive peoples fully attest this.

But, in addition to this, the primitive man had leisure, and the modern man, wishing wealth in short order, has none. He is therefore apt to forget

the higher aims in life. A little while ago it was suddenly discovered that the forests of New Hampshire were on the way to the lumber-mill to an alarming extent. But that was for mere profit—the profit of a few individuals and not the profit of the whole community. When the axe first entered the forest its final result was not calculated. But in due time it was plain even to the Philistine mind that the glory of the White Mountains, like Sampson, was being ruthlessly shorn. Ruskin, or some one like-minded, might have preached against this desecration indefinitely without much visible effect; but when the plain country people saw that their greatest patron, the summer boarder, who brought millions into the State, would soon be lost, the Legislature called a halt to this wholesale despoilment and began plans for scientific forestry.

As it is self-interest that destroys beauty, and that will in another generation, as things are now going, destroy Niagara Falls, so it is this force which we must get in alliance with to save such Beauty as exists (if for nothing else) as an asset. It is possible that we owe nothing to posterity, but why provoke their astonishment? It will be difficult certainly for them to guess why it is that human greed, working only for the profit of a few and

punishing by its devastation the many, should have been allowed by us so freely to remove cherished monuments, and obliterate beautiful features of the landscape. But in almost all towns this very thing is being ruthlessly done. People who might know of the public wrong inflicted are so busy with their own private affairs that they either do not notice the common vandalism, or they find no time to protest against it. Some protest has been made, I believe, against the destruction of the Palisades, the back door of which is in New Jersey, and the beauty and wonder of which are in New York. But irreparable scars have already been inflicted upon them, and one does not feel sure, so divided is their custody, that they are yet freed from injury.

In a certain well-known city on the Hudson, a year ago, a political ring, composed of both parties, carried a measure by stealth to destroy the County Court House, built nearly a hundred years ago in the Dutch Colonial style of architecture. In it Webster and the most famous lawyers had spoken, and every line, cornice and border of the building were a delight to the eye. Taken as a whole it was altogether the finest specimen of ancient architecture the county had to show. There was space laterally and upward for its enlargement, on lines that were accordant with the main design; but to enlarge it simply would have involved slight expense, comparatively, and would have left no room for "rake-offs." So it was quietly doomed, and the County is now to be "sweated" for forty or fifty years to pay for a new building, to be disfigured and the town disgraced by a grated jail at its top. All this for greed, and the personal profit of a few. In its place a modern, beef-steaky structure will be conspicuous,

and noticeable for the fact that it is wholly out of proportion to the lot it stands on and its environment.

In Paris they conserve beauty and historic association, and make finer things than greed and mere utility dominant. No legislation, and no discordant and varying individual initiative can decide how the capital of France shall look; for the private house, as well as the public building, whether being built or repaired, must have for its plans the consent and approval of a Municipal Art Committee before they can be carried out. It is pleasant to notice too, while I am writing this, that a Massachusetts Court has actually interfered to prevent the erection of a sky-scraper, so far as the height is concerned, on Copley Square, Boston. And this interference, which says the top of it must come off, is not because it shuts the light from adjacent structures, and not for utilitarian reasons at all; but because its towering dimensions mar, if they do not destroy, the beauty of the Square. It is greatly to be hoped that either through Courts or Art Commissions, the promotion and preservation of beauty in towns may be accomplished very soon everywhere.

Even in Washington we have lately had not only a grotesque re-decoration of "Statuary Hall," but propositions for building, with no suitable architectural control, additions to the public buildings there calling for the expenditure of millions. Fortunately some influence stopped the appropriations for the projects, and, for a few months, the touch of vandalism will be delayed. But even the Congress will need watching. As a custodian of Beauty, while it may have some members competent, there is no one who can tell what its majority may decree. It moves through political pressure, and if places are

wanting, and applicants are numerous and hungry enough, it might entrust the repair of a chronometer to a blacksmith, or the re-painting of a notable work of art to a house painter.

But the question of making Beauty an anxious concern is not alone for Washington. It should be considered in every urban and rural community. The few who know and feel what constitutes the glory of a town or locality must be alert and voiceful for many years yet, if they would serve their country and neighborhood on esthetic lines. In almost every country town a half dozen farmers and country residents can, by the mere virtue of ownership, destroy single trees and shady nooks so as to spoil forever the beauty of certain drives. The landscape, until we do as they do in Europe, is largely in their keeping, and at their mercy, so that the doctrine on behalf of what is fair and fine must be often reiterated,

both for their benefit and the public's. They should know that

All things have something more than barren
use ;

There is a scent upon the brier—
A tremulous splendor in the Autumn dews ;
Cold morns are fringed with fire.

What would Venice and Florence and Pisa have been if some Art inspiration had not made and saved their treasures? When the Campanile fell a shudder went around the world. Who does not know that the builders of the Parthenon made Athens memorable for centuries and will keep the summit on which it stands notable forever? This has become, if we speak commercially only, the greatest asset of all time. To every town something has been given to save and cherish, and the day should be hastened when some safe custodians of that which inspires and ornaments a place shall be as regularly selected as its executive and fiduciary officers.

EVEN IN THE SKY

A man sat alone and heard the wind rushing through city streets and across housetops; the wildness of it sang to him and deafened his soul to its own crying. The Spirit of the Wind peered in at him, and offered freedom mockingly.

He believed and followed. He swept under the stars, not far above the housetops, to the deserted places beyond the city—to the creeping marshes of a low lying river.

In the midst of a great silence the man rested. He was free of the city; his soul ceased its crying.

Then he lifted his eyes to the stars. From the edge of the city low flashes of fire spread across the dark river; their brightness trailed across the marshes

into his silence, into his freedom.

The fire from the mills, the lights from the windows of toil streaked the sky, and searched the man out in his freedom.

Then the voice of the wind :

"For this I brought you to the slow moving river, to the quiet of the marshes, to the deserted places of freedom.

"You cannot escape. The age writes its curse in the sky.

"So I sing to you fiercely of struggle, of fighting and failure. My song is the hymn of the mills, the chant of the workers.

"Sing with me. Work for them. Seek not yet for freedom."

CHARLOTTE TELLER.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

HOP LEE AND THE PELICAN

HOP LEE was an intelligent young Chinaman, born of poor but honest parents, upon the banks of the Yellow River. From early childhood he had been accustomed to assist in getting a living for himself and the other members of his family by fishing with the ordinary rod and line. Although this primitive method of gaining a livelihood had been followed by his father and by his forefathers for many centuries, it remained for Hop Lee to improve upon it so that it yielded such rich returns that he could live sumptuously without working; and this tale is to show how successfully he worked out his plan.

It was not so much a brilliant burst of genius as it was the spur of necessity which led Hoppy to his great discovery. As he sat on the bank with his empty basket beside him, and fished in vain

day after day, he watched with deep chagrin a gay flock of pelicans that came down upon the waters in which he, alas, fished so fruitlessly, and filled themselves to repletion.

Not only was he envious of the success of the pelicans, but he realized that the noise and splashing they made drove away from his hook many fish which he otherwise might have caught.

Poor Hoppy pondered long upon this distressing situation. He watched the pelicans moodily as they gaily dived to the bottom of the river, waving their web-feet in the air, and triumphantly bringing up fish after fish which they stored away in their pouches to be devoured at leisure when the day's sport was over, or fed to their young. Finally, one bright day, a brilliant idea occurred to him whereby he would not only prevent the pelicans

A SUCCESSFUL RIVAL.

from driving away his fish, but would actually compel them to deliver to him the fish they caught and fill up his empty basket. But how to put his ingenious plan in operation? Flattery should be the key to success.

How he ever did it I don't pretend to know, but somehow or other he learned the pelican language. This was the first step towards his goal. Then he provided himself with a polished ring of brass, and betook himself bright and early in the morning to his usual post on the river bank. In a tentative way he spoke to several pelicans as they glided past him on the river, till finally one of them stopped to have a little chat with him. Hoppy seized his opportunity, and with soft, insidious words beguiled the foolish bird up on the bank. Then he proceeded to tell it how much its



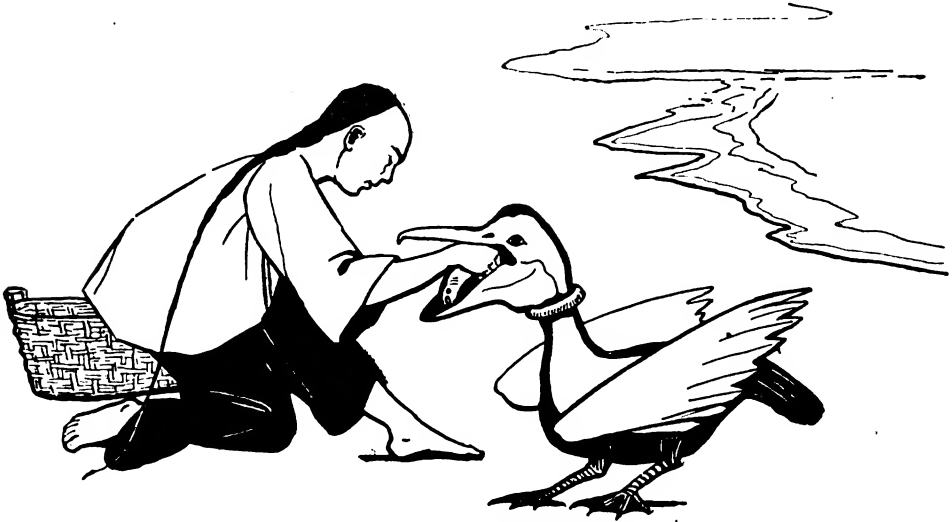
"HOW CHARMING YOU LOOK!"

wonderful pelicanic beauty would be enhanced by a lovely necklace like the one he held in his hand. Would the pelican not allow him the pleasure of seeing the necklace around its graceful neck? The pelican foolishly listened to Hoppy's flattering words, and consented to be decorated. You can see from the beatific expression on its face as the ring is slipped over its head how pleased it is with the beautiful necklet.

To Hoppy, however, the ring was strictly an object of utility. As soon as the ring was around the pelican's

go out of its throat back into its breast again; but it also saw the fish go out of its throat and into Hoppy's basket. Its distressed throat was relieved of a heart and a fish at the same time.

Hoppy then proceeded in a friendly tone to advise the pelican for its own good. "You can easily see," he said, "that you cannot continue to wear that ornamental ring about your throat and at the same time swallow as large a fish as you used to do. Of course, I know you do not wish to part with that thing of beauty about your lovely neck



SYMPATHETIC ASSISTANCE.

neck, the unlucky bird found it impossible to swallow the fish it caught. Every time it tried it found itself almost choking to death, and at last, in desperation, appealed to Hoppy to save its life. Hoppy, who was at hand upon the bank eagerly awaiting developments, was only too glad to spring to the pelican's assistance and promptly remove the fish from its throat and thus prevent its untimely demise.

The pelican's gratitude and joy were unbounded when Hoppy relieved it of the fish. It felt its palpitating heart

merely for the sake of having your stomach filled. Now that you have seen how beautiful it has made you, I feel that there is no way of your living without it. One gets used to luxuries so quickly they become necessities. So, in future, when you catch a fish you must always come to me to be relieved, and I will be ready and only too glad to help you. Of course I will see that you shall be fed. I will take the fish to my chopping block, and cut off and give you as large a piece as you can politely swallow. In this way your life will be saved, and you will be

"YOUR SHARE!"

fed with food that is the right size for you in your new and improved condition. At the same time I, too, will be fed by taking the fish that you are now unable to swallow, as a small return for the assistance I shall lend you."

Hop Lee had made a grand discovery, how to live without working, and at the same time had convinced

the pelican that it was only through the exercise of his great brain power and generosity that it was able to escape being choked to death when it tried to eat the fish it caught.

Hop Lee waxed fat on this arrangement. After the first pelican got the ring about its neck, all the other pelicans were anxious to get rings about

their necks and be in the fashion, and very soon Hoppy had all the pelicans on the river busily and cheerfully engaged in catching fish for him. And so it happens that even to this day, Hop Lee and all his descendants have a prospect of living indefinitely on the banks of the Yellow River in ease and plenty.

Of course, as the natural reward of his industry and abstinence, the ingenious Hoppy speedily accumulated

give up the fish he catches to Mr. Morgan and to be satisfied with a tail diet. "The ring is a little less tangible, to be sure, than that about the necks of our pelicans," thought Hoppy, "but it amounts to the same thing." The competitive wage-system forces the laborer to take a wage that will just give him a living. He cannot ask for any more, because there are plenty of men waiting around for the chance to work upon the basis of the fish-tail

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AN ORIENTAL PHILANTROPIST

a fortune from the sale of the fish caught by the pelicans. In time he made a tour of the world. When he visited America he was introduced to Mr. Pierpont Morgan. It is related on good authority that he was highly amused at the striking resemblance between that gentleman's ideas and his own. Hoppy saw immediately that the American workingman had put a ring about his throat which forced him to

good fish and gets only 400 pounds of fish-tails in return; yet both the pelican and the American workingman get down and thank God that such men as Morgan and Hop Lee live to prevent pelicans and workingmen from starving to death.

Hoppy congratulated himself, however, on being in a much safer position than Mr. Morgan, for if his pelicans ever got over their feeling of gratitude

and pride in their rings they could not get them off their necks, even if they wished; whereas Mr. Morgan's pelican workmen always have the opportunity of taking the competitive ring off their necks. The American pelicans have merely to "wish the ring off," and off it goes. The way for them to

express this wish is to vote for Socialism. A great many American pelicans decided to wish this ring off their necks at the last election. Unfortunately there were still more who wished to keep it about their necks, so Mr. Morgan still gets the fish and Uncle Sam gets the tail.

ALLURING PROMISES OF EMPLOYMENT.

FEDERATED TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL
Affiliated with the
American Federation of Labor

TO WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE:—The Fresno Federated Trades and Labor Council desire to call your attention to the fact that representatives of the Fruit Growers of California are now in the Eastern cities, attempting to secure young men and women to come to this State under alluring promises of remunerative employment in the orchards and vineyards of California.

The real facts are that these agents really represent the various employers' associations of California, who are endeavoring to disrupt the labor unions of this State.

It is almost a crime to induce men and women to come here in search of employment. The fruit industry only lasts three or four months, and when the crops are picked and packed there is no employment for unskilled labor.

No orchardists, vineyardists or farmers in California are fixed to care for imported labor. None of them have bunk houses, but compel their employees to sleep in the open air on the ground. Many drink ditch water and suffer from typhoid fever. The average wage is not over \$1.25 a day.

When the fruit season closes there are no factories, mills or farms to give employment to outside labor.

Living here is extremely high. House rents range from \$20 to \$30 a month for a five-roomed cottage.

All food products are very dear, ordinary meat costing fully 20 cents a pound.

The men who come to California under the persuasion of the fruit growers will be compelled to compete against Chinese and Japanese labor, and will be compelled to live like Mongolians.

The Fresno Federated Trades and Labor Council urge all affiliated unions in the American Federation of Labor to spread the information contained in this circular before the public, and do all in their power to prevent men and women from coming to California under promises from these employers' associations.

It is a duty we owe to the wage-earners of our country. It is a work of humanity. As men, we must stop this crime against the happiness of innocent boys and girls. Get your local newspapers to publish this circular. Spread the truth broadcast, and you will materially aid the Labor Unions of California.

G. S. BROWER, Secretary.

FRESNO, CAL., March 5, 1903.

WHO ARE LIBERAL THINKERS?

EUGENE DEL MAR

THE general progressive tendency of the age—the atmosphere of social, intellectual, scientific and religious thought—has made it fashionable to be regarded as a liberal thinker. And, as what is fashionable is the “correct” thing, we all take pride in avowing our liberality. It is obvious, however, that a mere avowal does not determine anything. What, then, is the essence of liberality, and who are the real liberals in thought?

The prevailing conception of a liberal thinker is that of one who has effectually escaped from long accepted traditional and conventional ideas; and especially from religious ones. The conception is essentially a negative one. The agnostic, the free thinker—in fact, iconoclasts in general—are commonly regarded as constituting the liberal thinkers. The orthodox churchman is looked upon as an illiberal thinker; while the adherents of Socialism and the New Thought are considered by many as wild and unbalanced thinkers.

No one is perfect or all-wise. Each is lacking in one way or another; and what one lacks is what he requires. One grows only through obtaining what he does not possess already. Receiving an exact duplicate of what has been assimilated, will not add to one's breadth of view. One cannot

secure the new merely through intensifying the old.

There is an habitual disposition to avoid original thought, and escape from progressive atmospheres. There are very few willing thinkers. Almost everyone is certain to insist upon considering one side of a question only, to listen to nothing but what he already knows, to read what he is in complete agreement with, and to accept as final and conclusive that which comes from what he has previously decided to be “authority.”

The Republican and the Democrat reads his respective party papers, and attends his respective party meetings; while Catholics and Protestants rigidly restrict their attendance to their own particular church or service. As far as possible, each insists upon keeping in his own rut, and he continually deepens it so that getting out of it becomes increasingly difficult.

Why is it that the teachings of Socialism and of the New Thought are peculiarly calculated to arouse antagonism and opposition? It is because they strike at conceptions of political and religious life that have been accepted without consideration or deliberation. One usually absorbs his political and religious views from his surroundings, and accepts and retains them without testing them by the

reason. And, as he cannot defend them on any rational or logical grounds, he takes the offensive and not only impersonally attacks the views that are inconsistent with his own, but usually also uses the weapons of personal ridicule and sarcasm against their exponents.

But Nature demands growth. One cannot stay in any rut eternally. The longer one remains in a condition of stagnation, the more laborious is the task of getting out, the more misery he brings upon himself eventually, and the more discord and inharmony he creates about him. Persistence in any mental rut involves stagnation and paralysis, and results in decay, dissolution and death.

If we are to grow, we must be receptive to what we do not believe. In no other way can we expand, or become more comprehensive and inclusive. All are considering the same thing from different points of view; and when we see from another's point of view, we understand his conclusions. We may not accept them, but we see how he has arrived at them; and when our range of vision includes his point of view, his ideas do not antagonize us. And, unless we are willing to see from another's point of view, we cannot be tolerant of his conclusions.

We are not antagonized by anything we fully understand. If we have made a thorough investigation and extracted what seems to us, the truth, from any conception or idea, its presentation does not effect us inharmoniously, even though we may not concur with another regarding it. We may reject the conception or idea, but we include it in our mental vision, and see from a broader point of view than it is representative of, for we see the good it may depict to another.

We balk at whatever we do not understand. We oppose what we have not yet assimilated. We are antagonized by that which we have not made our own. A display of irritation or anger at the views of others evidences prejudice, limitation and narrowness of mental vision. That which is beyond our comprehension irritates us. Every new presentation of truth is calculated to wound our pride or vanity, and arouse our contempt or resentment.

The majority of people will not think for themselves. There are few original thinkers. People accept tradition and convention as their guide. They rely implicitly upon authority. At the most, they substitute one authority for another. They accept the conclusions of others; and if they exercise their reasoning faculty, they carefully confine its activity within the limits of accepted authority.

A conception that is accepted without analysis and assimilation cannot be eliminated through an appeal to logic or reason. Only the truth that has passed the test of the reason is amenable to that tribunal. The conception that has been accepted without careful consideration renders the reason subservient to it, and holds the intellect in bondage.

The so-called liberal who takes any authority save his own understanding, or who will listen to nothing new unless bearing the mark of his "authority," is no more liberal than the person who accepts, without any analysis or reason, the conclusions of his spiritual guide or minister.

Like the traditional Indian, from the conventional point of view, the only safe thinker is a dead thinker. A live thinker is a disturber of the peace and a danger to the community. Almost without exception, the great

thinkers of the past were abused and ridiculed, and the truths they enunciated were denounced and rejected. Many of them were persecuted and punished as malefactors and criminals. And yet these are the very persons who are now confidently appealed to and relied upon as final authorities. They have become authorities and are now worshipped because of their own defiance and rejections of authority! But one who would now do as they formerly did is pilloried and ostracised.

Conventional and traditional ideas always uphold the privileges of the ruling classes, professions or traditions. They have been formulated from the point of view of class self-interest, and their promulgation and dissemination are constantly furthered by all the means and methods at the service of the dominant classes. The vast majority of people are so enslaved by tradition and convention that they are practically unable to think beyond what is continually drummed into their ears or otherwise persistently offered to them.

Take the conception of the power of thought to affect a cure of physical disease. There is nothing new or novel in this. Records of such cures are found throughout the ages. It has been practiced in all countries and at all times. It is one of the most prominent features of the New Testament narrative. It is demonstrated every day by regular physicians who, under the designation of mental therapeutics and hypnotism, practice exactly what they denounce and ridicule as Mental Science and New Thought.

The truth of mental healing is verified by thousands upon thousands of patients who have been cured through the agency of Christian Science, Divine Science, Mental Science, or of other

mental methods. It is, as a matter of fact, the explanation of all cures, at all times, under all therapeutic systems. The mental control of the body is a truth so self-evident that it would seem as though the blind only could fail to recognize it; and yet, "liberal thinkers"—as they claim to be—make it the butt of their scorn and their ridicule.

Mental cures are accomplished through the operation of desire and suggestion. No religious belief is necessarily involved. Christian Science, however, is a religious system of mental therapeutics, and through Christian Science many cures have been made, and are being effected. Of this there is no question of doubt.

Christian Science mystifies the truth, and retains many conventional and traditional errors. But some people will not accept truth unless it is clothed in the conceptions they have long cherished. They must have their pills sugar-coated, and will not swallow them in any other condition. The truth in Christian Science will survive, while the errors will perish just as soon as they are outgrown.

The truth cannot be altered or changed. We need have no fear on its behalf. And, as people must have their mental pabulum in the form they are able to digest, is it the evidence of wisdom or liberality for one to condemn in others what is imperatively demanded by their condition of development, even though he may have outgrown it? After all, the difference, at most, is one of degree only. Does it voice wisdom or liberality to insist that infants should be fed upon the food that adult needs demand? Are not all new or novel ideas, conceptions, philosophies, creeds or religions, the product of evolutionary necessity, and do they not arise in response to a demand

for them? They come to answer a need, and they go when this has been met.

Who is the liberal thinker, then? Is he the one who has placed a limit and boundary to his knowledge? Is he the one who has merely outgrown antiquated conceptions? Is the criterion of mental liberality the attainment of knowledge? Or is its essential the attitude of mind?

The "liberals" are not those who have merely disposed of ancient error and eliminated it from their consciousness, but rather those who have substituted higher truths in its place. Liberalism is not destructive, but constructive. The iconoclast is not essentially a liberal. He is in preliminary training for liberalism. Elimination of error alone does not make one liberal. Free thinkers, agnostics, evolutionists, socialists, Christian Scientists, and New Thought adherents are not all noted for their toleration or liberality.

The modern evolutionist should be the most tolerant and liberal of all thinkers. Looking back over the interminable ages of gradual, but constant development, he should clearly realize not only that his own present knowledge must expand, but that it is sure to be superseded again and again by conceptions representative of higher and still higher truths. As the evolutionist does not recognize finality, he must know that his highest ideals of today must inevitably be discarded in the future as expressive of a comparatively primitive belief.

The conventional evolutionist—like the Unitarian—has simply transferred authority from one book and one set of men to many books and another set of men. And instead of his dictum reading, "Thus saith the Lord," it

reads, "Thus saith Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, etc., etc." And the Unitarian instead of saying, "Christ spake unto his disciples," says, "Parker, Channing, Hale, Elliott, spake thus."

Transferring authority from the oldest traditions to more recent and modern ones, is a long step in advance, but this breadth of view even is not necessarily related to liberalism. In fact, in and of itself, it may have no connection with it.

One's tendency to hold rigidly to authority evidences lack of faith in himself, and bespeaks a distrust of one's power of discrimination and judgment. It betrays lack of individuality; the real individuality that makes no separation in its life purpose and work from that of every other soul in the universe.

The mere acquisition of knowledge does not make one liberal. One may be a veritable encyclopædia of facts, and yet be narrow and illiberal. A Roman Catholic priest may be a liberal thinker, while an evolutionist may be extremely illiberal. One who believes in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, may be broadly liberal. It is not one's accumulation of facts, even scientific ones, that make him a liberal, but his consciousness of the true, the vital, and the inseparable relation of his knowledge with all knowledge, and more especially, to particular expressions of it.

Liberality of thought and knowledge of facts have no necessary relation. Liberality is an attitude of mind. Those are most liberal who are most sympathetic. Hatred and liberality can boast of no acquaintance. It is sympathy, harmony, or love that lies at the root of liberality. Those who feel the most love for their fellow beings, are

the most liberal toward them. Those who most clearly discern the unity and harmony of all phases of life and truth are the most liberal toward its various modes of expression.

Not that emotion is a safer guide than intellect. Neither is reliable by itself. A clear distinction must be made between knowledge and wisdom, between the ascertainment of fact and the understanding of principle. Knowledge involves an accumulation of facts only, while wisdom includes an understanding of their connection and relation. Of itself, knowledge is related to the conception of diversity; wisdom to the conception of unity. Hatred may accompany knowledge: love ever accompanies wisdom.

With increasing wisdom, emotion and intellect gradually interblend. It is the harmonious action of emotion and intellect that includes a consciousness of poise and harmony. And it is this inner understanding that impels outer liberality. It is when emotion and intellect act as one, that the peace of the soul is expressed in harmony of thought and manifested in liberality of action.

Wisdom is measured by one's under-

standing of unity and the accompanying consciousness of harmony. The conception of unity, and the consciousness of harmony—wisdom and love—are inseparably related. The sympathy, harmony or love that evidences itself in liberality relates itself rather to the impersonal truth than to its personal manifestation.

The true liberal is he who recognizes his limitations in growth and imperfections of attainment; he knows that what he lacks and requires others possess and may furnish him; he understands that every thought and conception of each individual is eternal, and has its beneficent place and purpose; he thinks for himself; he accepts no authority as final; and, above all else, the true liberal is willing to cast aside preconceived ideas and sacrifice personal pride and vanity at the behest of truth, for he knows that this is the only means by which the truth may become his. He must have attained to that vital conception of unity where his enlarged sympathy brings him in conscious harmony with his fellow-men, and with the thoughts and conceptions they represent.

‘EXTEMPORANEOUS’ ADDRESSES

There are so many instances of carefully prepared “extemporaneous efforts” that it is not difficult to believe that there are very few instances on record where a really great address has been born of the moment. The assumption of extemporaneousness adds to the effect at the time, as it did in the Bryan speech at the Chicago convention. Of all the public utterances of William J. Bryan, that silver address of 1896 was probably the most carefully prepared. At least, every word of it, crosses, crowns, thorns and all, had been written out and conned in advance; but the convention, confused by instructions and embarrassed by indecision, was thrilled by what seemed to be a spontaneous burst—the

message for the time from the man of the hour. The effect might have been different if all the preparations for both the speech and the manner of its introduction had been understood then, as they have been revealed since.

But whether great oratory requires great preparation or not, it remains a fact that there is a vast difference in the methods and adaptabilities of public speakers in meeting unforeseen contingencies. Impromptu delivery may or may not impress history, but it is still a definite and attractive accomplishment, and one that contributes much to the pleasure of current life.—Kansas City Star.

VICE VERSA

GINGER

ONE day, after awhile, the foreman of the Daily Times Printing Establishment of Blanktown sat in his office looking over some editorial proof sheets. The foreman was President of the Blanktown section of the Typographical Branch of the Federated Employees' Union of America.

There was a timid knock on the door, and upon the foreman's saying "come in," General Otisky, the millionaire owner of the Times establishment, entered, respectfully removed his hat, and said:

"I have been delegated by the Owners' Union of Blanktown to present to you some grievances——"

"Now, now, General," interrupted the foreman, "let me tell you once again, and for the last time, that I will not recognize the Owners' Union or any delegate thereof. If you, as an individual, have any grievance, I will listen to you."

"Well, then," said Otisky, "I find that I cannot live decently upon the fifteen dollars per week that the Employees allow me as owner of this establishment, and I ask for an increase to eighteen dollars per week, and a reduction from twelve to ten hours' work per day."

"No, General, that cannot be done. The business won't admit of it. Our

Union has just raised the weekly salaries of employees—that of printer's devil from \$75.00 to \$100.00; the typesetters and pressmen from \$150.00 to \$200.00; and my own from \$200.00 to \$300.00, and made a reduction in all employes' working hours from five to four hours per day, and with these necessary changes, due to present prosperity, we cannot grant your request."

"Won't you submit my case to arbitration?" asked the General, eagerly.

"No, General," responded the foreman, "there is nothing to arbitrate. The Baer truth is that God, in His infinite wisdom and tender mercy, has placed the management of this establishment in the employes' hands, and by the Jumping John Rogers, we, the employes, as true Christian gentlemen, are always infallibly right and just, and, therefore, how can there be anything to arbitrate? If you are not satisfied you are perfectly free to sell out. There are plenty of needy non-union capitalists on the street corners who would gladly buy you out and own this establishment for a much less income than you are getting. You are much better off than the owners of other establishments in the city. The Department store employes allow their owners only \$1.98 per day, and that is to be reduced to \$1.93 on the first of the month.

"But the cost of living is so high," said the General, mournfully, "rump steak is fifty cents per pound now."

"Steak!" cried the foreman, "oh! I see the cause of your discontent; you are living beyond your means and indulging in luxuries not justified by one in your station. Look over the back numbers of the Times, and you will find many articles telling how nicely people with small incomes can live high on simple vegetable foods, without any meat. One article demonstrates that a man can work hard and retain perfect health on five cents worth of oatmeal per day. Why, General, if you will only acquire habits of thrift and economy, and forego all the enjoyments and pleasures of life, you can be putting money in the savings bank every week."

Otisky disconsolately turned to go—

"Stay a moment," said the foreman, picking up one of the editorial proof sheets, "I see that in this editorial you have covertly introduced some Socialistic nonsense advocating the idea of owners turning over their property to the employes and sharing more equally with them in the general income. I have pencilled out all that stuff, and must peremptorily request that you cease endeavoring to stir up discontent among the owning classes. And you must stop all this agitation and strife against the non-union capitalists. You must remember that this is a free country, that the constitution guarantees that even the largest owners and greatest capitalists have the inalienable right to freely accept the very lowest income that a full and free competition enables their employees to cut them down to. And, if necessary, the full force of the Army and Navy of the United States will be called forth to

enable every capitalist, be he millionaire or humble billionaire, to accept the lowest income he can get, and to physically, mentally and morally starve himself, his wife and his babies, without let or hindrance from any discontented and strife-breeding Owner's Unions. Well, General, it is after one o'clock. Besides neglecting your own work you have kept me here several minutes beyond my regular four hours' time today, and I shall have to credit myself with overtime and dock you accordingly. I must run down to the 'Elite' restaurant and get a nice little lunch, and then get out my automobile and take a little spin in the fresh air. I just want to add, General, that although your complaints are very annoying, I have none but the kindest of feelings towards you. Your interests are very dear to my heart. I am constantly trying to find out cheaper ways for you to live, so that you can adjust yourself to the cut in your income which we soon intend to make. Return to your duties, be faithful and diligent, consider your employees' interests rather than your own, and when you pass in your checks and go to the hot place, as, of course, you will, in consequence of your discontent and ingratitude, I assure you that you will have a much happier time than you are having in this world. Say, General," added the foreman, as he stepped forth from his dingy office into the outer sunshine, "isn't this a gloriously beautiful California day? When you get through your work here tonight write up a little poetry on the 'ineffable beauties of Nature,' the 'unspeakable blessedness of living,' etc.; put a lot of religious fervor into it, and we will print it in the Sunday edition."

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE WHITE SLAVE

HENRY O. MORRIS, from theme furnished by SIDNEY STEVENS.

Not bleeding 'neath the lash of Egypt's scorn,
Not in the dungeon, nor in galley chains,
Nor baited to the savage lions now,
Like those to Nero's bloody thirst consigned;
But look on him, the white slave of our time;
See on his face the centuries' stamp of crime.

Ye see no chains, but yet more sharp than steel
Life's shackles cut into his tortured soul.
The white slave toils away his hopeless life,
And dies like coral worm beneath the sea,
That palaces and gardens by his hands may grow,
While kingdoms rise and princes come and go.

His masters revel while the white slave toils.
"Be ye contented," is his only cheer.
And when to God goes up his cry for help,
In vain he prays to Him who dwells on high.
O! "God of plenty!" art Thou blind and deaf
That to this lowly cry comes no relief?

His masters revel; their remorse of soul
Is drowned in ruby wine when tears should flow;
Lights of the ballroom, softly pleading flutes,
What thoughts are left for tales of Man's distress?
Tell these of sorrow and they heed you not,
For splendor hides from them the cancerous blot.

The masters revel—countless thousands starve.
The white slave's cup of woe is surely full.
God of the wealthy, if Thou be their God,
Cover Thine eyes when this cup overflows;
For Satan's realm makes not the whole of hell,
While sons of earth such fearful tales can tell.

The pulpits breathe forth libels on Thy name ;
 Thou can'st not be the God to whom they cry ;
 Thou wilt not stand for Treason's earthly lords,
 Nor see Thy poor oppressed, forever wronged.
 Come quickly, lest Thy teachings fade away
 And men forget Thy mercies while they pray.

The black slave cried. His cry was not in vain.
 Prophets arose to sound the warning note.
 The crisis came, and 'mid the clash of steel
 From sable limbs the cruel fetters fell.
 Great was the price, but not too great to pay,
 That men might be redeemed from slavery's sway.

Ye white slaves stand together side by side,
 And list in silent prayer the distant storm.
 Though faint and far we catch its murmur now,
 Prophetic ears cannot mistake the sound ;
 'Tis coming—coming fast, this storm-cloud dark,
 But those who revel neither see nor hark.

A NEW KIND OF MUSICAL CLUB

The Twentieth Century Mandolin and Guitar Club, of Calumet, Michigan, is composed of children ranging in age from eight to fourteen years. At present there is a membership of seventy-five.

H. M. Draper, the organizer and instructor of the club, has launched out on an entirely different line from that followed by any other musical organization in this country. He purposes giving up his work in Calumet and establishing a musical home for children somewhat after the style of the Co-operative Brotherhood, of Burley, Washington, with the difference that his band and orchestra, composed entirely of children, will be utilized from time to time in playing for the cause of universal Socialism, of which Mr. Draper is an ardent exponent.

The club has already over \$500 worth of musical instruments, including two pianos, an organ, about fifty violins, mandolins, guitars and band instruments, as well as a good assortment of sheet music, books, etc., and is fully equipped for the work. He asks all lovers of children who are interested in the cause of humanity and Socialism to come to the front and assist in getting this grand enterprise under way. He already has a children's brass band of about eighteen members, composed of little girls and boys from eight to fourteen years of

age, and as soon as sufficient funds are raised he purposes to get an automobile.

Here are three plans by which you can help him in his project:

1st. For fifty cents Mr. Draper will mail you a copy of the "Twentieth Century Mandolin and Guitar Club" beginners' studies. On the title page are pictures of his clubs for 1901 and 1902.

2nd. For \$2.50 you will receive the above and a certificate of membership in the Co-operative Music Association, which will entitle you to all sheet music and musical instruments at half the list prices. This includes violins, mandolins, etc., and, in fact, everything in the musical line.

3rd. For \$5.00 you will receive all the above and become a life member of The Children's Musical Home Association.

The above propositions do not debar anyone from donating a larger amount, but on the contrary, it is hoped that some one with a large heart and a full pocket may help immediately to get the home on its feet. Mr. Draper is putting all he has—his love, his time, his talent and his money—into this work. What will you do?

Mr. Draper's address is 216 Sixth Street, Calumet, Mich.

A TALK WITH ROCKEFELLER

LAST March, while on my way from Los Angeles to San Francisco, I had occasion to stop over a few days at Santa Barbara, one of the most famous of the California resorts. Except for the want of angels, it is about as near an Earthly Paradise as one can imagine. It is directly on the Pacific Ocean at the opening of a lovely little valley. At the head of the valley, under the mountains, about two miles from the sea, is the old Franciscan monastery built by the monks a hundred years or more ago, when California was under the dominion of Spain. The Church of Rome had in hand a grand plan to convert the Indians to Catholicism by the establishment of a chain of semi-socialistic communities, under the rule of the priests, running from San Francisco all the way down to the lower end of the peninsula of California.

With the ceding of California to the United States, the monasteries had a hard time to survive, for the property they had owned was largely lost, and the Indians, who had been faithful workers in their fields and vineyards, were dispersed. Probably at no time before, and certainly at no time since, have the California Indians had either the material or the spiritual advantages that they enjoyed under the kindly rule of the old Mission Padres.

In the old days the missions were surrounded by great stretches of pasture land upon which grazed countless herds of sheep, cattle and horses, all the property of the Padres, and used to contribute to the welfare of all. The monks introduced a good system of irrigation. The fig, the vine, the olive and the orange were cultivated with greatest success. Then the more that was produced, the more the monks and the Indians got. There was no fear of starvation on account of "over-production" in those silly, primitive days. They produced for use and not for profit.

I can imagine how astounded one of the old Padres would have been if told that he would be forced to go without olive oil some day if too many olive trees came into bearing, because the price of olive oil would fall below the cost of production. Such reasoning would have been absolutely incomprehensible to him. For me to have told him that the mission must go hungry simply because there were too many fat cattle would have led him to regard me as a fit subject for a "rest cure." However, in those careless days they had no "rest cures," for paradoxically everyone had to do enough work not to require a "rest."

The people who most require a "rest" are those that do not "have to"

work. I don't say they do not actually work hard, I say they do not "have to" work at all. There is a fine distinction. Schwab never broke down until he worked because he "wanted to."

However, we are in the days when people do need a "rest cure," and Mr. John D. Rockefeller showed his usual good judgment in picking out Santa Barbara to get his needed "rest."

The Hotel Potter is directly on the sea; it is a fine, modern hotel, opened this season for the first time, and Mr. Rockefeller was not by any means the only multi-millionaire there enjoying the perfect climate of Santa Barbara, a climate as perfect in winter as in summer.

The local Santa Barbara paper proudly printed a list of our American nobility there, gauging the relative value of titles by the size of the bank rolls. The total value footed up to something near a thousand million dollars, which can be readily believed when I say that not only were the Rockefellers there, but also Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Marshall Field, Mr. Armour, Mr. Seward Webb, and other noble multi-millionaires too numerous to mention. Robert T. Lincoln, son of Abraham, was there, and scheduled at ten million. However, of all the lot, Mr. Rockefeller being the richest was the noblest, and was the centre of attraction from all Santa Barbara, including myself.

Mr. Rockefeller, I may say in the first place, is not by any means the physical wreck that the press likes to make him out. I sat at the next table to him and can vouch for the strength and variety of his appetite. His color is good and he looks a fairly healthy man for his age, 64, with the exception that he has lost every spear of hair from his head and face. He was most affable and

approachable to everyone and seemed to make a point of going the rounds every day with a glad hand out for everyone. His interest in life seems to be centered on the game of golf. Knowing that his nervous system is so wrecked that he can not care to burden his mind with anything very strenuous, I really felt conscience-stricken in ever departing from the subject of the weather and golf in my talks with him. However, one day I did bring up the subject of Trusts. He listened with interest to my exposition of the Socialist philosophy regarding monopoly and said, "Well, Mr. Wilshire, I can't speak as to other Trusts, but certainly as far as the Standard is concerned over-production of oil led to the formation of the Trust. We were producing three times as much oil as could be sold and the trade was in a very bad way. The Trust resulted in the greatest benefit to the refiners and at the same time the general public were also benefitted by getting lower prices."

Mr. Rockefeller enquired if I had read the articles by Miss Tarbell upon the Standard Oil Trust now running in McClure's Magazine. "All without foundation," he said, "the idea of the Standard forcing anyone to sell his refinery to it is absurd. The refiners wanted to sell to us and nobody that has sold and worked with us but has made money and is glad he did so.

"Now you, Mr. Wilshire, are personally acquainted with so and so (mentioning men, our mutual friends, interested in the Trust), and you know that such honorable men would not do anything maliciously to injure anyone. You know they all did well by coming into the Trust. I can tell you that everyone else has done well that came in with us. It's absurd to say the Standard forced the refiners into the

Trust. They were only too glad to come in and they have all made money by coming in. Natural conditions would have ruined us all if we had not formed a combination. I thought once of having an answer made to the McClure articles," continued Mr. Rockefeller, "but you know it has always been the policy of the Standard to keep silent under attack and let our acts speak for themselves, and I suppose it is the best policy for us to continue upon that line, don't you, Mr. Wilshire?"

I was quite overcome with confusion at having the richest man in the world seek the advice of a Socialist upon a question of personal conduct and could do no more than blurt out a general assent to his position.

"Don't you think, Mr. Rockefeller," said I, "that since the Trust is, according to your own theory, a result of overproduction, it means we are approaching a time when the general stoppage of this unnecessary production by the Trusts will have a tendency to create an unemployed problem?"

"No," said Mr. Rockefeller, "I think the Trust, by regulating industry and systematizing business, will help keep up this present prosperity. We have never had such a period in the history of the country before, and yet there never were so many Trusts, hence it cannot be said that Trusts prevent prosperity. There are less unemployed men than ever known in the history of the country. And, anyway, since we are both agreed that an anti-Trust law is absurd, since it is attempting to prevent the consequences of over-production, how would you propose to solve the Trust Problem?"

"Yes, Mr. Rockefeller, I am as much aware of the futility of anti-Trust laws as you are. The Socialist remedy for the Trust is Government Ownership."

"Do you think the Government could

run the Standard as well as we run it?" asked Mr. Rockefeller.

"I would not be positive that the State could run the Trusts any better than you and Mr. Morgan do, speaking from the standpoint of industrial efficiency, but Government Ownership is a necessary basis for the operation of the co-operative wage system which must supersede the present competitive system to allow us to escape an unemployed problem, which is simply the result of competition among laborers, forcing wages down so low that the laborer cannot buy what he produces."

"But we have no 'unemployed question.' We never had such a demand for labor before," returned Mr. Rockefeller.

"Yes, that is true," said I, "but I am looking into the future, and I can see an inevitable unemployed problem looming up there. The Trust is meeting a present emergency, but it is only a temporary stopgap, and it is not in the least going to be able to solve the unemployed problem of the future."

"Well, Mr. Wilshire, I am not looking ahead as far as you are. Business is today good, and I think it will continue so. If it does not, then we must let the future settle its own problems."

"Well, anyway, Mr. Rockefeller, I am very glad to have had the opportunity of having had this talk with you, for I feel that when the industrial crisis does come up in the future it will help very much for us to understand each other's position. There is nothing better than having men like you and me, who have a common interest, coming into personal contact with each other. While our views are different, yet our having met will lead us to have more respect for the sincerity of our mutual opinions, and our personal good faith."

"That is quite right, Mr. Wilshire," said Mr. Rockefeller, "and I am very

glad to have had the pleasure of this talk with you."

This closed the interview upon the Trust Problem, for although I talked with Mr. Rockefeller a number of times afterward, it was nothing but "golf and the weather."

I am satisfied from my talk with Mr. Rockefeller that he is true to himself. He thinks he is all right. He thinks that his business methods have not only been the best for himself and his fellow stock-holders, but also for the public generally. Mr. Rockefeller is in no sense a man of theories. He sees a present necessity, and he acts upon it without considering what will be the next step. He is democratic and without envy in his manner and instincts, and I am sure he would like to have all his brother Americans have as much money as he has. Ostentation is an unknown word for him. His is the instinct of the coral insect that thinks of nothing more than the next infinitesimal layer it is laying upon the coral reef that founds a future continent. Mr. Rockefeller is the power behind Mr. Morgan's throne, and he does not emerge into the light, not because he objects to the world-glare in which Mr. Morgan basks, but simply because pomp and glory are matters of indifference to him. He has no pleasure in making a show of himself. Some newly rich men envy the footman on the box of their carriage, owing to their conspicuous position and their gaudy livery. Mr. Rockefeller is not of that sort. He rides in his carriage not to exhibit himself and his wealth, but to "get there," and he does "get there," too.

I do not think this is at all an unnatural view for me to take of Mr. Rockefeller's philosophy of life. It is the philosophy held by all normal men and I think Mr. Rockefeller perfectly normal except for the having of an unusual ability in the art of the making of money.

We live to live, not to let other people know we are alive. I don't wear clothes for ornament, but for warmth. I don't go to the opera to exhibit myself to other people, but to satisfy my ears and eyes.

The squirrel does not lay up his winter store of nuts in order to make other squirrels envious of him, nor yet to have them admire his wealth and foresight. He lays up his nuts for the one and single purpose of feeding himself when the snow covers the ground and when if he had no store on hand he would starve.

The Bees act on the same instinct. In California the Bees living in a climate where there are flowers all the year round follow up their old instinct developed under different climatic conditions, of gathering honey for a winter that never comes and consequently laying up immense stores of honey that is never consumed at all and simply goes to waste unless man wandering in the forest happens accidentally to find the bee tree.

Mr. Rockefeller is like the California Bee. He is obeying a fundamental instinct to accumulate, although the original incentive for laying up more wealth has long since ceased. However, it is just as much a part of his life to go on accumulating wealth which he cannot consume as it is for the California Bee to accumulate honey which she can not consume. You no more could reason Mr. Rockefeller out of following up his irresistible instinct than you could successfully reason with a Bee. For even suppose you could teach a Bee the futility of gathering honey which would never be eaten, what a miserable little Bee you would make feeding her of the Fruit of the Tree of Economic Knowledge. How could the poor Bee pass away the time if she could not gather honey? Would you teach her to play golf? Would you teach her to gamble with her sister Bees, to see which Bee should have the most of the Useless Honey that no Bee wanted anyway because there was already too much on hand?

No, if you had a kind heart you would let the poor Bee go on for the rest of her Bee life gathering honey, even though you knew she was making something that would be of no use.

For the Bee to be happy she must be a Busy Bee. Her problem in life is not to *own* honey, but to *make* honey. I

don't know that Browning was thinking of either Busy Bees or Busy Rockefellers when he wrote:—

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but, finding first
What may be, then, how to make it fair
Up to our means; a very different thing!

But his philosophy was all right, just the same.

Now, you can't introduce any game to a Bee that will let her be a Lazy Bee and yet imagine herself a Busy Bee. You can't make her drunk, for instance, and make her think she is doing great stunts in the honey-making line, while, as a matter of fact, she is fast asleep in the club window of the Hive. Neither can you get her to chase around the Golf Links of a Honeyless Garden pretending to gather honey, but in reality simply playing in a make-believe Game of Life.

Now, with Mr. Rockefeller it's all different. He has a man's imagination, and so you can fool him. On nice, clear days you can set him to playing golf, and he will forget all about the real Game of Life and enjoy the imitation more than he ever enjoyed the real. At least, he thinks he does, and this is the same thing.

Then, on rainy days, you can let him stay in the Club, and by judicious and sundry Scotch High-balls you can fool him into thinking he is doing things when he is, in reality, not even walking around a golf links. Oh, it's a great thing to be a Man rather than a Bee.

But there is another difference, too. The Bee gathers her honey in a fair field, one that is freely open to all Bees. Mr. Rockefeller gathers his honey from a private preserve. Here we have a great United States Flower Garden and plenty of Honey for All. Years ago our grandfathers made a very silly arrangement with certain people, whereby Mr. Rockefeller owns this Flower Garden. We gather the Honey for him, and he gives us of the Honey such a share that will keep us sufficiently alive that we may have strength enough to fly around and continue the gathering of still more honey for him. I say this was a silly arrangement, for

there was no reason why we should not, in our Own Country, our Own United States, our Own Flower Garden, have ALL the HONEY we might make for our OWN SELVES, instead of giving up three-quarters to capitalists like Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan. However, our grandfathers made the agreement and we grandchildren seemed to think that neither should we ourselves back out of it, and that we should, moreover, pledge our own grandchildren to continue the arrangement perpetually.

The trouble that is now vexing our souls, however, is a very serious one. We thought our contract carried with it the implication that as long as we were willing to gather honey from the National Garden for Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan, that they would be willing to let us in the field and to gather and get our one-fourth of the gathering. It appears we made a mistake. Mr. Rockefeller is now saying that he has all the Honey he wants and that there is no use of our making what he don't want. He has formed his Trust for the express purpose of fencing us out of the Garden of Earth. We cannot deny that he has much more Honey than he can use because his big Standard Hive is the most conspicuous thing in the field.

No, we cannot deny that our labor has become useless to him for he has all he wants, but on the other hand we also cannot see how we are going to get any Honey for ourselves when the Big Trust Screen is completed and we are denied access to the Flower Garden of Life. We are very reluctantly being forced to see that we must own the Earth ourselves if we expect to have the right at any and all times of entry into the National Garden to supply ourselves with the needful Honey.

When the Nation Owns the Trust Hive all us American Busy Bees will have the right to enter and make Honey and partake of the common store gathered by all.

If we wish to have what we gather let us Bees Get Busy.

"Let the Nation Own the Honey Trust."

CURRENT EVENTS

ALTHOUGH the great Coal Strike is over, the lessons it has taught us will never be forgotten. One of these is that our industrial system is such a complex structure that when any one part of it goes wrong the whole organism is upset—and that when the whole organism is in a healthy state we may observe certain laws for the governing of our actions, but the moment it becomes deranged we do not hesitate to take the most desperate remedies for relief—remedies so desperate, in fact, that in health we would consider it suicidal to use them. The idea of the sacredness of the right of private property seems primal and inherent to the average citizen of today, and any violation of that right is considered to be fraught with the most disastrous consequences to the social order.

However, it is easy to respect the man-made law of the right of property when you don't need the property, but when you need it, and need it badly enough, then the natural law comes into play, and the most law-abiding

citizen becomes a law-breaker, often more easily than the man who has had so little respect for law that he has already come into conflict with its rigors. For instance, the incident which occurred in the town of Arcola, where the mayor and the citizens deliberately stole the coal from the coal trains and distributed it to the citizens,

The Law That Necessity Knows.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

was not the act of tramps, or burglars, or vagabonds, but of the first citizens of the town. In fact, it is quite probable that a tramp would have been the last one to have thought of openly taking the coal the way the mayor and his council did.

It is idle to suppose that if another crisis occurs in any other industry, and

people are short of some other commodity which is a necessity of life, they will not take the law into their own hands exactly as they did regarding the coal.

The chief difference, when the great crisis comes, will be that the people will not only seize upon the commodities which are in sight, but they will be compelled to seize upon the machinery which produces those commodities, and use it to produce them

and dig out the coal and utilize it to prevent themselves freezing. The seizure of a commodity is only a preliminary step to the seizure of the tools whereby that commodity is produced. In times of no serious stress it does not take much of a barrier to prevent the people from making any move to acquire possession of the machinery of production. The decision of any Court that such a move is unconstitutional is quite sufficient. However,

Jim Dumps to date.

—Detroit News

for themselves; not because they will have become more sensible, but because the necessities of the case will be more urgent.

Today the people seize the coal because it happens to be there; but if the coal strike had continued a month or two longer, it is now admitted by all that the United States Government would have been compelled to seize the coal mines and even the coal railroads

when the flood of public indignation rises so high, owing to the complete stoppage of supplies, respect for the Constitution will be so completely submerged that we may forget that it even existed. Necessity knows no Constitution. We will then proceed to do as we think we ought to do without waiting for Mr. Hearst to gather together a convention to revise the Constitution. This convention, by the way, if it is

ever called, will be of much greater value to the country than simply to change the method of election of United States Senators. We are now recognizing that the Senate is after all simply a Committee Room of some rather inferior agents of the Trust with little or no power of initiative, so that the mere matter of how Senators are elected is of comparatively small importance, inasmuch as the Senator himself, after being elected, is of no consequence. If we could only elect by direct vote of the people the officers of the United States Steel Trust and of the various big banking houses in New York city, that would be worth considering and would be a greater step toward democracy than any election of United States Senators by direct vote. However, our political movements follow the lines of least resistance, and of course it is much easier to get the

people to consider a change in the mode of electing political officers than it is to get them to consider changing the mode of election of more important officers, such as directors of our industrial corporations. These we now think we have no right to elect any more than the Englishman thinks he has a right to elect a member of his

House of Lords. Tradition enslaves us all.

Speaking of the English House of Lords, it is noteworthy that the agitation in England against a hereditary House and against monarchy as an institution has practically died out. It is being recognized that after all the

His Valentine.

—N. Y. American

political power of the Lords and the King is of little consequence compared with the industrial power of the great capitalists; and it is also recognized that the financial cost of supporting the English political monarchy has become of very little import as compared with the cost of supporting the industrial monarchy. Here we have

one capitalist in our country who has an income sufficient to support twenty-five English royal families, with all their dependents, and still have enough left over to support the Czar of Russia and all his family.

It is remarkable that when the people know all this about the enormous cost of supporting our capitalist regime, they don't make any remonstrance. Artist Oppen depicts the people in the annexed cartoon as a weak-minded individual who, while he knows that the Trusts are picking his pockets, shows very little sign of making any resistance. Even when he gets a valentine, showing him his condition, he seems to be more mortified at its being a matter of common knowledge that he is robbed than he is at the revelation of his own cowardice and stupidity in allowing the robbery to continue.



Congress has adjourned after passing an innocuous Trust Bill which gives more or less publicity to the Trust. The appropriation for accomplishing this is ridiculously small—but \$30,000, I understand, having been appropriated to perform a task which would take \$600,000 at least. The absurdity of it is that even if publicity were of the widest possible character, nothing would come of it. We are living under a system of private ownership of capital, and the essence of private ownership is the right to the unearned increment; and it is absurd to discriminate against one set of capitalists and say that they shall not have the unearned increment, and allow all other capitalists to get it. There was a conference in February in New York city of all those interested in municipal ownership of public utilities. I attended several

of the meetings, and could not help but remark the fact that few of those people interested in municipal ownership realized that what was pushing them into this position was the general growth of the Socialistic sentiment in the country. They seemed to think that this idea of municipal ownership had grown up without any soil to root itself in, the sentiment of the people for complete public ownership of all public utilities.

In the discussion as to the question of the taxation of franchises there seemed to be two points of view. One was that we should tax the holders of the franchise upon the basis of the stock exchange value of the shares and bonds. The other was to so regulate the fares of the railroads that by continually reducing them we should so reduce the dividends to the stockholders that there would not be any more than the ordinary return for the capital invested. It was proposed either to reduce the fares or to so heavily tax the stock that the same end would be gained, viz., that an investor would not get more than a normal rate of interest on his investment. I made a few remarks, pointing out the incongruity of both these positions. Those who advocated putting the ordinary tax upon stock according to its stock exchange value, without any attempt at reducing fares, were tacitly condoning the robbery of the public and proposed to divide the swag with the robber. That is, supposing the Manhattan Street Railway stock were selling at \$140, \$100 representing the actual cash invested, and \$40 representing the premium at which the stock was selling, owing to the excessive dividends it pays over the normal rate of interest, because people pay more fare than they ought. If it were

attempted to reduce the stock exchange value to \$100, by imposing a tax on the railroad, or by reducing fares so that the dividend rate was only normal upon each \$100 invested, then we would be making a discrimination between the capitalists who invest in railway shares as against the capitalist who invests in real estate. The man who ten years ago bought real estate in the city of New York, could today get a very heavy premium on his investment owing to the advance of land value; in other words, he gains the unearned increment. Such a gain is considered legitimate by the very men who are denouncing the iniquity of a similar gain by the owner of street railway stock. I said that for my part I could not see why the railway stock owner should not have as much right to participate in the unearned increment as the investor in real estate. No answer was made to any of the points I raised.

One interesting feature of this Municipal Ownership Conference was the fact that it was held under the auspices of the Reform Club of New York. Now, the Reform Club was born of the Mugwump Cleveland campaign and is composed of old line Democrats, distinctly of the Spencerian *Laissez faire* school of economics, who have always said "Let us put honest men in office, and the less the government interferes with business the better it is for the

people;" yet here they are, chucking overboard all their old theories and going in for Municipal Socialism.

One of the strongest speeches during the Conference was made by the Hon. C. De Witt Warner, whose efforts on behalf of the Cleveland Democracy are still remembered. Mr. Warner was also a Congressman from New York for a term or two, if I remember aright; and it had always been my impression



Here, Boys, you can take it.

—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

that his politics were the reverse of those of the Socialists. However, Mr. Warner is a man with strongly Democratic tendencies and is a great admirer of William Morris and Walter Crane, and is recognizing that art can never have a free life until the people have a free life, and freedom can only come through a change in our social institutions and conditions.

I was also at another dinner given by reformers, viz., the Economic Club

of Boston. I was put down as one of the speakers on the question of "How We Shall Attain Industrial Peace." There were a number of speakers before me, and among them Mr. Towne, of the Yale & Towne Lock Manufacturing Company, of Stanford, Conn., and Mr. Riebeneck, Assistant Controller of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Towne spoke optimistically upon the possibility of harmonizing Labor and Capital by letting both organize and give to each what it was right they should have. His position is very similar to that of Mr. Hanna and the Civic Federation generally, and looks toward the perpetuation of an Industrial Feudalism.

Mr. Riebeneck spoke upon the new system of pensions introduced by the Pennsylvania Railroad. This pensioning of employees by the great corporations is now becoming a matter of considerable interest among the capitalists, and one would think they had solved the Problem of the Universe to hear them talk of pensions for their employees. The Pennsylvania Company gives a pension to a man when he reaches seventy years of age, at the rate of one per cent. per year of the wages received for the last ten years. That is, if the average wage for the last ten years was \$500 a year, he gets \$50 a year pension. How a man can live upon one-tenth of what was previously almost the minimum of existence, I am yet unable to understand. But this is the great and glorious benefaction bestowed upon the workingmen by the benevolent Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Another peculiar feature about the plan is that an engineer, say, who receives \$1,500 a year, and owing to infirmity has to give up an engineer's job when he becomes fifty years of age,

and goes on as a gateman at \$500 a year, has his pension estimated, not at the rate of \$1,500 a year, but at the rate of \$500 a year, that being the amount he was receiving for the last ten years of his service. Inasmuch as very few engineers can work in the cab after sixty years of age, it will be seen that few will get a pension based on the engineer's wage.

The amount of money required to pay the pensions under the system is estimated at about \$290,000 a year. As the pay roll of the Company is about \$60,000,000 a year, it will be seen that the amount required to pay the pensions would increase the total payroll of the Railroad is only about one-half of one per cent. Inasmuch as the Railroad Company has recently made a voluntary increase of 10 per cent. in its wage scale, it will be seen that paying out a little one-half of one per cent. to establish a pension fund is of no great economic importance to the Company. Even this \$290,000 which they pay is more than made up for by the superior efficiency of the younger men they take on instead of the older ones they superannuate, and by the reduced pay they give the new men compared with the pay of the older employees, so that not even one-half of one per cent. is added to their payroll. In fact, it probably results in a net saving to the Company.

However, I am not decrying the principle of pensioning, but pointing out the fact that economically it costs little or nothing to the capitalists, and is of no economic importance in the way of diminishing the accumulation of surplus capital. It does not stay the progress of social evolution, inasmuch as it does not diminish the accumulation of capital, which, when unabsorbed, means an insoluble unemployed problem.

THE "MERGER" DECISION

THE decision of the United States Court against the validity of the Northern Securities Company is, as has been well said, a most revolutionary departure in legal matters, in fact it is so very revolutionary that it is palpably unconstitutional, and I have no doubt that the Supreme Court, upon appeal, will so declare it to be. The very essence of the right of private property is the right of disposal, and if a law preventing disposal of property is declared unconstitutional, then the constitution must part with its time-honored label of "protector of private property." The decision is in effect that certain private persons, to wit, Mr. Hill, Mr. Morgan and others have not the right to dispose of their stock in the Great Northern Railway, the Burlington Railway and the Northern Pacific Railway to the Northern Securities Co., because that company, by holding the stocks in those various competitive roads, effects a combination of competitive railways and hence deprives the public of the currently supposed benefits of competition in railway rates. It seems to me that there could hardly be conceived a more absurd law than one which says to a man, "You must not sell your horse to a man who already owns a horse, for if you do we will make that man hunt you up and return you your horse and take your money back. If you happened to have spent the money meanwhile he must keep the horse until you got some more money." By substituting horse for railway, the old for the modern method of transportation, we have the command that the Circuit Court has issued to railway owners. Of course the decision will embarrass Mr. Morgan until he gets a reversal from the Supreme Court, but to think that it will have any effect to permanently prevent "mergers" is purely childish. For the time being Mr. Morgan may be held up in his great work of unifying and systematizing the railway systems on this continent, but to think a process in the natural development of industry can be permanently prevented is manifestly an absurdity. Even in the unexpected event of the United States Supreme Court affirming the decision of the Circuit Court the general result must finally be exactly the same, viz., the process of concentration and consolidation will proceed, although with a possible halt until Mr. Morgan can find a way around the obstacle. When a huge boulder rolls down the mountain side into the stream it may block the downward course of the water until a new channel is cut out. The "merger" decision may in the same way delay Mr. Morgan until he can cut out a new channel for the rising flood of combination. To think that a new channel will not be found by the water blocked by the boulder is no more silly than to think that a new channel will not be found by Mr. Morgan. Necessity makes new laws.

The president of the Seaboard Air Line, one of the southern railways that Mr. Morgan is preparing to merge in his Southern Securities Co., as soon as he sees the legal coast clear, has expressed great satisfaction at the "merger" decision. Quite naturally, he is one of the useless presidents that

Mr. Morgan will eliminate when he effects his Southern combination. He is not the only railway president of the smaller roads that would like to stop the Morgan's onward march of combination. No doubt the little retail dry-goods merchants who are being displaced by the big department stores would like a "merger" decision that would guarantee them their positions. However, I have no doubt that the Seaboard President, a Southern Colonel, sah, would be deadly insulted if he knew I classed him, a railway president, with a miserable little drygoods merchant. I also have no doubt that a few years ago he would not have thought it possible that he, a great

capitalist, would have been using such revolutionary language as the following which the press ascribes to him :

"It is idle to talk of a political republic with a financial tyranny; there is no more safety in having commerce at the mercy of an absolute ruler than there would be in having our government controlled by a czar which might be a benevolent or cruel one, according to his whim or ability, or to the circumstances."

It's amusing that he seems to think that the United States is not already under an industrial tyranny simply because he happens to belong to the tyrants himself. Let Mr. Morgan absorb the Seaboard Air Line and throw him out and then the shoe is on the other foot and the Colonel roars "TYRANNY."

WILSHIRE'S BAROMETER

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Many letters are received from subscribers before the 5th of the month complaining that they have not received their magazine for the current month. We beg to draw attention to the fact that our magazine, unlike most of the other monthlies, does not come off the press until the first day of the current month of issue, and that it requires from five to seven days to mail the complete edition. Furthermore, we wish to remind our subscribers that the magazine is mailed from Canada, which involves a further loss of time.

When an infant or child is growing too fast it suffers from "growing pains" and its system becomes deranged for the time being. Wilshire's Magazine is just now pleasurably afflicted with "growing pains," and our system is suffering somewhat therefrom. Heroic doses of "night and day work" are being administered copiously, however, and it will only be a short time before the youngster will jull through and come forth with all the added strength and vigor of its new period in life. Meanwhile, please be patient with us, and be assured that by being so you are aiding us very materially in getting through speedily with our present attack of "growing pains."

Many of our new subscribers who wished to commence with the February issue have been disappointed at the non-receipt of the magazine requested. A word of explanation is due them,

The February edition, although greatly increased, proved inadequate for our requirements, notwithstanding the fact that a carefully calculated ratio of increase was provided for. The new subscriptions ran far ahead of the normal ratio, hence the shortage.

While the February edition is exhausted and we still have several thousand subscribers yet to supply, we wish to state that when we receive the returned copies from the news companies, we shall probably be able to supply these back numbers. It will be the latter part of April, however, before we can send these copies to our new subscribers, who will meanwhile have received their March number. This procedure is somewhat irregular, but we trust it will prove satisfactory to these subscribers, as we find that the majority would prefer to wait some time for their copy rather than not receive it at all.

ABOUT NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

All subscriptions received in this office before the 15th of the month will commence with the current issue.

Subscriptions received AFTER the 15th of the month will commence with NEXT MONTH'S issue.

There will be NO EXCEPTIONS to this rule, and workers when taking new subscriptions will please call attention of their customers to this fact. Also please notice that the date refers to the RECEIPT OF THE SUBSCRIPTION IN THIS OFFICE.

In response to numerous inquiries for back numbers, we regret to inform our subscribers that all editions previous to November are exhausted, and it will be impossible to supply copies at any price. Anyone wishing copies of November, December and January should place their orders immediately, as within a month it will be impossible to supply any of these. The February and March issues are nearly exhausted owing to an unprecedented and unexpected demand.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publishers desire to announce the cancellation of all previous "special," "club," and "reduced," and other offers which have been made from time to time in the past in our pages and in the columns of other publications. On and after May 1st the regular subscription price to WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE will be \$1.00 for one year.

NO MORE 3 AND 6 MONTHS CARDS.

On and after May 1st no more three or six months subscriptions will be sold. The present low price of the magazine and the amount of bookkeeping and correspondence involved in keeping track of these subscriptions does not warrant a continuation of them.

A FEW POINTERS FOR WORKERS.

Our friends can assist us very materially if they will use greater care in writing names and addresses more plainly on the subscription cards and blanks sent us. Upon investigating complaints about the non-receipt of the magazine, we find frequently that cards have been sent in without a pen stroke to indicate whence they came. Again, addresses will be omitted, and sometimes names.

Also, we frequently receive remittances without any explanation whatever, and not being clairvoyants, we have to lay these waifs aside until a letter of complaint—usually a "hot" one—arrives wanting to know why the magazine is not forthcoming.

Others deem it unnecessary to put a date line on their letters, and if by mischance it is not detected in time to obtain the necessary information from the postmark, or the latter is undecipherable, these communications also join the orphan remittances. That pile of "waifs" in our office is an eyesore to us, and if photographed would convey a striking object-lesson to careless correspondents.

All these errors of omission and commission cause friction, delay and expense, and work a serious injury to the magazine, and indirectly to the cause of Socialism.

We therefore earnestly request the kind co-operation of our friends everywhere in exercising due care in these matters, and we assure them that we will do our part in the matter by giving them prompt attention.

We earnestly request our friends to read carefully the "pointers," "to our subscribers," about "renewals," and all other paragraphs in this issue which bear pointedly upon the work

of securing and handling subscriptions. The importance of careful attention to these details cannot be impressed too strongly. The work in hand is a vast one, and we need the hearty co-operation of everyone to assist us in producing the best and greatest results with the means now within our power.

As the circulation of our magazine grows larger the machinery for handling the business will correspondingly be increased. We wish our friends to feel that they are an important factor in the success of the cause of Socialism, and as such that they have certain responsibilities as an integral part of the working force of this magazine. Many of the shortcomings of the past are being rapidly corrected, and we wish to assure our friends of our cordial appreciation of their good work, and to extend to them an assurance that in the future they will receive the hearty co-operation of the publishers in every possible way.

RENEWALS

Some of our subscribers who have received expiration notices have written us that they had renewed their subscriptions. We can explain this by stating that very frequently subscribers send in a remittance and fail to state that the same is for a renewal. As a result, their name is entered for a new subscription, and not only is a duplication made thereby, but the subscriber also receives a notice of expiration, as we have had no means of knowing that the subscription had been renewed.

With a subscription list of over 100,000 names, it can readily be seen that it is an impossibility for us to look up every remittance that is received before entering it upon our books.

Workers and subscribers, in sending in renewals in future, will confer a favor by stating this fact, and thereby avoiding confusion, delay and correspondence.

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS

Baltimore, April 14, 1903.

Permit me to thank you for the *grand* work you are doing. You are putting out the best magazine in the world. Success to you!

"Grace be unto you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."

Cordially yours, REV. J. C. HOGAN,
Pastor Emmanuel Church.

Booneville, Ind., April 7, 1903.

Are you making a satisfactory gain in subscribers? Are any of the workers sending in large clubs, or are they mostly a large number of small clubs? Wishing you continued success in publishing so good a periodical. I am working persistently for Socialism.

ALVIN L. HEIM.

[ED. NOTE.—We take pleasure in stating in reply that we are indeed making satisfactory gains and we are having hard work to keep track of the flood of new subscribers. EDITOR.]

Denver, Colo., April 11, 1903.

The work you are doing should be sufficient reason for the parents of children to place the circulation of your magazine at a million in a short time rather than 200,000. A. E. EATON.

The Dalles, Ore., April 28, 1903.

I sold all the cards but two and I will enclose the names, and have you note if they are on your list. I lost my job here on the railroad last May and I have had a hard time making ends meet since then. I worked hard for Socialism among the railroad men and the company got next to me and fired me bodily.

JAMES B. PALMER.

Topeka, Kans., March 2, 1903.

I keenly realize the importance of circulating just such literature as your magazine. It touches the business features of the problem and is just the thing for the business class.

A. O. GRIGSBY.

Newark, N.J., April 4, 1903.

Send me \$5 worth of postal yearly subs. Each number of the magazine seems to be the best thing of the kind I ever saw.

G. H. STROBELL.

Rome, N. Y., Mch. 28th, 1903.

I have your February, 1903, issue, and was much interested in the "give and take" of yourself and Crosby.

If Karl Marx is your pope, is not Henry George his pope?

If Das Kapital is your book of scriptures, is not Progress and Poverty his book of scriptures?

If you, as a Socialist, are completely satisfied that you are one of the elect, is not he, as a Single-taxer, completely satisfied that he is one of the elect?

He asks you how you can be sure that State ownership of Capital will not be a colossal failure. Is it not true that he advocates the taking by government of that portion of Capital called "Rent," in its entirety? If he chooses to call land-value "Rent," and you choose to call land-value "Capital" (or a portion of Capital), is it not a question of taste in terms?

I know not by what term he chooses to call the wealth produced by the labor of government officials applied to his "Rent." But if you choose to call such wealth "Capital," and when estimated in regular intervals of time as it arises, "Interest," or the remaining portion of "Capital," it is up to him to find a better term.

He wants to know how a co-operative commonwealth will develop along political lines. He would have the government annually tax rent, and so take land from individual ownership. You would go him one better and take rent and interest in taxes annually, which would make government the Universal Capitalist

just as surely as to take rent alone would make government the Universal Landlord.

A. D.

Rialto, Calif., Feb. 28th, 1903.

You are the centre ring in the show. There is genius displayed in "The true joy of living." You would be at anywhere. Enclosed find \$2 for cards.

WM. WESTON.

New Wilmington, Pa., April 9, 1903.

I am a cobbler of shoes and over 40 years have worked late at night to keep a wife and six children comfortable and pay for a home. I am 66 years of age and have just got out of debt. Thank God the long struggle is over. I have been a Socialist for over 30 years, talked it from my shoe bench and made a few converts and intend as long as I live to talk and vote the Socialist ticket. Enclosed find 50 cents in postage stamps for one year's subscription to the Wilshire Magazine; start with this March number. I consider the magazine worth more than 50 cents.

THOMAS ASHMORE.

New York City, April 15, '03.

Dear Wilshire.—The February number of your magazine is the best I have seen hitherto. I was particularly interested in the first two articles. Crosby is a valued personal friend of mine. His arguments against Socialism exhibit lamentable ignorance on the subject, and I was pleased to read your effective reply to his letter. Several have said to me that he was not a thinker, in their opinion, so I was not surprised at your announcement, "A Thinker Without the 'H'." For all that, his books, "Psalm and Parable," and "Swords and Plowshares," are among the most highly valued in my library.

"The American Ideal" touched a responsive chord. I graduated from Tufts College, Mass., in 1895, and am a teacher. I have a friend, also a recent graduate of Tufts College, and a teacher, and about a year and a half ago we became converted to Socialism, and have been a part of the movement since that time. Not long ago we learned that the students at Tufts College were taking more interest in economic subjects, and the circulation of the library volumes along those lines of study were markedly increasing. The department was weak in books on Socialism, so a canvass was quietly made among sympathetic alumni, with the result that between twenty and thirty standard works on Socialism were placed on the shelves the first of January, 1903.

It seems to me your "Significance of the Trust" is a classic, and I am glad you republished it. I had the pleasure of hearing you wilt Seligman at Cooper Union. J. P. COLE.

Ladysmith, B.C., April 22nd, '03.

Reading your highly-prized magazine tonight almost caused me to neglect sending you the sub. cards you sent me. You may probably think I have been a long time in returning

them, but I am working for a company and have not even *part* of a Sunday to call my own. But I have done my best with what time I could possibly spare, and have been amply rewarded by the knowledge that each one who has read your magazine has been very highly pleased with it, and it has been the means of inducing many to inquire more fully into the Socialistic problem.

I consider your magazine a "pillar of cloud" by day and a *red hot* "pillar of fire" by night, and if each comrade would only take, say one dozen subscription cards and devote only a small part of their time in getting subscribers for this the ideal magazine, it would be the means of spreading Socialism broadcast over this whole continent. Although my time has been so fully occupied, and living in a *new minin' town* where ninety per cent. of the population are entire strangers to me, still I have secured *thirty-four yearly subscribers*, and am fully convinced they will be *permanent* subscribers. Socialism is spreading very rapidly in Canada, and our comrades south of us will have to look to their laurels if they keep pace with us. We ran a candidate in a recent provincial election, and the Reform and Conservative parties combined to defeat him, and had it not been that the old time "ammunition," (money and promises), were freely used, he would have been elected. His opponents majority was small.

In closing I might say that if you wish you may send me some more cards and I will with the greatest pleasure get as many subscribers as I possibly can for such a "dirt cheap" and worthy book as WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE.

Wishing you every success, I remain,

G. R. WILSON.

New York, April 10, 1903.

Dear Wilshire—

For God's sake, or even for the sake of suffering humanity, put us on your list and send WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE to 59 W. 45th St. How on earth do you expect us to live without it? We've searched the news stands in vain, and but for the fact that I have been so closely confined to the house with work, I should have come to the office for a copy. Get busy, there, and put us out of our misery!

Yours in great pain,

WM. THURSTON BROWN.

Pasaden, Cal., April 7th, 1903.

I congratulate you on the good work you have undertaken. Later generations will admire more and understand better your work than does the present. CHAS. ROSSBERG.

Covington, Ky., April 20, '03.

Enclosed please find money order for \$10, for which please send me subscription cards.

R. H. CHALKLEY.

Sinai Congregation.

JOSEPH LEISER, Rabbi

Sioux City, Iowa, May 12, 1903.

A friend has ordered, mailed to my office, a copy of your magazine. I must confess that you have interested me in your magazine, especially since you have turned the tables on the government and gone to Canada. The contents of the magazine are at present of a very high order, which is a rather trite way of saying that the articles are growing more suggestive, or is it that I am growing more receptive to the ideas set forth in them? It is probably the latter, because we are growing more accustomed to Socialistic theories. To be sure, Socialism is not a finality. Socialism is a tendency of our day, our age, and what is more, Socialism of one kind or another must eventuate from the present unjust conditions in which every one of us fret and stew. We are pioneers of the new thought, and like pioneers we are crying in the wilderness. I have not resolved that Socialism is the one remedy. To me Socialism has been a diagnosis. By it we are having our present economic industry exposed. Society is gradually preparing for a change of some kind—I know not what it will be and it doth not yet appear what it will be—it certainly will not be capitalism; I can not say it will be Socialism as you understand it or as it has been presented. But no matter. My individual opinion will not swerve it one way or another—we are approaching a new order, call it what you will, and whatever tends to direct us or enlighten us of present conditions ought to be welcomed, because we look in vain in most literary magazines or papers for that enlightenment. To be the forerunner is always the most fascinating.

To be sure one need not go to this length unsolicited to explain a personal standpoint. Truth, however, is in the mass and my version may be a glimpse of that truth we are all seeking. I have set forth my ideas to explain my reasons in sending the enclosed poem to you. Read superficially it is a mere phantasy and were it accepted by the magazines (but it would never be accepted by the magazines) it would be only a word play. It is not. I have personified a species of "benevolent feudalism" and reading that article reminded me of the poem which has been in the ginger jar for some time. I am scorning the so-called benefactors of our day whose benefactions are the agonies of the untimely dead. With this key one can readily open the contents of the poem and so you see at last that I am one of those who are alive to affairs and by no means enamored of them.

I do not in all this forget or overlook the work capitalism has done. Capitalism has achieved something and the history of humanity would have been something quite different and not so good had capitalism never been affected. Capitalism has however outworn itself, and we are now witnessing on the shores of time the wreckage of this shipwreck.

Hail, then, the new day! Cheer and courage for the work and the workers.

Sincerely yours, JOSEPH LEISER.

CHILD SLAVERY

THE conditions which prevail in the heart of the glass district of New Jersey can only find a parallel in the days before the civil war. Probably then human slavery never reached the high tide of inhumanity that is attained in the New Jersey glass factories, where children who are mere infants are the chattels of glass factory proprietors.

The laws of the State are set at naught in this degrading system of child labor. The State law contains a distinct provision that children under twelve years shall not be employed in any store or factory within the State. Another provision is that all children under that age shall attend school at least sixty days in each year.

Both laws are openly violated in the glass districts under peculiarly revolting conditions.

Think of a boy of nine, weak, puny, stunted, living amid surroundings not the most favorable, dragged from his bed at six o'clock in the morning and an hour later given a seat within two feet of a glass furnace, the heat of which is so great that no thermometer is made that will record the temperature, and then compelled to sit for five weary hours, bending his body backward and forward every fifteen seconds, as he closes the molds for blowers who work just above him!

Midway between 7 and 12 o'clock, through the tender consideration of the factory owner, he is allowed to have a recess of fifteen minutes, and this he spends, not in resting, as one might suppose, but carrying in four or five

pails of water, averaging in weight ten pounds each, for the use of the blowers when the recess is over.

Then the lad returns to work. He is allowed an hour for his dinner, when he once more begins the steady grind, being released finally at 5 o'clock for the day.

During the dinner hour he carries water, and he must also have a fresh supply on hand when the workday begins at 7 a. m., which means that he must be at the factory at 6.30 every morning.

Most of these boys live in the country, eight and ten miles from the factory. The strike which has been running against the More Jones factories in Bridgeton, and at Minotola, has temporarily released all of the available boys in the towns, and the factory owners have been compelled to go out into the farming districts to secure their prey. The boys either ride into town every morning or they walk, so that here is an additional tax upon their strength.

The result is a constantly growing generation of lads who are stunted in size, stoop-shouldered, spiritless, veritable gnomes in appearance and, worse than all, taken practically from their mothers' hearts and put to work, they are deprived absolutely of all educational advantages and are growing up in dire ignorance. Three out of five of them do not know their names when they see them in print.

Mrs. Lamphere, a woman who has devoted most of her time to ameliorating the conditions, is authority for the statement that many of the children are

absolutely ignorant of what their names are, and will refer you to their parents and bosses when asked.

This, then, is the situation in a seemingly prosperous section of one of the oldest and most enlightened States in the Union.

The clearest explanation of the many by which the glass factory owners seek to excuse the use of child labor is perhaps that of George S. Bacon, general manager of the Whitall-Tatum mills, at Millville, N. J., where some effort is made to live up to the requirements of the law.

Mr. Bacon made no effort to conceal the fact that the use of child labor was simply and solely because it was cheaper, and yet Mr. Bacon was very emphatic in declaring that he would not want any sons of his, even at the age of twelve, to enter the glass factories. When asked what would be done if the minimum age at which children could be employed was raised to sixteen years, he said :

"I suppose we would try to meet the condition, but to raise the age would make it more costly to make glass. The older the boys, the bigger the wages we would have to pay them, and this is the situation in a sentence. The proprietors of the glass factories say that they must have boys to do the work, because men can't do it, because men are too tall to do the constant bending made necessary and because the boys are more active and agile."

But in other States where glass is largely made, in Indiana and in New York, where the age limit is higher than in New Jersey, grown boys and full grown men do the work and do it as acceptably.

The whole position is simply that the boys can be secured for from 57 to 62 cents per day, while men would have to be paid from \$1.00 to \$1.50. Therefore, boys are preferred, and as a result not only are mere infants tied down to a slavery that is destroying them mentally, morally and physically, but labor as well is being degraded and reduced to a low level, for the factory proprietor grades all his salaries proportionately to those paid the boy, and in consequence adult labor averages from \$1 to \$1.50

per day lower than that of almost every other State.

It is this depressing effect upon adult labor that the employment of children has that has caused the Glass Blowers' Union to make a determined stand against the evil, and it goes without saying that the labor leaders are as alive to the inhumanity of the situation as any one, for it must be understood that it is not only in the non-union shops, but in those where the union is recognized as well, that the evil of child labor prevails and general low wages prevail, although a more consistent effort is made by the union shops to enforce the law than elsewhere.

Not all of the children have been deprived of educational advantages either, though most of them have.

The offending factory owners will point to the night schools which have been opened for the boys if you attack them upon that ground, but when a ten, an eleven or a twelve year old boy has been on his feet from 5.30 or 6 a.m. until 6.30 or 7 p.m., he is in no condition to attend night school.

Moreover, these boys alternate on night and day work. One week a boy works all day, the next he works all night, so that it is impossible for him to secure consecutive weeks of schooling. Generally the lad is so completely tired out when his day's work is done that he falls exhausted in the most available spot and sleeps like an animal until morning.

There is a case on record of an Italian lad who, tired out after a day's work, fell exhausted on the railroad tracks at Minotola, where he slept until a train turned his sleep into death. This little fellow was only ten years old, and he had been working with the blast furnace for more than two years.

Though Italians are slowly creeping into the glass business, most of the lads who are held in this bondage are Americans, of an average age of eleven years, and a weight of from forty-five to fifty-five pounds. One of the surprising features of the case is the indifference of public opinion to the plight of the children.—New York American and Journal.

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My Restorative is the leading remedy of the world today. I have furnished it on those remarkable terms to nearly 550,000 people, and 39 out of each 40 have paid for it gladly, because they were cured. In practically every neighborhood everywhere there are cured ones telling others about it.

There are 39 chances in 40 that it will cure you, and I'll take the entire risk.

The Only Way to Cure

In most chronic diseases the only way to cure is to strengthen the *inside* nerves.

Remedies that merely doctor the weak organs may seem to bring brief benefit. But real results come only when we restore the inside nerves. This is the power which alone operates the vital organs. And no weak organ can do its duty until that nerve power comes back.

My Restorative does that—always. I have spent a lifetime in perfecting it for just this one purpose. It treats a weak organ as you would treat a weak engine—by giving it more power. It does all that is needed, and does that which must be done, whether the trouble is little or severe.

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We will double, in these ways, the necessary cost of our brewing. Yet Schlitz Beer shall cost you just what the common beer costs. Will you try it?

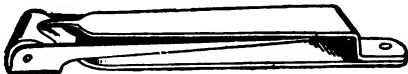
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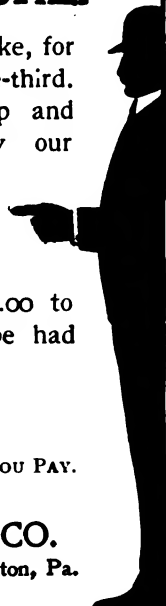
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ut the room; 38 inches high, 17 inches deep, 43 inches
eautifully polished, equal to the finest finished piano,
x & White Co., Meriden, Conn. Complete description
.....Price \$275.00

strument which will, at command, perform any class of
t on the individual study of each piece.

: playing of pieces, the Symphony is an organ with the
her reed or pipe instrument. Its mechanical advantages
s orchestral instruments. The tone is rich and fully
of walnut, golden oak, or chippendale; height 56½
contains fully Five Octaves Rows of Reeds, Octave
elve stops as follows:

- | | | |
|------|------|--|
| | BASS | 8. Diapason, strong, full and round. |
| | | 9. Dulciana, soft and rich. |
| lia. | | 10. Viola, viola quality. |
| e. | | 11. Bass Coupler, couples octave and bass. |
| | | 12. Re-roll, returns music roll. |

sic rolls; additional music rolls for any piece may be
Meriden, Conn. Illustrated descriptive catalogues may
.....Price \$250.00

..... " 250.00

n Ontario, California. Set with bearing peach trees.
upport a family nicely on a ten-acre fruit ranch in
his. Ontario is a lovely village of 2,000 people, about
ate is perfection, free from frost in winter and great
ter supply. The ranch is about one mile from Ontario
prize down below others of less value in this list, as, to
e time every year or two in California or reside there

E LEADING PRIZE-WINNERS LAST PRIZE CONTEST

Ky.....	Harvard Upright Cabinet Grand Piano
Ohio.....	Pianotist Piano Player
.....	Columbia Grand Graphophone
Pa.....	" " "
.....	Billiard Table
.....	Library Table
io.....	University Reclining Chair
Conn.....	Pool Table
Mont.....	Gold Watch
.....	" "
alif.....	" "
sh.....	" "
.....	" "
a, Pa.....	Bicycle
Ohio.....	"
Md.....	"
Tenn.....	"
.....	"
h.....	"Al-Vista" Camera
.....	" "
a.....	" "
f.....	" "
s.....	" "

THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

's Magazine

DRD WILSHIRE, Editor

NTO, JUNE, 1903

\$1 Per Year

LS OF THE GODS

slowly, swell the funds of this delectable stances gang?"

apidly. Today the country is ringing from that the end to end with the Postoffice scandals. ated the Every day brings fresh disclosures of magazine rottenness and corruption in the Post-and that office Department.

r adver- Here are a few clippings from this with the week's daily newspapers. This is from ie manu- the New York Evening Post:

pose of
hich are
s.
the Post
er, 1902,

d Assist-
en aware
e United
ckmailing
ccess de-
ed enjoy-
leges for
is Maga-
n because
\$5,000 to

A SMOTHERED POSTOFFICE SCANDAL.

Ex-Postmaster-General Smith, Perry Heath,
and Others Implicated in Statement by Re-
moved Cashier of Washington City
Postoffice—Asked by Postmaster-
General Payne to Explain.

Postmaster-General Payne yesterday ad-
dressed letters to ex-Postmaster Charles Emory
Smith, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General
Bristow, Postmaster Merritt of Washington, and
Comptroller Tracewell of the Treasury, calling
attention to a published interview with S. W.
Tulloch, for many years, until three years ago,
cashier of the Washington Postoffice. In the
interview Mr. Tulloch makes serious charges.
He is quoted as saying:

I was cashier of the Washington City Post-
office for more than twenty-one years, and was
considered one of the experts in the service. I
served during the celebrated Star Route investi-
gation and trial, consequently, when the

ated: "With against whom I complained. I then or of a dis- wrote to the President asking for igning game an interview, feeling confident that in ng on in the five minutes conversation I could con- evident that vince him that his subordinates had p my case done me a great injustice; but he re- f his reputa- ferred me back to the Postmaster- ld be doubly General who had referred me back to ere the suc- Madden. Even when Hon. F. O. Mac- count of his Cartney, of the Massachusetts Legis- Tyner, the lature wrote him, appealing for a per- stoffice, and sonal interview on the subject he, too, th the Post- was referred in the same way to the d I decided same official of whom the complaint honor that, was made. In an open letter to Presi- ed to have dent Roosevelt at the time, I said: uld not ask "Why endanger your political future a sacrifice by tying your fortunes to such a man (as Madden)? What greater blunder

April 22nd we

neral for the arily removed n April 23rd. sign early in nself and wife I to save him wife and her of Harrison J. a safe expert of all it con- Tyner house ner was dis- ned may be

atch on the it:

Washington -pigeon, has ailing letters ountry whose onable, and Barrett was 1 that it was , secure the ey-General's 1 nature.

ote to the ing of the n and ask- ie referred very man

could Mr. Madden have committed your administration to, than that of suppressing the freedom of the press?"

Again I am substantiated. In the New York World of May 4, eighteen months afterwards, I find the following:

FEAR EFFECT OF SCANDALS ON 1904.

President's Friends Are Greatly Worried by Revelations in Postoffice Department. Baltimore Inquiry Stopped by Officials. Serious Irregularities Believed to Exist There—Now Likely That Machen Will Be Removed.

(Special to The World.)

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Many of President Roosevelt's close friends in the Senate and House are worried about the Postoffice scandals. They fear they will be a serious handicap to Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 unless they are rigorously and quickly dealt with. Senator Lodge, who is here now, is one of these. When Senators Aldrich, Spooner, Allison and Platt, of Connecticut, get together at Virginia Hot Springs next Tuesday, ostensibly to discuss a new financial measure, they will also talk over the Postoffice scandals, and Senator Lodge is going down there to tell them what he knows.

Meanwhile Postmaster-General Payne is waiting to hear from Charles Emory Smith and the others to whom he wrote on Friday for an explanation of Tulloch's charges, and Tulloch sits serenely at his home in Forest Glen and insists he can prove everything he says, and more, too.

ublishers' from my own experiences, to exist,
ed. hoping that when the air clears once

Magazine more I shall be able to exercise my un-
:move its deniable right to publish my Magazine
c to Can- in my own country, even though it have
ng above for its motto: "Let the Nation Own
Hearst's the Trusts."

and gave
fort that
nail me.

Since the above was written, the
Postoffice has finally given me an
answer to my request for Foreign
Entry, which was made February 20.
Their answer, dated May 8, nearly
three months after the application was
made, asks for certain facts in regard
to circulation, which I should have
been only too glad to give them three
months ago. Foreign Registry is
always granted to a publication printed
outside of the United States when it
can satisfy the Postoffice that it has the
ordinary characteristics demanded for
domestic publications entitled to
second-class rates. The reason Mr.
Madden withholds his decision for so
long a time is apparent when it is
considered that, if he should decide
Wilshire's Magazine to be entitled to
Foreign Registry, it follows logically
it must have the right to Domestic
Entry. I await with some curiosity the
excuse he will offer for refusing me
Foreign Registry.

ler an the malfeasance has been so languid as
 es as to give the superficial impression that
 ant to no results are really desired.

mix But before uncharitable criticisms are
 l pur- based on these alleged facts, let us call
 the attention of the critics to one un-
 answerable proof of the stern integrity
 of the men at the head of the depart-
 o take ment. A year ago a letter-carrier re-
 onduct ceived two cents for excess postage.
 ate all He says he turned the money into the
 gs for office. His superiors say he did not.
 regret A force of inspectors has been on his
 ion is trail ever since. He has been shadowed
 andals and followed from place to place, and
 the other day he was arrested. He
 seems will be prosecuted with all the rigor of
 , that a government as inflexible as it is just,
 ota of and in his person crime of the two-cent
 h offi- grade will be made forever odious.

moved With such a record of fearless and
 rgars' tireless vigilance, Postmaster-General
 to be Payne can well afford to despise the
 family censorious critics who cast reflections
 of the upon the sincerity of his determination
 tion of to enforce probity in his department.

ITY IN CALIFORNIA

ort and caresses. Because of the abundance,
 lifornia prices are so low that producers are
 ground bankrupted. While the rest of the
 ans. I country is booming with high prices,
 e have the price of oranges, the great fruit
 sabode crop of Southern California, is so low
 rather that it does not pay to pick them off
 n Cali- the tree. Never in the history of the
 settled trade has the price of California oranges

There been so slaughtered as this year. It is
 lavish- not a question of taking a low price
 sh that for your oranges; it is a question
 by her of getting absolutely nothing. It is a

sarily were not unfriendly owing to the nature of the Socialist demands, but because they felt that anything that took the attention of their members from their paramount object, namely, the immediate betterment of themselves through higher wages and less hours, was to that extent inimical to them.

Labor However, with increasing knowledge of Socialism, the trade-unionists are commencing to see that Socialism and trade-unionism can go along hand in hand, and each can help the other to attain its object in life without either weakening the other's strength. The recognition of this truth will take time, until however, and nothing but harm can come of trying to force men to accept it until they fully understand and approve of it.

They Los Angeles, April 11th.

BE NOBLE

LOWELL

the nobleness that lies
 sleeping but never dead,
 majesty to meet thine own ;
 thou see it gleam in many eyes,
 light around thy path be shed,
 nevermore be sad and lone.


MES

HALF JOKE, WHOLE EARNEST

The accompanying cartoon is the reproduction of an advertisement used by the Los Angeles Times. The advertisement is unconscious of the grim irony of the advertisement. Here is a newspaper making \$100,000 a year, a part of which comes from the labor of just a few little living skeletons as are depicted upon the advertisement.

The very fact that the Times itself is willing to advertise the means by which it makes its profits, is an absolutely certain indication that the Times does not realize the iniquity of the whole

of New York has recently passed a law, the efforts of Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes* and the efforts of the age at which children can be employed are not more than seventeen years. This law cannot be evaded in any way whatsoever. No longer will we hear of the widowed mother dependent upon her support, offered as an excuse for making her work. New York has taken away this last support, providing for the public support of the mother and the child, relying upon her private support by the advertisement.

It was shown that under the old law the advertisement of the children into the street to work for was that they were often landed in the street and the State had to support the mother and the child. It was easy then to reach the conclusion that a better policy to support the mother while the children are kept in school, than to support her in the reformatory.

California becomes as well educated as New York. The subject of Criminality and Child Labor, see papers like the Los Angeles Times and the world pictures of ragged little boys playing their lives and souls in order that the State may have larger profits.

fanatics, but, as Mr. Stokes truly declared, by "our social and industrial conditions."

These conditions kill grown men and women in multitudes, but their most terrible effect is a never-ceasing slaughter of the innocents.

Mr. Stokes quoted statistics to show that there are upward of 1,750,000 child laborers between the ages of ten and fifteen years in the United States. In the Pennsylvania anthracite mines, ruled by Mr. Baer and his fellow Christian men, to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country, there are 34,000 children who toil for wages. "In all," said Mr. Stokes, "there are about 2,000,000 children being subjected to the hardest kind of work, regardless of schooling, health and character. Their capacity for the

in his disappointment. This, however, while against it may be a bad thing for the country,

He is not necessarily so. It is not universally admitted that Wall Street is the only safe or proper guardian of the interests of the country. All that can be said about it is that it is the most highly organized and probably the most intellectually efficient portion of the public in these matters.

the "It seems to us that, as we have already said, Wall Street is between Wall what it considers 'the devil and the deep sea.' It would be very poor policy to unchain the forces of Socialism merely to get rid of the present executive because he could not be controlled. Wall Street should remember that of all sections of the body politic none is more dependent upon the law and than itself. Mr. Roosevelt has ever stood for rigid execution of the law without fear or favor. Wall Street may want to break the law at times, but Wall Street has a great deal more to lose from a general disregard of law than it has to lose from its universal enforcement."

been have nd it as a and dent tters en a itter The recent decision in the "Merger" case will do little to reconcile Mr. Morgan to such an impossible reactionary as Mr. Roosevelt. However, he may prefer to be a Morgan in a competitive industrial chaos to being an equal among equals in a Socialistic cosmos.

PARRY'S LOGIC

nu- the address by their President, D. M.
eus Parry:

ers Perhaps no proposed act of legislation ever
in occasioned a greater outpouring of personal
in appeals to Congress than did the eight-hour
bill. On the one side were the labor unions,

of rising critical and
 ves us much to think
 e does not attempt the
 in inclusive definition,
 sense of what it is and
 nd makes a sane and
 says: "When I ask
 oetry? I am setting
 hich far 'exceeds
 m inviting myself to
 ion, all the master
 thought." Yet he
 that is inevitable in
 mpt at a full solu-
 on no reason for
 light on the

it, in a loose way,
 worthy efforts in
 try. They may
 ous, or *vers de*
 are instances, or
 s do these rise
 e. And it is
 olmes and the
 n mind in any
 as this certain
 us—it is not
 technique or
 luce it.

must'
 I call it, or
 e poet." It
 ired. For
 tion feels a
 d passion-
 that he is
 be super-
 but it "is
 ominantly
 nean that
 rson, too,
 ough not
 . Holmes

A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
 Alas for those who never sing,
 But die with all their music in them.

Our author puts the matter well
 when he says that the feelings of the
 poet and the ordinary man differ only
 in this way: In the first they are
 actual, and in the last potential. The
 intelligent reader of poetry meets
 nothing fundamentally new when he
 reads the poet's productions. He
 simply finds his own thought in super-
 lative expression. If the poet uses his
 imagination freely it is not on baseless
 fancies. With his subliminal instinct,
 to use our critic's happy simile, he
 explores and brings to light the world
 that is truly real, though it is the
 spiritual, and beyond our material
 vision. "Poetic creation?" says Car-
 lyle, "what is this but seeing the thing
 sufficiently? The word that will de-
 scribe the thing follows of itself from
 such intense clear sight of it."

Mr. Holmes, it is now proper to say,
 has not only written *of* Poetry, but he
 has written three notable volumes that
 fall under its rubric. They are entitled
 "Without and Within," "The Silence
 of Love" and "The Triumph of
 Love." The first named I have not
 had the privilege to see; but the last
 two, which are sonnet sequences, indi-
 cate that his pursuit of the poetic art
 has not been in vain, or of trivial
 purport. As a critic he has put forth
 also a creditable appreciation of Walt
 Whitman.

While it is a perilous adventure to
 drop upon the sacred and narrow plot
 of the sonnet, in which some, who are
 poets when away from it, achieve only
 futile expression, Mr. Holmes seems to
 have done his most notable work in its
 domain. And now what is a sonnet?
 It is supposed by some that it is merely

world-convulsing strife;
 of some vast design :—
 long heroic deed;
 sword some cruel wrong;
 soul-redeeming creed;
 trumpet blast of song.
Or are ye wholly vain?
 names on History's page :
 ne is a higher plane,
 a grander stage;—
 wrestle for love's sake,
 ransomed—is my stake.

* *
 when thy life is lone—
 when thy heart is sad:—

Who, though he feels thy heart-throbs in his
 breast,
 May never staunch thy wounds nor soothe their
 pain;
 Nor hush with fond embraces thy sad sighs;
 Nor dry with kisses thy tear-haunted eyes.

The book, published by John Lane
 of the Bodley Head, is a beautiful
 square 12 mo., each sonnet in it having
 an ornamented and enlarged initial, and
 it seems not unlikely to follow "The
 Silence of Love" into a second edition.

AGNES TOBIN

plaint her
 ee glad;
 night;
 e the day;
 with light;
 tears away.
 s thee best,
 ve is vain;

Extremely beautiful is the material
 make-up of another group of sonnets
 lately issued (by William Heinemann,
 London). The volume is thus titled:
 "Love's Crucifix: Nine Sonnets, and a
 Canzone, from Petrarch, by Agnes

in self-defense to are all Whitmanites; it speaks well for them and for him.

like my little prose
v that I did less than
in. For many years
ipathy to him, but a
ne compelled me to
and my essay was
onged struggle with
ity. I feel much
with him now than
riting about him.
iat you Socialists

I am Dear Sir

Yours faithfully

Edmund Holmes

ON THE MERGER DECISION

MARGARET HAILE

ous idea, that for a time. At this we are astonished,
the world! and even a little disappointed. The
big things. world still loves a Napoleon. And, we
es—we glory ask, why should this halt have been
st buildings, called? True, the merger violated the
erfalls, most provisions of the Anti-Trust Law, as
world. And the decision pointed out; but what of
scheme of it? When was a law ever before found
ns and fine through which the Trust could not
ally like to drive a coach-and-four, if it so wished?
pecially by We had grown accustomed to the be-
ie certain lief that men like Morgan had but to
1, we were ask and they should receive, whatso-
sive curi- ever they might happen to wish—that
placency, they were too powerful to be denied.

to make The Morganizing process was halted
Earth. because there is something more im-
in Mr. portant than the carrying out of
by the Morgan's plans, and that is the main-
securities tenance of the capitalist system itself.
eve, but There is something stronger than any
he Mor- individual capitalist, and that is the
ostponed capitalist class as a whole. The process

VERSUS EDUCATION

G. PHELPS STOKES

by the few examples will perhaps be of interest, as being illustrative of what the Committee declare to be "typical conditions" of Child Labor in New York, as for instance the following: "According to her employment certificate Angelino Perati is fifteen years old, but quite her actual age is twelve. She works in a flower factory from seven-thirty in the morning until six in the evening. In the evenings she helps her mother and attend- younger sister make artificial flowers that it at home. She is in pitiful condition state of In all her life she has attended en and school just one month." The former shops law contained provisions intended to week, restrict child labor to such children as k. A could secure certificates from or issued

results (5) By a special law no boy may sell newspapers in New York or Buffalo under the age of ten, and newsboys between the ages of ten and fourteen must receive a license and badge, to be issued by the Board of Education, and are allowed to sell newspapers not later than 10 p. m.

the age (6) The compulsory education age is raised from twelve to fourteen, being thus made to agree with the age below which child labor in factories and stores is forbidden.

their em- (7) It is now made unlawful in New York State "for any person, firm or corporation to employ any child under fourteen years of age in any business or service whatever, during any part of the term during which the public schools of the district in which the child resides are in session; or to employ any child between fourteen and sixteen years of age who does not" present a properly authenticated certificate from the educational authorities, showing that the child has received a reasonable amount of public school or other education.

the age require- cate or be filed

viously years of cities of the child-factories with a the law

y boys, e given children

sisting day he rolls cigarettes in the factory, for which he is paid fifty cents a week. On Saturdays he works from seven in the morning until nine at night, and on Sundays half of the day. James began as a cigarette-maker when six years old." Such are some of the facts in regard to the exploitation of children in our "Empire State." There is no need of multiplying illustrations. The

Lena grave misuses that are being made of the feeble powers of children, demand children attention. In the greatest and richest State of our Union, industrial and average social conditions are such that the health, and strength, and liberty of the little children are very frequently sacrificing for pecuniary gain. But the evil is not confined to New York, nor, in fact, are the evils here, bad as they are, quite so flagrantly bad as in some other States where there is no legal restriction on the labor of children of any kind whatever, nor as in other States where legislative restrictions of child labor are even more rudimentary than in New York. Mr. William C. Hunt, chief statistician for population of the United States Census Bureau, is quoted by Mr. William S. Waudby, Special Agent of the United States Department of Labor, as stating that on the mainland of the United States there were in the year 1900 approximately one million, seven hundred and fifty thousand children from ten to fifteen years of age, inclusive, reported as engaged "in made gainful occupations." *

thirty Much has been written about the child labor evils in the Southern States, but according to Mr. Waudby, "authentic statistics of the Government show that the State of Pennsylvania alone has many more of these little listless

every

* Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, April, '03.

until are relatively few. The average child
worked laborer cannot expect to cope suc-
g, and cessfully in after life with those whose
lorton childhood has been spent in school,
il one and at home and at play, in preparation
l five for the duties and opportunities to
under. come. To be sure, individuals can be
a the pointed out here and there who have
heft." risen from the ranks of child labor to
venile eminence and success; in many cases
there strengthened by the struggles through
between which they have passed. But as has
ch of been well said by a friend of the
sident children: "Show me such persons and
or the I shall frankly admit the exceptions;
ldren, and I shall then refer you to the other
egula- persons who have been far stronger
te, is after typhoid fever than before!" Yet
mittee no one would recommend indulgence
ty per in typhoid fever as a means to the de-
boot- velopment of health. It must be evi-
penal dent, upon reflection, that child labor
usand under prevailing conditions of employ-
says ment is not apt to be conducive to the
Labor physical, intellectual or moral welfare
admir- of the child. Childhood should be so
least spent that good citizenship may follow.
apped And how can good citizenship come,
luring where its essentials—health, knowledge
ness; and character—are sacrificed in children
th no for the sake of transitory financial gain?
trade Surely no one who keeps a farm or a
train- ranch would expect his young colts to
right, develop into healthy and vigorous
hun horses if set to work too early, or if
earn- kept shut up from morning till night
ncy," and all night, too, in stables, or sheds, or
n the other places of close confinement. And
more it would be the same with calves or
sheep, or young stock of any kind.
is the Opportunities for the enjoyment of
medy fresh air and sunshine, and for free
ot be exercise and rest, are as necessary to the
child production of strong and vigorous men,
gh it as to the development of strong and
racter vigorous cattle. Even in many of our

cannot Plain men are supposed to have bad manners because their manners are m fond plain. And good taste is supposed to of the gather its inspiration from good clothes. al and But the plain man may have all essen- ed god. tial refinement. And a proper habit by the may cover a corrupt body. For real entury. manners travel with sympathy. They yed to may go wrong at the table. They may s part. go wrong at the reception. But in And I average life they will be found equal to when a the diplomacies of personal conduct.

to trick What gallery are you playing to when played you hem and haw yourself away in social re per- insincerities? And when you are hat verbal off to a trade you know to be dishonest? And when you bubble yourself up and d to be out to please the parlor? And when poor. you make your office a conspiracy?

home- Who is it that demands so to be fooled. played to, in life and on the stage, propor- through all the four seasons of each o make year, and to the very x y z of the alpha- s dirty bet? And whose prejudices are more decent pedestaled? You demand the false play. es bad And then when the play is made you call it a "play to the galleries." You sit

his gal- down below in your complacent super- e poets iority and call the gallery hard names. ic man

The tricksters and trimmers play to gallery. the ground floor. They cultivate the spelled gentleman and the lady. They collar endar? and cuff themselves for the boudoir, utter of not the bedroom.

t plays Do not think that I am shying bricks. r. Art I am only reciting history. I do not to the blame the scoundrels. I wonder there ole and are not more scamps. Our social sys- s to be tem is ingeniously constituted for the h goes production of the derelict. It is not he pit. nearly so well adapted for the produc- adver- tion of the saint.

can no I am throwing down on your bald- an get heads and best dressed worshippers be- or the low an epithet which the gallery tries on itself and finds does not fit.

y out man in the image of his intrinsic
e pit nobility. We have all the materials.

of a But we do not mix them right. I do
ng is not accuse the materials. I do not

The even accuse the mix. But I appeal
hools from mix to mix. We want to get
ely a men in such relations to each other as
; and to permit the most spontaneous, and
loita- therefore potential, interflow of feeling.
could And that is impossible as long as we
s are are born, and bred, and die in the
ough debtor's prison we now call life. For
mass. if I owe nothing I give everything.

few. But if I am forced into debt I avoid all
n the the payments I can. Until men are
ink it out of debt they cannot actually train
allery, for social honors. Men will not borrow
lowed or beg unless they must. But men
; and will steal if they can. So we will make
e en- stealing unnecessary. We will turn
ogical the pit loose to the gallery and the
? ? gallery to the pit, and both to the play,
o one and let the historic struggle translate
o one man in the language of a higher
d the consensus.

And I do not ask any man to be honest.
nd all I am not dismayed if men dip into the
st be mud. There is life in the mud. I do
se the not try to fit impossible doubles. But
body. first of all I am anxious to get certain
ay to elements out of their present tangle.
l men And then these elements will assume
elves, more equitable relations. For man
them- must not play for or against man. We
zation must not condone the cut-throat rival-
ries that today are the desert lands of
suffer- our commercialism. We conspire to
lives formulate a situation in which men are
will, of one substance in man and of one
n yes effect in history. The social body is
o the now cheated of its best blood. We
r man have multiplied our factions. We have
man contracted our amities. We have com-
k that pelled men to open themselves for
n our bids. What will you, who are the
ncrete gallery—you, who are the pit—give for

they hate; a remember their names, because they
 men control controlled men, and thus could build
 he masses— the pyramids. Through a combination
 ney and the of military power, religious superstition
 and general ignorance they gained control
 of men, and were kings. But how
 much safer a king is Rockefeller. His
 men do not require feeding. On the
 contrary, those dollar men can be
 safely locked up in banks, and instead
 of eating between wars, they bring in
 interest—they reproduce their kind with
 no marriage ceremony or expense.
 Rockefeller's dollar men never strike
 and never rebel. They never overthrow
 the king. They never complain of
 long hours, they do not rust in our air-
 tight safe deposit—and thieves cannot
 break in and steal, for the securities are
 not negotiable.

Mr. Rockefeller's power is not under-
 stood by the people at large. He him-
 self may not thoroughly understand it.
 It has outgrown his own ideas and
 ambitions. He practically owns all
 the natural mineral oil in the United
 States—it has been proved in Texas
 and elsewhere that this oil is worthless
 unless owned by him, since the rail-
 roads dare not handle it without his
 consent. Therefore the oil is, or will
 be, his.

It is said that Mr Rockefeller owns
 now a thousand millions of dollars.
 That may describe fairly the actual
 number of dollars that he actually owns
 in money. It does not describe his
 fortune. The present and future con-
 trol of the mineral oils of this country
 means in itself alone a fortune of five
 thousand millions at the lowest esti-
 mate, and at present prices. Mr.
 Rockefeller can increase this as much
 as he chooses by increasing the price
 of these oil products. By a simple
 order he doubled the price of gasoline
 as soon as he realized that automobiles
 were going to increase the demand.

He can double that price again, or
 the price of crude oil, whenever he
 chooses.

There is no use talking about the
 exact value of Rockefeller's wealth. It
 is certain that if he should undertake at
 this moment to sell at market prices all

PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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THE EDGE. all; but it is not all. The satisfied
on of East torpor in which they are sunk, is the
lly a general deadly inertia that precedes dissolution.
an to appear, There is no progress, and with them
he chaos of not to progress is to fall back and into
where a fair the Abyss. In their own lives they
gned—some- may only start to fall, leaving the fall
ises in little to be completed by their children and
here artisans their children's children. Man always
ort of family gets less than he demands from life;
ings men can and so little do they demand, that the
ipes in their less than little they get cannot save
their knees, them.

hter and fun At the best, city life is an unnatural
these people life for the human; but the city life of
lative to the London is so utterly unnatural that the
asses them, average workman or workwoman
cannot stand it. Mind and body are
dull, animal sapped by the undermining influences
ne full belly. ceaselessly at work. Moral and physi-
their lives is cal stamina are broken, and the good
stupid and workman, fresh from the soil, becomes
ation. The in the first city-generation, a poor
stupifying workman; and by the second city-
hich wraps generation devoid of push and go and
n. Religion initiative, and actually unable physically
en holds for to perform the labor his father did, he
ght. They is well on his way to the shambles at
and the full the bottom of the Abyss.

with their If nothing else, the air he breathes
ey demand, and from which he never escapes, is
n existence. sufficient to weaken him mentally and
l if it were physically, so that he becomes unable

inary pangs Yet this woman was a hard worker. From 4.30 in the morning till the last light at night, she said, she had toiled at making cloth dress skirts, lined up and with two flounces, for seven shillings a dozen. Cloth dress skirts, mark you, lined up and with two flounces, for seven shillings a dozen! This is equal to \$1.75 per dozen, or 14¾ cents per skirt.

n who was The husband, in order to obtain e which has employment, had to belong to the e-out-of-the union, which collected one shilling and l on the fatal six pence from him each week. Also, usband was when strikes were afoot and he chanced e Engineer's to be working, he had at times been oor engineer compelled to pay as high as seventeen bility to get shillings into the union's coffers for the did not have relief fund.

necessary to One daughter, the elder, had worked sition. as green hand for a dress maker, for ters, and the one shilling and six pence per week— ple of holes, 37½ cents per week, or a fraction over sy, and for 5 cents per day. However, when the hillings per slack season came she was discharged,

no stove, though she had been taken on at such a single gas- low pay with the understanding that eing persons she was to learn the trade and work up. ble to obtain After that she had been employed in a gas; but a bicycle store for three years, for which installed for she received five shillings per week, g a penny in walking two miles to her work, and two oming, and back, and being fined for tardiness.

d forthcome As far as the man and woman were ly shut off. concerned, the game was played. time," she They had lost hand-hold and foot-hold in' not 'arf and were falling into the pit. But what of the daughters? Living like swine,

been their enfeebled by chronic innutrition, being and month sapped mentally, morally, and physi- e table able cally, what chance have they to crawl And when up out of the Abyss into which they pe, chronic were born falling?

t factor in As I write this, and for an hour past, tening the the air had been made hideous by a free-for-all, rough-and-tumble fight

man, he had I was ashamed to tell him that I
erous part in weighed one hundred and seventy, so
out-door Pro- I contented myself with taking his
e vexed the measure. Poor, misshapen little man!
l these several His skin and unhealthy color, body
he had been gnarled and twisted out of all decency,
walked along; contracted chest, shoulders bent pro-
rks and on digiously from long hours of toil, and
the platform head hanging heavily forward and out
when brother of place! A "'earty man," 'e was!

ker had been "How tall are you?" I asked.
ry crowd and "Five foot, two," he answered
in a church, proudly; "an' the chaps at the shop
rs had taken . . . "

amid flying "Let me see that shop," I said.
g of stained The shop was idle just then, but I
off the mob still desired to see it. Passing Leman
f constables; street, we cut off to the left into
tles on stair- Spitalfields, and dived into Frying-Pan
alconies; of Alley. A spawn of children cluttered
ed stairways, the slimy pavement, for all the world
broken heads like tadpoles just turned frogs on the
h a regretful bottom of an evaporated pond. In a
said: "How narrow doorway, so narrow that
! I'm such perforce we stepped over her, sat a
uch when it woman with a young babe nursing at
breasts grossly naked and libelling all
nd shoulders the sacredness of motherhood. In the
remembered black and narrow hall behind her, we
the stalwart waded through a mess of young life,
n, in turn, to and essayed an even narrower and
ooked at the fouler stairway. Up we went, three
e heart of a flights, each landing two feet by three
type that on in area and heaped with swill, filth,
and shows and refuse.

ot forgotten There were seven rooms in this
abomination wrongfully called a house.
companion, In six of the rooms twenty-odd people,
eaked out a of both sexes and all ages, cooked, ate,
weating den. slept and worked. In size the rooms
I am," he averaged eight feet by eight, or possibly
other chaps nine. The seventh room, we entered.
consider me It was the den in which five men
ood. W'y, "sweated." It was seven feet wide by
undred and eight long, and the table at which the
work was performed took up the major

ed one mourn- o'clock in the afternoon, I saw a sight
 ver the woman I never wish to see again. There are
 sly naked and no flowers in this garden, which is
 : cheap young smaller than my own rose garden at
 home. Grass only grows here, and it
 unicipal dwell- is surrounded by sharp spiked iron
 ondon County fencing, as are all the parks of London
 : slums where Town, so that homeless men and
 " Child of the women may not come in at night and
 ldings housed sleep upon it.

it was much As we entered the garden an old
 t the dwellings woman, between fifty and sixty, passed
 better class us, striding with sturdy intention, if

WHO HAVE NO OTHER HOME OR SLEEPING PLACE."

The slum somewhat rickety action, with two
 on to crowd bulky bundles, covered with sacking,
 v slums. slung fore and aft upon her. She was
 sweated one, a woman tramp, a houseless soul, too
 ed so fast as independent to drag her failing carcass
 'll show you through the workhouse door. Like the
 :. This is snail, she carried her home with her.
 d he mouthed In the two sacking-covered bundles
 i unutterable were her household goods, her ward-
 robe, linen and dear feminine pos-
 sessions.

Church falls We went up the narrow gravelled
 i, and in the walk. On the benches on either side
 ch, at three

zzled me. now; and I shall shortly make a third.
of them The first time, I started out at seven
ut it was o'clock in the evening with four shil-
rned the lings in my pocket. Herein I com-
the powers mitted two errors. In the first place,
ot sleep by the applicant for admission to the

casual ward must be destitute, and as
portico of he is subjected to a rigorous search, he
one pillars must really be destitute; and four
ately row, pence, much less four shillings, is
ng asleep sufficient affluence to disqualify him.
ep-sunk in In the second place, I made the mis-
curious by take of tardiness. Seven o'clock in the

evening is too late in the day for a
paradise pauper to get a pauper's bed.

in Spital- For the benefit of gently nurtured
ony of the and innocent folk, let me explain what
: when the a casual ward is. It is a building
upon this where the homeless, bedless, penniless
membered man, if he be lucky, may *casually* rest
d where I his weary bones, and then work like a
dit before, navvy next day to pay for it.

rst time I My second attempt to break into the
casual ward began more auspiciously.
id; "nay, I started in the middle of the afternoon,
ent sore," accompanied by the burning young
ne here?" Socialist and another friend, and all I
g Socialist, had in my pocket was thru'pence.
sickness of They piloted me to the Whitechapel

Workhouse, at which I peered from
said our around a friendly corner. It was a few
ves for a minutes past five in the afternoon, but
r a loaf of already a long and melancholy line was
formed, which strung out around the
ulness that corner of the building and out of sight.

It was a most woeful picture, men
have said, I and women waiting in the cold gray
man cried, end of the day for a pauper's shelter
get out of from the night, and I confess it almost
unnerved me. Like the boy before the

dentist's door, I suddenly discovered a

multitude of reasons for being else-
where. Some hints of the struggle
going on within must have shown in
f the work- my face, for one of my companions
o attempts, said, "Don't funk; you can do it."

on this He recited his sentence, word for word,
nant was as though memorized and gone over in
thers, was bitterness many times. And here it is,
g. for the sake of discipline and respect to

had been officers, not always gentlemen, the
had three punishment of a man who was guilty of
ver before manhood : To be reduced to the rank
ence, and of ordinary seaman ; to be debarred all
Cross for prize-money due him ; to forfeit all
le ; so he rights to pension ; to resign the Victoria
altogether Cross ; to be discharged from the navy
lieutenant with a good character (this being his
called him first offence) ; to receive fifty lashes ;
of name. and to serve two years in prison.

hen I was "I wish I had drowned that day, I
e to fight wish to God I had," he concluded as
an insult the line moved up and we passed around
many men the corner.

world, for At last the door came in sight,
I have through which the paupers were being
ad men, go admitted in bunches. And here I
great their learned a surprising thing : *this being*
me. *Wednesday, none of us would be released*
called the *before Friday morning*. Furthermore,
noment it and O, you Tobacco-Users take heed,
d an iron *we would not be permitted to take in any*
promptly *tobacco*. This we would have to sur-
head with surrender as we entered. Sometimes,
gging and I was told, it was returned on leaving,
and sometimes it was destroyed.

n words : The old man-of-warsman gave me a
knew the lesson. Opening his pouch, he emptied
self, 'It's the tobacco (a pitiful quantity, but his
; so here all), into a piece of paper. This,
fter him, snugly and flatly wrapped, went down
us both. his sock inside his shoe. Down went
only the my piece of tobacco inside my sock,
was just for forty hours without tobacco is a
me to the hardship all tobacco-users will under-
chin' him. stand.

ie. If I Again and again the line moved up,
ould have and we were slowly, but surely
d done, I approaching the wicket. At the mo-
ment we happened to be standing on an
artial, or iron grating, and a man appearing under-
goes by. neath, the old sailor called down to him :

HERDING IN CITIES

a sea gull The dull Cochinchina human being
out of sight in the city imagines that humanity is
he may be forever going to scratch for worms—
some white otherwise attend to business—within
rizon. She a few miles of its nest.

independent But our present hideous cities, where
laps of her nine children out of ten have only the
ne and her gutter for a playground, and nine
e has given adults out of ten never look at the
moon or the stars from one year's end

a Cochinchina to the other, are only a passing phase
orm-hunting of our imperfect life.

the stable We have not as yet conquered time
l down her and space, and consequently we live
breath, she the life of barnyard creatures, of pigs
er of a mile, and geese and chickens, crowded
f distance. together in filth.

izens, who But time and man's intellect are
erfect trans- doing their work.

dweller in Within the memory of every young
man and woman, no man could live
ett Hale, a more than five miles from his work—it
y respectable took too long to get home. Now a
poor people man can live sixty or seventy or ninety
s that some miles from his work, if he can afford to
will live in pay the exorbitant railroad fares.

around it, Very soon he will go home at the
of the four rate of sixty miles an hour, at an ex-
he said that pense of five cents as a maximum for
live in the the whole distance.

What the air-sweeping wings are to
together in the sea gull the marvelous electric cur-
wicked as rent will be to the human race. With-
in a few years a man will do his work
riticize Dr. in one spot, close his desk, and half an
on that in hour later greet his wife and children
the coun- at home, fifty or a hundred miles away.

true, and This is not guesswork—it is absolute
body who certainty: It means conquest of dis-
tance. It means large, comfortable

fat Cochinchina homes for the moderately prosperous,
er Cochinchina who now occupy small flats. Above
at the sug- all it is a blessed prospect, for it means
d the free, green grass, trees, flowers, a knowl-
gull. The edge of nature, unlimited sunshine and
fresh air, for the millions and millions

ms within of poor women and children that now
nest, other- grow up in our hideous cities, pale and
home at feeble, like sickly plants in a cellar.—

New York Journal.

UNIVERSITY OF GROWN MEN

CHARLES FERGUSON

casion to say before intellectual forces—there can be no solution of the economic problem.

of government is America shares that problem with Europe because the work of the American Revolution is as yet only half accomplished. We started out to produce a mobile and progressive social order—a strong government, driven ever forward by the free play of personal forces—and we have not yet done it.

over the people Our government does not answer to the characteristic American definition.

1. The American vast inheritance—is that is based upon Intellectual Monopoly. The point is that under existing political arrangements in this country, only a small number of very exceptional

Intellectual people can have any real influence in public affairs. Our government is mechanical and unwieldy, it is like one prematurely old and stiff in the joints. Its reflex action is bad; its organs do not respond to the stimulus of popular demand. The world lives and moves, the people are fifty years ahead of their grandfathers, but the government is imperturbable and unaware.

Talk is free, the people are free to do as they please in both private and public life, but the government is not free.

Government is not free to do as it pleases by law. It is not free to do as it pleases by force. It is not free to do as it pleases by the average American were free to elect

will stand for the former the prosecution of its own enterprises.
s for the latter.

will lie between the Free the *reveille* for all the rest. They will
eet on the open ground have to get up and stir their blood on
tain monstrous, mush- penalty of being killed by the competi-
the legal imagination, tion of a higher type of civilization. A
urs of the Past. The city that works with its own credit can
ul. The Municipal ruin the business of one that pays
ical corporations of interest and profits to promoters and
duce the only com- private capitalists.

ays in demand, the Civilization of a very authentic kind
gives value to all is going to advance with whip and spur
artistic and scienti- as soon as the energies of this inter-
ial life. municipal competition are fairly let

ght medicine for the loose. But it will be a generous and
be a strong dose—a humanizing rivalry for, unlike the
to transform a bad competition for privilege which is now
d cart-horse. The so rife, this rivalry of municipalities
hat prey upon the will be a competition toward the swiftest
formed into public possible destruction of privilege. Suc-
great industrial cess will rest with the city that offers
absorbed into the the freest career for artistic and scien-
capital, the ac- tific talent, the best chance for a
sses of credits in productive and expansive life.

It is not to be expected that a de-
mocratic society will ever abolish
the nineteenth private wealth or the enterprising pri-
vate use of it, but the "unearned
ntury advanced private increment" of capital is not long for
e than in civil- this world.

The time is close at hand when
capitalists will be obliged to live on
their principal or else risk it in experi-
mental enterprises such as yield on an
average only compensation for risk, the
successful will get more, the unsuccessful
less; in either case society will

extend the sphere of its knowledge as
to what is practicable. Private enter-
prise will continually open up the way
for new public enterprises. The public

will, I presume, travel only in the beaten
paths, and the public service will train
men to serve the public in the adven-
tures of private enterprise.

The moral distinction between the
obligations of public and private life

SELF SUPPRESSION

LOUVILLE H. DYER

a great horror of
give up your in-
e yourself."

human being,
ed by a unique
mes to view her
to her varied
who can hear
other ears, read
beauties never

The sea will
n secrets she has
ysterics that for
arefully treasured

is the child who
l authority of the
ander along the
aths, listen to the
be opened-eyed to
y's greeting, be
othing low of the
l brown eyes are

ad live with the animals,
self-contained."

ng and nearly fruit-
man who is "calm
."

and certain results
g unconstrained wel-
of yourself, heeding
d reposing with love
Nature.

How the soul expands when, care
free, we stroll through wood and glade,
while day steals away to rest behind
the gay hued mantle of the West.
Hours thus spent make rich the
treasury of the mind, expand and en-
noble the soul, cause the spark of hope
to burst into flame, gladden and make
light the heart, and build a sane and
joyous selfhood.

Let us insist that our lives shall not
be lost, stifled by custom.

"What custom wills in all things should we
do it,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to over peer."

Those who timidly follow custom
with shackled minds are soon buried in
the dust and rubbish of convention.
Only those who scorn worn and weary
roads and free and fetterless go where
fancy leads, live.

"I am for those who have never been mastered,
For men and women whose tempers have
never been mastered,
For those whom laws, theories, conventions,
can never master."

The men in literature whom we love
were possessed of the same glad, free
spirit as the birds. Burns had an un-
tamed soul. Pedants had never clipped
his wing; he caught the awful music
of the fierce and wailing winter gust;
translated the hymn of the snow-
burdened wind; read the love notes of

of genius; men—that is genius. Thus speaks
 arble that Emerson, and thus says the brave
 ich Nature heart of every true man of genius.

turn com! Wagner, who caused the air to vibrate
 enchants with new notes of melody, whose name
 crystallize is immortal because his work trans-
 blood of formed music, and set at naught the
 burning traditions of the classics in music, met
 nts; they the common fate of all those who are
 the vast too great to be muzzled by the com-
 mands of artists who have long been
 dead.

be true
 he day,
 any man."

Wagner refused to compromise; he
 trod with confident step his own road.
 ty-four, in Those pigmies who opposed him are
 s, told the dreamless dust. They acted according
 gland that to their darkness, he according to
 business. his light, and in the firmament of
 that were melody, Wagner is the "one bright
 ed back at particular star."

wounded. Thus it is in all lands, at all times.
 as as true The few have scaled the peaks, bear-
 right and ing in their intrepid hands the sacred
 were sub- flame of genius, while in the valleys
 could not below the sons of mediocrity, good
 iskin. form, and dusty tradition cry out,
 ought, to "Heretic!" and their petulant protest
 r yourself dies in an echo, and leaves "not a
 true for all rack behind."

knives, the saw is one of the oldest tools. d saws. There is no race of men existing today sensible who cannot at least haggle off a piece grade of wood by means of a jagged stone. knife he So much for cutting tools.

rks and A second class of tools have their o. The ancestry in savagery. They are the knives implements used for smoothing and inhabit- abrading surfaces. The modern of the cabinet maker, with his steel scrapers pair of and wood rasps, has his counterpart

in the savage with his scrap- ing and grind- ing tools of stone. The potter, after finishing a ves- sel, smoothed off its surface with bits of leather or stone and left it with- out inequalities. We must not omit the grind- stone, either, in our enumera- tion of the tools of primitive man.

MAY WOOD SIMONS

No doubt, next in import- ance are the implements

sharply used in pounding, crushing and frac- le might turing. The hammer was an indis- an axe, sensible tool under savagery. It was an adze, used in breaking stones to obtain isel. marrow, in driving the pegs of tents workman and pounding dried meat, in making cross- bark cloth and for breaking dry wood, savages and finally in breaking off stones in purpose the quarry.

series of Finally we have a vast number of owever, tools used as needles, awls and drills

is no doubt but that the development of modern machinery has been largely a development of motor and transmitting mechanisms. Some of the greatest discoveries in the transmitting of motor power have been those gathering around electricity. Although electricity is commonly spoken of as a motive power itself, it really is not that. It is simply a means of transforming and transmitting energy. For instance, in the case of Niagara Falls, the great water power here is used to turn a dynamo that generates electricity that is then transmitted to a distance of a hundred miles. But the power, the original power, is the water power of the Falls.

Electricity is used to transmit power in such a variety of ways as to practically revolutionize this field of industry. It permits the production of power by steam in one central place with great economy of coal, supervision and labor in general. More important still, it makes possible the utilization of water powers located in the most inaccessible places, provided only that a dynamo can be gotten to the water and wires strung out to where the power is wanted. Through the use of the storage battery it is possible to not only apply power which has been generated at a central station to the most diverse uses, but an intermittent power can be rendered continuous and vice versa. This permits the storage of a great amount of power in a small space, a fact of first importance in many lines of industry.

Finally, the third and last part of the machine is the tool or working part of all proper, and it is this part we must examine in order to find the true distinction between a handicraft tool and a machine.

Smaller butchering establishments cannot compete with these for this, among other reasons, that they cannot realize an extra profit on these waste products.

There is still one phase of machinery that we have not touched upon, the fact that machines are labor-saving devices. A study of the "Report on Hand and Machine Labor" shows the vast displacement of hand labor by machinery and the reduction of the cost of production for a great number of industries.

The place of machinery in future

Years	Time.				Cost.	
	Hand.		Machine.		Hand.	Machine.
	hr.	min.	hr.	min.		
1830-96	64	15	2	15	\$ 3.71	\$.71
1866-95	108	55	38	—	10.89	3.80
1881-95	445	25	295	51	73.19	47.93
1885-95	1350	—	191	43	42.04	35.96
1896-97	462	—	64	30	25.09	10.33
1894-96	16000	—	272	44	2666.66	52.75
1891-97	342	6	188	36	77.60	43.40
1853-96	37	—	8	56	6.45	2.50

human social evolution is of greatest importance. The power man has gained over productive forces through their material use will enable him when once society is organized on a co-operative basis, to provide for the wants of society with comparatively few hours work a day. He will then be left leisure for the development of his mind and the exercise of his inventive genius. All this today is impossible while these great machines are private property. Only when they are collectively owned by the people will man become master of the machine and not a slave to it.

the soul? Where dwells the sacred clan?
 cities, yea, wherever dwells a man.
 red cell or delves the hillside clod,
 f man, there dwells a priest of God.
 ? the men who hear a voice
 he soul that cries aloud, "Rejoice!"
 and hear this world-old voice divine—
 eers, the apostolic line.

anchored trust that at the core of things
 ing strength flow from exhaustless springs;
 ed down the rings of endless maze,
 less path through wastes of empty days;
 g voice, the glad, calm voice that saith
 chaos, and that life is born from death;
 ending stars, behind the storm and scathe,
 central calm—and this, and this is faith.

Bible?—'tis the highest thought of man,
 om ages since the dawn of thought began.
 word thereto, some psalms or promise sweet—
 shed and forever incomplete.
 e written long and lovingly we pore—
 ritten, for we grow from more to more.
 within us and its messages rehearse;
 ig Bible—for we, too, must write a verse.

the scheme toward which all time is gone?
 ian goal? The joy of going on.
 ls so strong, such feet with swiftiness shod,
 it, reach some bourne, the ultimate of God?
 o ultimate. The very farthest star
 r stars that stretches just as far.
 and no end. As in the ages gone,
 oys shall be the joy of going on.

al Solution of the Drink Problem

JOSEPHINE W. ELSTEIN

any person, man or hunt for diversion and amusement, on
 drink? Is it the one hand, and the answer to the call of
 a saloon, or is it the a debilitated body and mind for relief,
 condition with its on the other.
 depressing influences Hard work, poor food, lack of home
 ly? comfort are the predisposing conditions
 ly an incident in the for the desire to drink in the case of

HILDREN'S CHANCES

MRS. E. R. CORNELIUS

e should be sound body. r, food and ll? Childish demand love, here physical yes, and the l as the body. e divided into ose who are want; second, for and com- or themselves; olly destitute, ds solely on ave not to deal their condition r a new regime, well. It is the ed the attention e possibilities of en. Progressive tal to the life of means for our t less today than ie? If so, then e must admit that neficial provision i for the children en conditions are t avail himself of d, of what value ur free schools and : libraries, etc., are the children and but a large propor- of the poorer class . by these benefits, y must assume the : come wage-earners. nd, in its shops, in e streets, are stunted their childhood, de- sures natural to the

child, with pinched faces, filled with intense longing for wants never supplied. Little ones, needing the protecting care of father and mother, cast upon the world to jostle with their mates in the struggle for existence. Lives filled with misery and pain, whose mental and moral attributes are consumed by fires, requisite for their physical consumption. Today our city slums are the cesspools of society, wherein breed rowdyism, debauchery, and crime. A being born into such an atmosphere can but imbibe the vicious elements of his surroundings, and his inherited evil tendencies be but augmented by his environment. The offspring of our most destitute populace, be they foreign or American, are born subjects to a despotism as implacable as that of a Herod; destined to feel the iron fetters of poverty and sin hamper their limbs, which should be free to move with youth's vigor. Could we know the inner workings of a childish mind under such conditions, what a picture it would present of a life deprived of the elements for mental and moral growth, struggling to exist, with but partial food for the maintenance of a living soul. Born of a mother whose influence upon the unborn, owing to her surroundings, must have stamped upon him physical weaknesses and moral deficiencies; born into a world with inherited frailties, into an environment of poverty and vice, with prenatal influence, heredity and environment, those three factors which determine the making or a marring of a being, all adverse—who can fortell the culmination of such a life?

Little lives robbed of childish pleasures, starved in mind and body,

TO EDWIN MARKHAM

CHARLES HENRY GONDISS

fternoon, one of yet his boy-like simplicity is his most
days' of mid- marked characteristic. His head is
ories of summer hoary, but his heart is young. Al-
re in their rich- though well past fifty, he is brimming
first visit to the over with good spirits, and possesses
. At his pleasant the exhilarating enthusiasm of a happy
which nestles in school-boy.

beautiful hills, I It was, no doubt, this native enthu-
d of good fellow- siasm that has crowned his life with
y his. The day success, for, like most great men, Mr.
most fitting for the Markham has risen from the bosom of
The man and his the people. Without friends or patron-
perfect harmony. age he has forced his way by his own
arkham with that energy and ability. The story of his
awe that always life is an interesting one, and as told in
he presence of a his own words is, as follows :

all else except "My earliest recollection goes back
he power of that to the days when I was a shepherd boy
Man With The on the hills in Central Park, California.
ked at the majestic I think I was seven years of age at that
ped and rugged, time, and such was my employment
Wellington came until I reached the age of ten. Then
grey head that all my mother, a widow, turned her sheep
few minutes, how- range into a cattle range and it became
duality, his cheery a regular racquero. I soon became an
is truly contagious expert horseman and could hold the
r awesome dream, lariat as well as anyone.

f chatting at a very "A little later I became a plowboy,
my unconventional plowing up the little valleys along the
of Mr. Markham's foot hills of the range. Every summer
old. His tall, sturdy I went into the harvest fields as water-
ve, intelligent face boy and binder of sheafs, and some-
ful eyes, all suggest times followed the threshing machines.
e and mentality, and In these ways I earned a little money

THE SOCIAL TREND

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD

of a representative system is towards a commonwealth. The trend to be made by a people in their pursuits outside of the home when the people are socialized will the industrial capitalization of the operation be both. The socialization is

in America for the first time and especially since the slavery abolished by the war, marked and rapid. It is marked by the Union from the war, and the changes which have sprung with them, pledged equality and equal centers of a large system which they come in touch with the internal system which is stated and successfully in their doors, black and native-born, the same man, stand as the American woman made her place on the national scene with the needs and recognition of these conditions. Through them by A. Livermore, and

their compeers, had their first opportunities for the large work for humanity which they have since carried forward. The ostracism which had attended their efforts of the women engaged at an earlier period in the propaganda of abolition and woman's suffrage, ceased entirely with this period of social development.

The evolution of democracy has been steadily going forward in America for a century and more before the thought of a representative republic forced itself upon the attention of the people. It was only when the town meeting and the public protest had done their work that the principle of equality was promulgated; and it is only when the practice of the principle of equality permeates the public conscience that Socialism will supplant competition as a governing power.

De Tocqueville, maintaining the possibilities of democracy when the sagacious and divines of the old world were shaking their heads ominously, pointed this out when he said:—"The emigrants who fixed themselves on the shores of America in the beginning of the seventeenth century severed the democratic principle which repressed it in the communities of Europe, and transplanted it to the new world. It has there been allowed to spread in perfect freedom

at from the labor unions. Fraternity is the animating spirit of the whole economic struggle. John Mitchell writes me that since July, 1902, the bituminous miners paid over ten per cent. of their entire earnings to the support of their brothers of the anthracite strike. From other organized bodies vast sums have been contributed without solicitation.

Into the arena of socialization two new factors have thrust themselves, both inevitable in the evolution of social equality. These are the workingman and the woman, as expressed through organization, singly or together. Time was when both were under the domination of the priest, to such an extent as to make organization outside the church impossible. The church took upon itself to confine the woman to domestic routine, or donation parties and dime socials. It warned the man against the labor union as ungodly, and calculated to fill his mind with unholy ambitions, disturbing the serenity of relations between employer and employed. It is only through the stress of economic changes that fraternal and mutual benefit orders arose, giving members assurance of friends and help in time of distress, such as the church, organized in the first place for mutual burden-bearing, ignored. The State legislatures, once composed of the small farmer and country doctor, passed with the development of industry from the control of labor to the domination of capital. The Pennsylvania legislature, which, in an early day passed a rule forbidding members to attend legislative sessions barefooted, or eat their noon lunches on the capitol steps, was now operated by property represented by Tom Scott and foreign capital. A spurious feudal force was born and labor, relegated to the rear,

been a great
ligence. The
public school
dustry he can
nd then goes
e good places
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the labor ranks,
oice as to his
: shall receive,
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thing more than
or the switch he
: finds that the
the entire plant
hands, and that
he fidelity with
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uld go to ruin, he
lstanding of his
al factor.
stem the Pennsyl-
said to the brake-
the platform of an
"And do you ever
who operate it?"
is young American
olic schools, adding,
it be for the men
ew York to plan on
t for the fidelity and
ie labor army who
rk?" As the train
: passed stations and
al and iron and other
ducts, I saw the men,
another, raising their
a flutter of the fingers,
I recognized the silent
socializing labor army
ailroad men are but a

brotherhood and fra-
st look for it inside the

both inevitable in the evolution of
social equality. These are the work-
ingman and the woman, as expressed
through organization, singly or to-
gether. Time was when both were
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to attend legislative sessions barefooted,
or eat their noon lunches on the capitol
steps, was now operated by property
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capital. A spurious feudal force was
born and labor, relegated to the rear,

every hand; you could for a moment a well-out them; every object is on it—for discerning of tools and the presents. But is it not the for those whose lives and embellished by this superabundance of the laborer himself is work that he has no educational refinement could make him and companions to the The reason why I Socialist comes in just

t by force, but by awful acquisition, ation, as the out- in the hands of entire plant we that has been ment in the four plumbus wended like it the complete people, requiring with their hands physical development burdensome ing all to share education and is to be perfect any other barbarism." ts and the e are great n when the mental stage, a full social he Chicago es for the and through te to generate arches are anding the

restrictions the clergy usually throw around themselves. The abstract theories they advance find practical expression outside, in such societies as the King's Daughters, The Christian Endeavor and the Epworth League, which create the habit of mutual fellowship, the essential spirit of Socialism. Occasionally this social spirit finds expression in the institutional church. The George Junior Republic, The School City, the Complete Education Society, are developing the same spirit through developing co-operation and self-knowledge.

The National Council of Women of the United States, embracing a score of great national bodies, have for their object the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom and law; and the General Federation of Women's Clubs, one hundred and fourteen thousand strong, organized to raise the standard of womanhood, are proving themselves a great socializing influence. A discussion of the question, "How does the Club Spirit Manifest Itself?" participated in by leading sociological speakers at the last Biennial of the General Federation, held last summer in San Francisco, found its answer in the summary, "The true club spirit manifests itself by Socialism rightly understood." For the next two years the clubs everywhere are commended to work for the abolition of child labor, the founding of working-women's clubs, the increase of civic beauty, the opening of breathing places for the poor, in the way of parks, playgrounds, and vacation schools.

So much for the sentiment developing, but all this aside, there is only one way through which Socialism may become the controlling policy of government, and that is through the education

is co-oper- agitators went there and formed the
 at socializ- unions, unions not only of miners but
 going on, of the teamsters, and he bitterly
 ice of the accused Mr. Mitchell of even attempt-
 pared with ing to form a union of the "hired
 feudalism girls" of that region. This is an indi-
 the trades- rect recognition of the economic educa-
 l and hold tion which is going on in the unions,
 education will eventually disappear, and defined
 ther coun- hours and duties of household work
 d in the become equally binding on employer
 ere, for the, and employed.

duced by When we consider the rapidity of the
 competi- industrial development of America, and
 American the marvels wrought by steam, elec-
 economic tricity and invention, we have abundant
 st hopeful reason to hope that the American
 nt labor people, once fully aroused to the con-
 has been ditions which confront them, will be
 difficulty equally potent in accomplishing a rapid
 t in line. change from Capitalization to Social-
 lependent ism, and then go forward to peace,
 aignment happiness and prosperity on the solid
 was peace footing of economic equality.

the labor Toledo, Ohio.

WINE IN OLD BOTTLES

J. R. COLE

into old Under the bubble and froth of new
 burst the wine lies the decomposing sugar of the
 tles shall grape; and beneath the philosophy and
 ty today sentiment of the social revolution lie the
 ermenta- basic facts of changing economic condi-
 at work tions, which will bring about change in
 nd must the whole composition of society.
 ul condi- It is not in human nature to be purely
 unied by intellectual, and the possibilities revealed
 ntiment. by the new philosophy stimulate the

sible. Only advocating entirely different political conditions. They claim to expect great benefit from the practice of direct legislation in the future ; but they witness attempts to introduce direct legislation in the present without a shadow of enthusiasm, professing to believe that people are not capable of legislating wisely. That is to say, they have less faith in the ability of the masses to govern themselves than some men who do not call themselves Socialists.

Again : they are exceedingly loth to see women coming into politics. This is notably illogical in view of the fact that equality of opportunity for woman is one of the fundamental principles of Socialist theory. If it were not so, it is plainly in line with modern economic evolution. The Socialist politician who is not willing to accept woman in the political field, is decidedly behind many other men in this particular. Both the agitation for the abolition of chattel slavery, and the agitation against the Anglo-Saxon curse of intemperance, have drawn much of their strength from women workers, and it is obviously unwise for the Socialist to despise their aid. Yet many Socialists seem to consider the political movement a man's movement, one in which women need not be considered except as passive beneficiaries, or at most, obedient helpers of the men. All this, my Socialist friends, is a long way behind the times. We are on the eve of a revolution, and many things will be changed, including the status of woman. The equality of opportunity you have been so ready to accept and preach as a theory, will manifest itself to you as a fact, and you should be making yourself ready to receive it.

I am inclined to think that this disposition to ignore the woman, is merely the clinging to traditional methods, a failure to realize that the coming change

ces, so discordant with its
would be the cries of the
he clash of arms and the
on.

the teamsters' strike of
street car strike of New
undred and fifty thousand
ers crying for justice, mil-
ople pleading for coal, and
voices from a thousand fac-
tender protest at oppres-
ir time, this new Liberty
g even in the land which
the "Land of Liberty."
ring heard here now is
dollar. The tinkling of
ey rain into the coffers is
d to the magnate's ear
of cathedral bells. The
ople for humanity and
drowned.

Co-operation would rob no man, but
would secure to the great body of the
people what belongs to them as the
righteous fruit of their labor. We mean
through co-operation to enable the
people to found their own universities
and build their own libraries, rather than
contribute through some captain of indus-
try who takes what does not belong to
him and then poses as the benefactor of
the people.

We mean to search for this new
Liberty Bell until we can bring it from
its place of hiding and ring it joyously
over all our land. Let us not go singly
on this quest, as did the knights of
the olden time, but let us co-operate
until the bell is found, and, listening
gladly to its peals, we find a new-old
meaning in the words, "Good will to
men."

WAR

EMMA E. HUNT

base-born child of vanity and greed,
open and ill-favored from its birth;
hering blight upon the face of earth;
its path the carrion vultures breed,
lenteous harvests turn to barren dearth;
eous form is decked in trappings fine;
while it struts its nodding plumes keep time;
lords—its master—see their petty worth
d in its pomp and tinsel show;
the praise from Adulation's tongue
s supreme, the world's most dreaded foe;
ly deeds as triumphs still are sung,
ul of its ravages and woe;
is patient, and the world is young.

took place before the last election, was only settled representations made by Mr. e coal operators, that if they compromise with their men, and Roosevelt would be de- the coming election. Mr. naturally prefer to give a larger representation of the cartoonists, could I find others whose drawings were so pertinent. The revelations of the investigation of the Coal Trust have shown so conclusively the domination of the Republican Party by the Trusts that the two annexed

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Mr. Baer
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Party.

out one
e future, and that is the
y.

NAME ELEPHANT.

ession of my opinion of the
od cartoon artists in the
when I am forced to give so
ie man, Mr. Opper; I would

cartoons are only too well justified. If
it were not that the public is quite
conscious that though the Trusts are a
bad thing, they are an inevitability, there
is no question but what the pressing of
such suits as are now going on under the
anti-Trust law, would be so thoroughly
backed by public opinion that every Trust

Saturday, April 18.—I got a fain elephant. He is a peech. I kin
make him dants or do woever I want. When
I give him a order he has to mind quick. If he don't he gets it in the nek.

SOCIALIST FAIR IN NEW YORK CITY

—Harper's Weekly

EDITORIAL NOTES

RATIC POSSIBILITY. er, who is possibly the man o receive the Democratic r the presidency, delivered ech at the Colonial Club, ist month. Judge Parker man who would be a very ndidate to the capitalists y—even more so, I should Mr. Roosevelt himself. xious to be strenuous that ible. He has no sympathy rn yearning for a new life ith contempt upon both tions and legislative halls. ieves that our final reliance l on the Courts to with- lency toward Democratic industries of this country.

Judge is quite right; our ways use the Constitution against the Socialist tide. owever, is that by dam- s irresistible flood toward will simply prevent any ken, until the flood rises e dam itself will be swept he irresistible force of

As long as the Consti- d as long as there are on the Bench, there can pe for any political legis- untry which will ever be fective. Judge Parker

thinks he is going to bottle up the new wine of Socialism in the United States by confining it in the old Constitutional wine bottles made a hundred years ago. I fear that he is going to be subjected to a very rude awakening. If the Democratic Party should ever be foolish enough to nominate Parker, the issue between dollars and men will be made so plain that the Socialist vote will be enormously increased. If the next election should present a choice between Parker and Roosevelt on the one side and the Socialist candidate on the other, certainly no sane man, who wished to choose between voting for GOLD and voting for a MAN, would hesitate in making a choice.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT'S PESSIMISM.

The late United States Labor Commissioner, Carroll D. Wright, has done some very valuable work in gathering labor statistics, and also at the same time has managed to give some very false impressions. Presumably the latter is quite unintentional. I can easily understand, after seeing the way his subordinates have juggled figures without his being able to detect the juggling, that his own state of mind is such that he cannot reason correctly regarding economic theories.

speech made by him some
before the University of

nature of things, we must expect
do not see their way clear to an
of their conditions under the old
industrial liberty will entertain sym-
metism that promises something new.
of labor from proprietorship, the
liberalization of these two forces as
stead of their comingling in
fact, is the most unrepugnant and
that now confronts the American

dation idea, thus far, has accen-
tuated. It has done what is still
needed in narrowing the personnel of
the top of the country, it is detach-
ments of property the great liberal
ship.
It is to wake up to the realities
of the world, and our next to put the forces
in freedom in order. Not until we
do, not until the time when the
instinct of the country is
upon a basis fair alike to all, can
we have that the outcome of the en-
tire is no longer feared.

such fair basis? What changes
corporate policy that will lead to
an end of the proprietorship of the
the people under any conditions
tent enter the field of corporate
these are practical inquiries that
must be in mind.

part, I believe that once corpor-
ation and management are cleared
of the mire and pitfalls, so that the
enterprise will be bound up, not
in a dead organization, but solely in
of the business itself, the Amer-
ican will be found ready to take up
the reins in the proprietorship of the

measures pending in Congress make
the basis of corporate organization,
a side for visitation. They exhibit
at least no controlling purpose, to
the proprietorship of the country. The
idea is confined to the gathering
of statistics, valuable, possibly,
for the trained investor, but
worthless to the ordinary man
making ownership. What chiefly
intervention of government as
mere newsgatherer; a guaranty
corporation is created its creator
that it is fairly organized, not
haphazard corporate organiza-
people cannot comprehend—is
in bills.

measures pending miss sight
of mischief to be remedied, and
may miss the remedies to be

we cannot expect adequate leg-
islation will come. The public mind is

forming. Unless I am greatly deceived, the
mad-dog policy of treating corporations pro-
posed by some will be rejected; the American
people will not, in blind fury, pull down about
them the industrial edifice. But any policy
conclusiveness be rejected; there will be no
room, when the public mind is made up, for the
diversions of the political masquerade.

"And the public mind will in the end be
made up. The people of the United States will
in time come face to face with the full signifi-
cance of the situation on which they are enter-
ing. Side issues that now obscure will then
clear up, and sordid interests that now obstruct
will be brushed aside, and it will be made plain
that but for some far-reaching reconstruction of
our corporate policy we are on our way either
to Socialism or to a form of government no
longer republican.

"Then will come about a determined public
will to set our house in order; to re-establish, on
the secure foundations of popular proprietorship
and industrial liberty, the property interests of
the Republic; to restore those ideals into the
depths of whose firmament the people of Amer-
ica have always looked, and look now, for
lights to guide them on their courses."

The "property acquiring instinct"
can only be satisfied in these days by
public ownership, and I imagine the
Judge sees this, but hardly dares to say
so at present.

There is no use in the small man try-
ing to compete with the big corporation,
and it is axiomatic among business men
"that it is dangerous to own a minority
of stock in a corporation"; therefore
a man must either accept the risk of
being a minority stockholder and the
liability to be squeezed out of his hold-
ings at any time, or attempt the impos-
sible and try to compete against the
big corporation. As the instinct to
acquire property will always be strong
within men, as long as they need the
earth to live upon, and as long as the
earth represents property to them, then
some other plan must be devised for
owning the earth than that of the
existing private property plan. A man
can never be sure of owning part of
the United States except through col-
lective ownership, and it is only a ques-
tion of time when all will realize this.

BOOK REVIEWS

By Frank Norris. Doubleday, Co., New York. \$1.50.

Octopus, The Pit is a distinct and while it is a book of great does not fulfill the hopes that ad of Norris when his first book ortly, it is the story of a great ation in Chicago, in which the a Chicago man, runs a deal and akes a great deal of money, and rupted by being unable to take ming in of the new crop which arket. I have no doubt that Mr. s cue from the experience of the ar, who lost eight or ten million ing to corner the wheat market efore his death. Fair had to he same reason that Mr. Norris's , that he carried the deal so far e bears were enabled to unload new crop and so cover their short orris speaks of this event as the cornered itself. Of course, this mistake, as a corner only occurs e goes up owing to the shorts o supply what they have agreed this case the shorts did meet very easily, and so there was no ie wheat at all, therefore Jadwin owever, the interest of the story olly in the manipulation of the ; there is a love story running ok which Mr. Norris has, I feel, made more interesting possibly ipated. One of our typical girls , not because she loves him, but e he loves her and has lots of then, as in all the moral novels h the critics pronounce all right, e with her husband *after* she has here seems to be no more reason l fall in love with Jadwin after before, because Jadwin is a man arse structure, and the wife is e a woman of an aspiring n-her aspirations do not take a they were certainly higher than n had. There was a dilettante wished to marry her, and after : so wrapped up in his wheat t he did not stay at home, the

artist turns up again and makes love to the young wife, who goes to the awful extreme of inviting him into her upstairs sitting-room and allowing him to smoke cigarettes there. A younger sister plays Sherlock Holmes and discovers this fearfully scandalous proceeding, and there is a serio-comic scene between the two sisters upon the question of how a young wife should conduct herself. However, it all ends well by Jadwin being restored to his wife through the breaking of the corner and the loss of his money, so that after experiencing the excitement of a wheat corner, he is reduced to the milder excitement of conversation with his wife. The story ends abruptly here, with Mr. and Mrs. Jadwin departing for a new honeymoon, seeking their fortunes in the far West.

I cannot criticise Mr. Norris to any great extent for his presentation of facts as he has given them. The criticism I make is that he gives no interpretation of the facts. The novelist should not only base his story upon facts, but should indicate the truth underlying these facts. He should not only analyze, but he should give the synthesis of his analysis. This Mr. Norris fails to do. He should tell us what is meant by all this terrible struggle in the wheat pit and the throwing away of people's lives and loves in a sordid muddle of affairs. He should give us a connecting thread. The moral of the tale, as one would have it from Mr. Norris, is that a young girl is doing the perfectly moral thing in marrying a man she does not love, because the chances are she will learn to love him afterward, and that it was better to take the chance upon marrying a rich man she doesn't love than to pass him by and marry a poor man whom she does love. It conveys a pessimistic view of life, this relation of the bare facts without giving any hope of a future in which women will not throw themselves away to the Moloch of money and in which men will not find that their interest in life lies in cornering a great staple article of food and thereby starving millions of their fellowmen.

—

THE NEXT STEP IN EVOLUTION. By I. K. Funk, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. 50 cents.

Here is a little book which will undoubtedly be an inspiration to a great many people who

fect, because great stress helps on d great love brings great stress." se does she introduce "the most stories," that of the Brownings, and spirit she treats our other great as warm admiration for "brave-keray," and "the long, long faith-alzac"; sympathetic appreciation t-hunger of Margaret Fuller, "the n of poor John Keats," and even usly estimated Byron and his life

of unrest"; and keen delight in the Brownings' "most ideal of love-stories," the Carlyle's "very humanest love story," "the transformation of George Eliot" and "the peace that came to Tennyson."

Certainly, if a perusal of this book would cause others to look at the great subject of Love from the author's high point of view, 'twere well that it were read very widely, in this all too flippant and materialistic generation. —Margaret Haile.

WILSHIRE'S BAROMETER

Seattle, Wash., April 8, 1903.
growing rapidly in the West. As ple learn what Socialism really is it of the old parties and array the side of Socialism. Your ad over and over again until it is out. Your account of Father signation is having a wonderful ountry.

Hurrah for Socialism!

R. C. ROGERS.

Muncie, Ind., Mar. 13, 1903.
ling man; had no trouble to find in Ohio. Indiana is different; I is town over for it and find none I enjoy so much. Have been a past year and cannot do without find 6 cents in stamps for the to above address.

C. P. HAWLEY.

Colfax, Wash., May 11, 1903.
r magazine as the best medium irring the "think-shop" of pro-
Wishing you and the cause of ss, I am,
Yours for the good work,

J. G. ELLIOT.

CORRESPONDENCE DESK

our letter to a subscriber: "We you have failed to receive your ably because of your frequent ss from Nickell to Nuchols and

again to Nickels." An extract from the subscriber's reply: "My address has never been Nickell, Nuchols or Nickels, but *Nuckols*."

OUR QUERY—

If "many a mickle makes a muckle"
How many "nickels" will make a "nuckol?"
'Twixt Nickels and Nuchols
And Nuckols and Nickell
We find ourselves in a puzzling pickle.

MORAL—Write plainly.

The March number is "sweet reasonableness" from one end to the other and I wish every intelligent person could read it. I am glad that we have passed the whooping stage in Socialistic literature and that Wilshire's is such a lively, dignified, clear, convincing publication. At the cheap price it is going to be a mighty power with the people. The ordinary Socialist paper repels by its slang, abuse, harsh judgments and poor English. I believe it is time to appeal to the rich and educated that we may undermine their position. If conscience tells them that they are wrong they will not fight well even for their precious property and superior station in life.

(Editorial Note—The above from a woman in Ohio whose modesty leads her to request that her name be not published.)

Chicago, Ill., April 3, 1903.

Your excellent magazine is filling a long-felt want among the liberty-loving people of America. WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE should be in

Wilshire's lecture on "The Labor
a masterpiece of economic logic.
did he prove the absolute inevit-
Co-operative Commonwealth that
e audience was moved to ask why
ry to work for what was so certain
e answer was that it is inevitable
gs to work for their highest good.
Socialist, April 18.

Nipissing Jct., Ontario,
May 8th, 1903.
Dear Sir :
We had the children's photos taken "as they
were taking in Wilshire's Magazine," and
thought you would probably appreciate one of
them, as they both declare they are "Socialists,
like Mr. Wilshire."
Sending you one with this mail.
W. T. FRANCIS.

WILLIE L. AND GLADYS MAY FRANCIS

Two young admirers of Wilshire's Magazine, and Coming Socialists
Nipissing Jct., Ontario

Paducah, Ky., May 30, 1903.
What I have discovered nothing
"visions" quite so splendid as
I desire very much to add to
and shorten the distance to the
Commonwealth.
the Finish,
I. O. FORD.

Pleasant City, Ohio, May 30, 1903.
You will find enclosed a list of four subscribers
for your magazine, to begin with the April issue.
We do not understand how we could have done
for so long a time without an introduction to this
wonderful magazine of Socialism.
R. B. ELLIS.

trusted too much to the graph, and can now only y awkwardness in writing vital point of my thought. asking you for your cour- atter, I remain, ours faithfully,

PIERREPONT B. NOYES.

NOTE :—We reprint the closing paragraph of the article to which Mr. Noyes refers.

But whatever are the facts regarding the Russian character, the truth of my general proposition is not affected. Russia or Germany, or even China, wherever this capacity for communism really lies in a superior degree, will be made apparent in the progress of social evolution, and such nation will be seen taking the lead in the next great forward movement.

THE PRIZE WINNERS

I pleasure in announcing the names of the Prize the subscription contest on May 1. While only prizes were announced, as who are tied for the prize we have decided to fourth prize.

y states, the result of the ts some interesting facts distribution of the prizes

Since the great coal strike our circulation has increased remarkably in Pennsylvania. Six of the prizes going there gives testimony to this fact. The prize in Connecticut goes to Waterbury, the scene of the recent trolley strike where so much blood was shed. The Illinois prize goes to the city of Pullman.

In California, Miss Mary Gorman, of San Jose, has done remarkable work and has placed 189 to the credit of the Gem City of the Santa Clara Valley.

The list of those who have turned in more than twenty and less than one hundred subscriptions is too lengthy for publication in this issue but will appear in the July number. Prizes will also be announced then.

We extend our hearty congratulations to the winners in this contest, and we trust that those who have fallen a little short of securing a capital prize will put forth renewed efforts in the new contest

ylvania.....	6
.....	4
nia.....	2
ngton.....	2
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do.....	1
cticut.....	1
na.....	1
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ind.....	1
see.....	1
chusetts.....	1
.....	1

Total.....24

al, iron, copper, oil or lead from you can not grow corn, cotton, or potatoes on *our* land; you can use these raw materials over *our* effort them into merchandise in *our* distribute the finished products to through *our* stores without *our* price of *our* consent is that you at one-half the product handled use *our* mines, lands, railroads, res. Moreover, we demand that royalties, freights, commissions, interest or profits be paid strictly C.O.D. Otherwise we will close the farms into private parks and doors of the factories. The railroads to run for those who have walking on the track strictly prohibited continue to charge the usual privilege of living on *our* earth. To arbitrate."

"interests" stands like the prod in the manger" while millions of and peaceably? Hardly. The red and hungry masses would burn and destroy in a wild carnival rage were it not for the Socialists and forth with upraised hands and The earth and the fulness thereof

is no man's individual property. We Socialists ask you to vote, fellow workers, and declare that all the means of production, transportation and distribution become National Property. All to be conducted as parts of one National Trust of Trusts in whose joint production every worker shall have such share as his or her labor produces."

In times of industrial activity this teaching may fall on dull and tired ears whose attention is distracted by listening for the factory whistle.

But when the factory whistle shall cease to summon and the wails of wife and child grow faint with hunger, then the giant of labor will listen with eager ears, either to the senseless rage of the firebrand who would "kill, burn and destroy," or to the calm counsel of the Socialist, advising, "Nationalize and operate the means of production. Transport and distribute the products without profit, royalty or dividend to any individual, through our National Trust of Trusts."

The Socialist, forgiving the robberies of the past system would gladly permit former obstructionists to participate in the improved social conditions on equal terms, with equal opportunity to prove their usefulness in the world by taking part in the universal effort.

—S. S.

A PROGRESSIVE POSTMASTER-GENERAL

Mulock, Canadian Postmaster-General from the American politician's that happen to have a sinister influence. He told the interviewers in New York the other day that government ownership of railroads is "Socialism?" inquired a perturbed

red Sir William, "isn't Socialism, if built on a proper foundation?"

Postmaster-General—any Postmaster of the United States saying

together on what you mean Socialism whether it is good

National ownership of the nation's highways and the country's natural resources, like coal, on which all must live; municipal ownership of street railways, waterworks and lighting plants—all this in principle is Socialistic, in precisely the same way that public ownership of the post office, the parks, the streets, the schools is Socialistic. And who in this day complains of that kind of Socialism?

The Socialism that looks to government ownership of all industry, of everything, and the regimentation of the human race, is a dream, and not an alluring one, to the individual and energetic American.

All the strong and good tendencies of the time, industrial and political, are Socialistic in the sense intended by Canada's outspoken and level-headed Postmaster-General.—N.Y. Journal

PERSONAL: To a few business men share with us the Profits of our Gold Mine

a business proposition from a few business men offering an opportunity to a few gentlemen with them the profits of a gold mine owned and operated by a comparatively small gentlemen. The proposition is purely business. We know precisely what we have and market more stock than is necessary to put the property on a practical working basis.

element of chance naturally enters into every business, as well as every mining investment operation has, however, been deprived of much of the element of chance as everything in with it has been thoroughly studied and reduced to a scientific basis.

Michigan, Colorado and New York State business men have purchased and are operating mining property in Colorado. Every share of stock issued has been paid for and not a share can now be purchased. No attempt to interest the general public has been made nor will we. All of the present stockholders, careful, conservative business men, have investigated the property fully and are satisfied that their stock will be worth many times the present price within time.

ores are located in the very center of the gold belt of Colorado, the famous gold-producing Cripple Creek, Leadville, Ouray and Telluride, forming a complete circle around this

thirteen mining claims and hold lease and bond on five additional claims that the company opposes working immediately.

equipped with mining tools, cars, tracks, suitable buildings and everything necessary for the completion of the work.

we have a little over ten acres in each claim, making in all over 180 acres, all showing signs of gold. All claims are located so that ores can be transmitted to the smelters at

The ores now mining are netting \$45.00 per ton profit. This is profit net over all expenses, although we have not yet tapped the main body of ore. To reach the main vein, \$100,000 is required, and we offer for sale *only* this amount of stock at a figure that will enable investors to double their money within six months, and will pay a dividend on the investment of not less than 40 per cent. a year. This may seem like an extravagant statement, but the fact of the Company who have investigated carefully, have so much confidence that their stock will not be purchased.

A small amount of treasury stock will be issued and no more offered for sale, and the stock is offered, not to investors, but to a few business men who wish to associate themselves with and operating a legitimate and profitable mining enterprise.

and we are not promoters, but owners of the property, men of moderate resources with intimate acquaintance of our investment than we convey in this announcement, having confidence in the property based upon rigid and careful scientific investigation for our own information.

Those who wish to join us, take advantage of the opportunity at once, as this announcement will not remain open long.

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is caused by the blood being impure, resulting in the impairment of the nervous system. The lack of nerve force brings a contraction of the nerve centres which is certain to cause the most intense pain. Unless the blood is at once purified and the system placed in a healthy condition it invariably terminates in a complete breakdown of the whole nervous system and often means years of terrible suffering. "5-DROPS" will give quick relief and effect a permanent cure of this dreadful malady. It cleanses the blood, starts perfect circulation, stops the pain, and in a remarkably short time restores the nerves to a normal condition. No other remedy in the world will revitalize the nerve centers or give such instant relief to the sufferer.

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